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IN MEMORY OF

MARIA J. VAN BRUNT JONES

ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS

BY

THOMAS GRIFFITHS WAINEWRIGHT

ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS

BY

THOMAS GRIFFITHS WAINEWRIGHT

NOW FIRST COLLECTED

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR

BY

W. CAREW HAZLITT

LONDON
REEVES & TURNER 196 STRAND
1880

LONDON : BOWDEN, HUDSON AND CO., PRINTERS,
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FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING
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Samuel A. Jones
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PREFACE.

I HAVE been asked by the publishers to collect all that is reasonably possible respecting the personal and literary career of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, an acquaintance of Charles Lamb, of my grandfather, and of many other individuals of note, belonging to that set and that period—the original of Bulwer Lytton's VARNEY, and the husband of that author's LUCRETIA CLAVERING.

Wainewright, I find, is not much mentioned by his contemporaries and by those who came immediately after him. Far less are his name, his character, and his melodramatic history recollected to-day.

I have examined a large assemblage of diaries, autobiographies, and correspondence of the time, in the hope of obtaining information or clues, but I have not been quite so successful as I anticipated, looking at the social position which Wainewright occupied during several years, and his friendly intercourse with so many men of letters.

The result of my researches, however, is given in the following pages, and, on the whole, I have added a good deal to the knowledge of Wainewright's youth, parentage, and personal connexions. On one or two points relevant to his biography I have been obliged by private considerations to be a little less copious than I can, to borrow the American phrase. But no essentials have been sacrificed.

The attempt to make something of the case appeared to be warranted by the uniqueness of the circumstances. The story presents itself to my mind as a curiosity of literature far more striking, and far more isolated in its characteristics, than anything to be found in the pages of Disraeli the elder.

When we look at the man's origin, his antecedents, his association with letters and literary men, his antiquarian tastes and artistic accomplishments, and with all these things contrast the painful and vicious passages of his maturer life, it brings before us a history almost unparalleled in its singularity and sadness.

The late Mr. Walter Thornbury, in his "Old Stories Re-told," 1870, has formed out of Wainewright's contributions to the *London Magazine*, assisted by the ordinary sources of intelligence, a smartly written, but flimsy abridgment of this case. The republication at large of the papers in the Magazine, accompanied by as accurate and complete a version of the whole affair as I could collect from extant or accessible materials, appeared

to be a more authentic and satisfactory way of setting about the erection of a WEATHERCOCK monument: where one had to do with a business, too, in which truth was to the full as strange as romance.

But an even wider departure from the facts is manifest in a novelette by Dickens, called "Hunted Down," (originally contributed to the *New York Ledger*). Of course, the story, as a story, is amusing enough, and reduces to tatters (in Dickens's usual way) the hero's idiosyncrasy of wearing a middle parting; but Wainewright's real career would have been far more so. Dickens, perhaps, thought differently—thought, at least, that the enterprising American firm which is said to have given £1000 for the little work of fiction, would not have cared to give such a sum for a poor array of biographical details.

Whatever Wainewright's sins might be, a want of knowledge and cultivation was hardly to be reckoned among them. His conversance with literature was far in excess of any possessed either by Mr. Justice Talfourd or by Mr. Walter Thornbury.

There can, I think, be no reasonable doubt that the ascription of the essays in the *London Magazine*, purporting to have been written by CORNELIUS VAN VINKBOOMS and EGOMET BONMOT, to the pen of Wainewright is quite correct; and from editorial hints in the Magazine, under dates of February, 1822, and January, 1823, one might feel disposed to suspect that the same hand was concerned in

the fabrication of sundry *pseudo-Eliana;* but I believe that the *character of the late Elia,* printed below, is the only production of this sort, for which Wainewright is really answerable.

It may be fairly and honestly affirmed that no probable channel of information has been overlooked in this biographical essay; and the small items out of which I have tried to construct a connected narrative have been collected together with unusual difficulty, and often from sources far apart. I have dealt occasionally, I own, in inferences and presumptions; and perhaps it may be judged, after all, that I have made too loud a stir about a case which belongs, no doubt, to the family of *nugæ literariæ.*

W. C. H.

KENSINGTON, *January,* 1880.

INTRODUCTION.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THOMAS GRIFFITHS WAINEWRIGHT.

Ralph Griffiths, Esq., LL.D., was born in Shropshire in 1720; of his beginnings we know nothing, till we find him the assistant of Mr. Jacob Robinson, bookseller, in Ludgate Street. Robinson, from being a dealer in spectacles, became a bookseller and a critic; and it is reasonably supposed that young Griffiths imbibed his literary tastes from his early employer. Thomas Davies, the bookseller of whom Johnson said that he was not a bookseller but "a gentleman who dealt in books," used to frequent Robinson's shop, and although he found him intelligent, he preferred the society and conversation of Griffiths, who was nearer his own age. This was about 1742, when Griffiths was two-and-twenty.

As I am not writing an account either of Griffiths or of Robinson, I shall hasten to state that in 1749, when Griffiths was in the neighbour-

hood of thirty, he formed the adventurous design of instituting, on his own account, a new critical organ. Davies informs us that for sixteen or seventeen years he and Griffiths, and several more, were partners in another literary speculation — an evening paper—and used to dine together eight or ten times a year.

Griffiths christened his own special undertaking the "Monthly Review." It was published first at his shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, then in Paternoster Row, and thirdly in the Strand. Griffiths exerted himself to secure able contributors; his friend Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, was one of the earliest writers in it; indeed, it is said that Rose's pen produced the very first paper in the first number for May, 1749. Everybody has heard that Goldsmith was specially engaged to give his time and labour to it at a somewhat later date. The difficulties to be overcome were sometimes so great, that the projector more than once thought of abandoning the design; but he persevered, till the property was estimated to be worth 2,000*l.* a year, rather a Nabobish sum in those days, and eventually succeeded in establishing the paper on a sound and durable basis. The "Monthly Review" and the "Critical Review" were, for a long period, the only periodicals of the kind; and, judging from what Johnson once told the King in his interview with him, the former was not considered friendly to the Church. The "Critical Review," conducted by Smollett, denounced its rival as a paper "conducted by a parcel of obscure hirelings under the

restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter, and amend the articles occasionally."

It would be equally troublesome and superfluous to ascertain when Griffiths first settled at Turnham Green, in the vicinity of his friends Dr. Rose and Mr. Bentley, the great Wedgwood's partner. At what precise date the acquaintance between Griffiths and Wedgwood commenced, we seem to have nothing to guide us but the indication furnished by Wedgwood's biographer. It is evident that, a considerable time prior to Bentley's introduction to the editor of the "Monthly," Wedgwood himself had formed that gentleman's acquaintance, the result of which was to place Griffiths very high in Wedgwood's regard. Under date of February 16, 1765, Wedgwood, writing to Bentley, says: "Mr. Griffiths I need not mention, *you know he hath one of the warmest places in my heart.*" It was about the same time, or a little subsequently, that Wedgwood and "his Sally," during a visit to London, were hospitably entertained by our friend the *libraire-editeur*, and Griffiths returned the compliment by going down to Burslem, from which we learn that he hurried back in a chaise, without waiting for the Liverpool coach, to "his beloved Turnham Green."

Miss Meteyard and others name Griffiths's residence there: it was Linden House. Miss Meteyard intimates a doubt as to the exact locality, perhaps because there is a second large residence, similarly denominated, on the Mall at Chiswick. But with the latter we have nothing to do.

I have been personally acquainted with Linden House, Turnham Green, for many years, and I took occasion to go over the house shortly before its demolition, which occurred about a twelvemonth ago. It stood between Camden House and Bolton House on the left-hand side of the road, as you go towards Brentford, and it certainly well merited the appellation bestowed on it by Faulkner, who calls it "a capital mansion." As I passed along the broad passage leading from the spacious doorway to the hall, ascending on the way two or three short flights of steps, it awakened an interesting reflection, how often that very ground had been trodden before me by Wedgwood and his partner Bentley, by Goldsmith, and perhaps by Johnson.

It will convey some idea of the importance and extent of the place, when I mention that before the sale of the site for building purposes, the rent asked for the premises was 400*l.* and the purchase money 12,000*l.* The grounds covered four acres and were well timbered. A member of the family recollects his pleasant month's visit, as a lad, to Linden House, and his rapture, as a Londoner, at its glorious garden and wide range of plantations.

It is no wonder that old Dr. Griffiths was glad to hasten back to such a delightful spot from Burslem. Here, then, it was that he lived for many years with his literary wife, who helped him with the Review, and whom Sir Richard Phillips, recalling the habitual congregation at Chiswick Church as he knew it about 1750, describes as dressed in "her neat and elevated wire-winged cap."

In 1764, however, before his introduction to Bentley, Griffiths lost his valuable helpmate. She died in her fifty-second year and was buried at Chiswick, March 25. Her husband allowed three years to elapse before he contracted a second alliance of the same character; but in 1767, he married Eliza, one of the daughters of Dr. Clark of St. Albans, a Dissenting minister. The second Mrs. Griffiths had two sisters, of whom one had become the wife of Dr. Rose. The third married the Rev. Jabez Hirons. "He (Dr. G.) had married a second time," Miss Meteyard tells us, "as we have already seen, in 1767, and now a family of young children were around him." The lady trusts that this might tend to soften the asperity of the *libraire-editeur's* temper; but possibly there are more ways than one of looking at that question.

This young family, shadowed out by Wedgwood's biographer, consisted exclusively, I believe, of daughters. All that I know even of these is that one, Ann Griffiths, born in 1773, became in 1793 the wife of Thomas Wainewright, Esq., of Chiswick, and that Mrs. Wainewright was the last survivor of the second family, when she died prematurely in the October of 1794,[1] in giving birth to a son who

[1] In childbed, at the early age of 21, Mrs. Wainewright, wife of T. W. Esq., of Chiswick. She was the only surviving daughter of Dr. Griffiths of Turnham Green, and is greatly regretted on account of her amiable disposition and numerous accomplishments. She is supposed to have understood the writings of Mr. Locke as well as perhaps, any person, of either sex, now living."—*Gentleman's Mag.*,

was christened after his grandfather *Thomas Griffiths Wainewright.*

It may be convenient to mention here that the sister of the second Mrs. Griffiths, who was afterwards Mrs. Rose, had a daughter who married Charles Burney, second son of the historian of music. Young Burney was for some time an usher in Rose's academy, and subsequently established a school of his own at Hammersmith.

The subject of the present rather discursive notice first saw the light, then, in the month of October, 1794, at Chiswick, and never knew his mother.[1] I think that it may be taken for certain that Mr. Wainewright did not long survive his young wife,[2] and at any rate the education of the

Oct., 1794, p. 965. Wainewright tells us in one of his essays that by his mother's side he inherited a pint or two of Cambrian lymph, which made his temper rather irritable.

[1] Thomas Wainewright, of Chiswick, was one of the twelve children of Mr. Wainewright, of Gray's Inn and Hatton Garden, solicitor. Mr. Wainewright's private residence was in Hatton Garden, at a time when people of good position lived there, and it used to be said that everybody kept his carriage except Mr. Wainewright, whose large family prevented him. Mr. Wainewright himself was a Unitarian, but three of his sons joined the Church of England, and took orders. Several of the others, including Robert and John, were in the law. The latter was the founder of the firm of Wainewright, Smith and Giraud, of No. 7, Furnival's Inn, which is still represented by my informant, Mr. Giraud.

[2] He died, at all events, before June, 1803, in which month and year he is mentioned in a document, presently to be quoted, as deceased.

child devolved on his grandfather. But in the autumn of 1803, Dr. Griffiths himself breathed his last at Linden House, aged eighty-three, having retired from the trading part of his business some thirty years.[1] He left behind him his second wife and his son by the first marriage. The latter succeeded him in the proprietorship and management of the Review, and in the responsibility of bringing up and schooling his half-sister's orphan.

By his will, dated June 7, 1803, Dr. Griffiths, after reciting the settlement of a certain sum of money on his daughter Ann at her marriage to the late Mr. Wainewright in 1793, and of a further sum to be paid over to her trustees at his death, declared that his grandson, Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, was not entitled to any other portion of his estate or effects, which were to be divided in the statutory proportions between the testator's widow and his only son, George Edward Griffiths. The will, in fact, contains no other provision, and the deceased expressly states, that he should die intestate, save and except this declaration respecting his grandchild. This somewhat peculiar limitation had its source most

[1] 28th [September, 1803.] At Turnham Green, in his 83rd year, Ralph Griffiths, Esq., LL.D., the original institutor of the "Monthly Review," which, with unremitting perseverance, he conducted for 54 years, assisted only by his son in the latter period of his life. Dr. Griffiths was a steady advocate of literature, a firm friend, a cordial lover of the enjoyments of domestic happiness, and successful promoter of the charms of social intercourse."—*Annual Register*, 1803, p. 520; *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1803, p. 891.

probably in some circumstances connected with Mrs. Wainewright's match and her father's views about the alliance.

Had some sinister expression or repugnant trait manifested itself in the father, the late Mr. Wainewright of Chiswick? Or was the little boy of seven, the heir to the trust-money, not a favourite with grandpapa?

A portrait of Ralph Griffiths appears in the *European Magazine* for 1804, whence we take leave to extract a short passage:—

"Of either the literary life or domestic habits of Dr. Griffiths little is at present known; which circumstance we should lament as a misfortune, were we not informed, that it is the intention of his son, who at present conducts the "Monthly Review," to publish his Memoirs. When we observe that, but for this intention, we should lament our want of materials as a misfortune, it arises from our reflection, that in the variety of situations where this venerable critic and valuable member of society has resided, from the Dunciad in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1747, to the Dunciad, near Catherine Street, 1772, where we perfectly remember his shop to be a favourite lounge of the late Dr. Goldsmith, he must have become acquainted with more characters, anecdotes, and circumstances, many of which we hope he has preserved, than perhaps any other critic from Dionysius of Halicarnassus . . ."

But the expectation was illusory; either the younger Griffiths discovered no Memoirs, or did

not care to trouble himself about the matter. Moreover, in his hands, the Review ceased to be what it was. Perhaps Linden House was too attractive, and its master was fonder of gardening than quill-driving. He became the sole owner of the place, if he had not been so before indeed, by the death of his step-mother, which occurred on the 24th August, 1812.

This event made George Edward Griffiths the only living representative of the family, except that nephew born in 1794.[1]

The actual proprietor of Linden House and its beautiful grounds was, in the first place, not the man of mark his father, with all his failings, had been acknowledged by the most competent judges to be, and, again, most of the old set were no more. Linden House, therefore, was no doubt little beyond a splendid retirement at the period to which we have come.

If the foregoing narrative should seem unduly diffuse, my apology is that, under the peculiar circumstances, I was anxious to illustrate, so far and fully as I could, the private and domestic antecedents of the individual, whose history will now principally occupy our attention.

Let me recapitulate a little. Thomas Griffiths

[1] I cannot ascertain who, or in what degree of kinship, to the bookseller were the Thomas and Ann Griffiths (husband and wife) who lost a son John in 1787, aged 23, and a daughter Mary in 1791, aged 17, both at Chiswick. They were almost obviously of the same family, for Ralph Griffiths was interred in the same vault or grave with them at Chiswick.—See Faulkner's *Account of Brentford, &c.*, 1845, p. 329.

Wainewright had been left at a very tender age without father or mother, the latter having died in her confinement, and his education and nurture devolving on his uncle, who succeeded to Linden House and the property connected with it in 1803, when Wainewright was a boy of seven. We may feel sure that much of the orphan's school-days was divided between Charles Burney's Academy at Hammersmith or Greenwich and the house and garden at Turnham Green. There is no violence in the conjecture, that the youth's literary and antiquarian tastes were acquired and fostered during his acquaintance with Charles Burney, and indeed, in speaking of his schooling under that distinguished man, Wainewright expressly alludes to his accomplishments as a philosopher and an archæologist. From the distant relationship there was between them (Miss Burney was the niece, as I have shown, of the second Mrs. Griffiths), the master was not unlikely to take a more than usual interest in his pupil. That pupil evinced, among other points, a remarkable proficiency as a draughtsman. The drawing-book, which he used at school, is still extant, and displays great talent and natural feeling.

Wainewright further apprises us, in a document which he had occasion to draw up later on in life, that he was brought up in easy and comfortable circumstances, and that "a modest competence" enabled him to pursue his tastes for literature and other equally agreeable, elegant, and congenial studies. This "modest competence" descended to him from his own parents.

Emerging in due course into manhood, he found himself by degrees surrounded by a circle not only of literary, but of artistic, friends and patrons. We have it on his own authority, that "his pen and brush introduced him to the notice and friendship of men, whose fame is European." Among these, I understand, were Fuseli (whom he terms somewhere the god of his idolatry), Stothard, Westall, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Flaxman; and, besides, he gained in time a footing among the *literati* and the publishers.

But at a certain point of time, subsequently to school-days, yet not to be fixed with precision, our author took a singular fancy into his head. All his associations had been literary and artistic, as we are aware; but from a lad's whim, little home troubles, or from some unknown motive, Wainewright, still quite a youth, went into the army. "It was whispered," says Talfourd, "that he had been an officer in the Dragoons." *Whispered!* Why, the man himself says so much in so many words. He describes himself in print, under the year 1823, as having been an orderly officer in a regiment of the Guards—perhaps the Dragoons, and characterizes his carriage in one place, as something between "the suavity of the accomplished dilettante and the martial grace of the dragoon."

But we will have his story as he gives it:—

"As a boy," he says in January, 1823, "I was placed frequently in literary society—a giddy, flighty disposition prevented me from receiving thence any advantage. The little attention I gave

to anything was directed to painting, or rather to an admiration of it; but, ever to be led away by new and flashy gauds, I postponed the pencil to the sword; and the noisy audacity of military conversation, united to the frequent fumes of whisky-punch (ten tumblers every evening without acid), obscured my recollections of Michael Angelo as in a dim fog. After a while several, apparently trifling, chances determined me against this mode of killing time. I was idle on the town—my blessed Art touched her renegade; by her pure and high influences the noisome mists were purged: my feelings, parched, hot and tarnished, were renovated with cool, fresh bloom. . . ."

The *Dragoon* peeps out again, in a kind of *by-the-way* manner, where he refers in the course of a fine-art criticism to the want of precision observed by that arm of the Service in keeping the foot in the stirrup; and Wainewright makes elsewhere a further disclosure relative to this portion of hishistory and his life, where he mentions parenthetically in an essay that he was at one time a cornet in a yeomanry regiment. The cornetcy was probably the later occupation, but of that I cannot be sure.

He goes on to tell us how the writings of Wordsworth contributed to make a new man of him—"I wept over them," says he, "tears of happiness and gratitude," and they moved him to wage war on all the more sordid instincts of humanity. But severe illness, accompanied by hypochondria, now supervened; he was brought safely through it by

a skilful physician and a young affectionate nurse, but it left him weak and incapable of active exertion. He was recommended "varied amusement" as a restorative; and it was just at this juncture that, the *London Magazine* having begun, Mr. Scott the editor, knowing Wainewright's love of art, exhorted him to commit some of his thoughts to paper. His first contribution, he frankly owns, demanded a good deal of editorial revision; but the ex-Guardsman had reason, on the whole, to be satisfied with his success in an entirely novel field. Wainewright found Scott very friendly and straightforward; when he thought that a subject was exhausted he let him know his opinion. It also appears that both Lamb and Hazlitt had spoken favourably of him.

Wainewright rises first to our view distinctly and individually as a contributor (according to his own account), to a small ephemeral publication, by Messrs. Ollier, called "The Literary Pocket Book," in the year 1819, when he was five or six and twenty.[1] Mr. Buxton Forman has very kindly examined a set of the work for me, however, without detecting any vestige of Wainewright's hand from beginning to end. *Blackwood's Magazine*

[1] Of Wainewright's poetical gifts we appear to have no evidence, beyond the verses at p. 7 *infrâ;* yet, in one passage of his Essays he shadows forth the advent of a poet, *himself to wit,* worthy of the "gentle girl with the amaranthine* hair," who should sing "how of old a Grecian maid died for the love of Apollo, after seeing his statue by Phidias!" This promissory effusion no chronicled eye has beheld.

* Poetice.

had entered on its career in 1818, and Wainewright apprises us, in the autobiographical piece which I have already cited, that he had a hand there, as well as in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* when it started in 1828. I have not traced him in either place. But the literary medium, with which his name is more particularly identified, was the *London Magazine*, of which the first number appeared in January, 1820. He has nothing there under his own name, or under either of those which he subsequently assumed. I recognize, however, his peculiar touches and humour in the "Modest Offer of Service from Egomet Bonmot, Esquire," which is inserted in the January issue, and have ventured on appropriating that, as well as a second Bonmot paper in the June number, to him.

I have traced to Wainewright's possession more than even two caps of invisibility; for he was now Mr. Bonmot; anon he was Mr. Weathercock; and lo! again he was Herr Vinkbooms! And to impart a certain raciness to the jest, and to augment the mystification, Bonmot invokes his dear friend Janus, and Janus inquires of the Editor who that *Mr. Stinking Brooms* is? Yet, all the time, the veil was as transparent as gauze. It was a sort of unity in trinity—an absolute case of a literary Cerberus. The editor of the magazine himself, in a note to one of the Weathercock papers, throws out a significant innuendo as to our author's triplicity, and it is probably a singular instance of a writer contributing to the same organ under three distinct soubriquets. In the February issue we come across

"Sentimentalities on the Fine Arts, by Janus Weathercock, Esq. No. 1. (*To be continued when he is in the humour.*") *Weathercock*, in a word, was Wainewright.

Wainewright *alias* Weathercock is described by one of his contemporaries as at this time "a young man on the bright side of thirty, with a sort of undress military air, and the conversation of a smart, lively, clever, heartless, voluptuous coxcomb." He is manifestly favouring us with a catalogue of his own fashionable accessories, as he appeared about 1820, when, in one of the London Magazines, he enumerates "the diamond-rings on our fingers, the antique cameos in our breast-pins, our cambric pocket-handkerchief breathing forth attargui, our pale lemon-coloured kid gloves." But from other sources equally reliable I collect that he was of a tall figure, which acquired insensibly a slight habit of stooping; his complexion and hair were dark, the latter rather long over the ears and generally dressed and curled across the temples with studied care and parted down the middle[1]; he wore moustaches; his eyes deeply set in their sockets were penetrating or playful at the owner's pleasure, just as his voice, described in one place as an elegant lisp, was capable under provocation or in critical emergencies, of ascending to a loftier and more

[1] He speaks of himself, in fact, in 1822, as "a man about thirty; the hair, black and parted on the forehead, was long, thick, and curled"; and he adds a glimpse of "one large white hand decorated with *regal* rings (his fondness for jewelry is noticed by Talfourd)."

sonorous key. Who can doubt it? Did Wainewright always lisp, or Hazlitt always slouch? Wainewright's head was large and altogether cast in a massive mould, without any tendency to taper towards the chin. I have heard his expression depicted as "at once reflective and fascinating, and his eyes as stealthy in their glances;" but I have also met with accounts which appeared to me to demonstrate the man's thorough power and not unfrequent custom of looking people in the face. Nay, I even believe that much nonsense has been written about furtive looks and basilisk eyes.

Wainewright was certainly an extraordinary man, without being a man of first-rate genius or of very high powers. That his abilities were very considerably above the average I conceive to be pretty conclusively shown by his retention of his place as an occasional writer on the *London*, whose proprietors were anxious to secure at the best price all the available talent of the day. By the side of Lamb, De Quincey, Procter, Hazlitt, and Carlyle, Janus Weathercock Esquire kept his ground, and indeed the literary criticisms of Wainewright are unquestionably the offspring of an acute and cultivated mind. His views respecting Stothard are just and permanent. But he occasionally offends us by his Dibdinian way of puffing current ware, and recommending his reader to send to some shop to secure a copy of something or other. This propensity is carried to an odd pitch where, in one of the Vinkbooms' Papers, he speaks of having one of Michael Angelo's clay sketches, that for his Aurora.

on the Tomb of Lorenzo di Medici, "of which you," he observes, referring to a friend, "have the large dot print by Mlle. Duclos, NINE AND SIXPENCE." This sort of style may combine the attractions of a *Catalogue raisonnée* and a PRICE CURRENT, but from a literary standpoint it is rather alloyed metal.

An acquaintance, speaking of him at a somewhat later period of life, says: "I listened to his talk at dinner and observed how readily other men responded to it, and with a graceful instinct he adapted his subjects to the knowledge and habits of those he talked with. As in talking with me, he had easily started the subject I might be supposed to understand best, and to be the most interested in, so in talking with others, he guided himself by the same rule. The company was of a varied character, but he was not at fault that I could discover, with any member of it. He knew just as much of each man's pursuit as made him agreeable to that man in reference to it, and just as little as made it natural to him to seek modestly for information when the theme was broached."

To return. Wainewright was certainly true to his original condition as regarded the manner and extent of his contributions to the *London*. The editor heard from him very seldom. His pen was tolerably busy in the service of the Magazine during 1820, however, and 1821. But there are evident indications that his time was also taken up by his artistic studies and by his taste for book collecting and other allied pursuits, as well as a little disposition to dabble in horseflesh.

I take it to be clear enough, that it is to about this date, that we have to refer those elaborate preparations on the part of Wainewright for two distinct works illustrative of the various schools of painting, which were to form, when published, five folio volumes, and likewise the composition of what he calls "An Art Novel," in three volumes, At the same time, no doubt, he was engaged in drawing up, or assisting to draw up, the Catalogue of the Exhibition at Somerset House, which we find figuring in his own list of his literary labours. This association with Art necessarily brought him into more or less intimate contact with the studios and the galleries; but during the winter months he tells us that he was in the habit of frequenting the theatres and other entertainments (we hear the Cider Cellar and the Coal Hole named *par exemple*, no doubt for the joke of the thing, once in a way); and the book-shops also saw him much, and the printsellers, in those short days when the country is not so alluring as in the prime of the leaf.

Let me annex from one of his own papers a charmingly characteristic bit, where he is bidding adieu to a literary acquaintance:—"Good morning, I am almost too late; engaged to meet some *prime coves* of the Fancy at twelve; then to the Fives Court; *must* be at the Royal Institution by half past two; take my twentieth peep at Haydon's Picture in my way back: letters to Belzoni till five; dinner *chez moi* with the little philosopher and the doctor at six; don our azure hose for the Lady Cerulea Lazuli's Conversazione at half-past nine; opera,

—applaud Milanie, and sup with the Corinthians in St. James's Square at two Sunday morning:—good bye,—hope to see you at church to-morrow, if up in time,—or meet ye at Sir Joseph's at night;—good-bye."

On the whole, he must have had his hands pretty full during these years without counting the somewhat fitful essays in the *London*. In fact, he did nothing there, so far as we can see, between September, 1820, and September, 1821. He was, let us take it for granted, better engaged; what with his love of Art, his fondness for horses, his "modest competence," and a rich uncle at Linden House, Turnham Green, to visit when he chose. Besides, he had formed around him, thanks to his literary and artistic predilections and his apparently easy position, a pleasant little circle of friends, not only authors and painters, but private acquaintances, such as the Abercrombys.

It was a small family at Mortlake in rather humble circumstances. There was a widow with one daughter and a son by her first husband, Mr. Ward, and two daughters, Helen Frances Phœbe and Madeleine, by her second, Lieutenant Abercromby, of the Ordnance.[1] Who and what Mr. Ward was I have failed to ascertain. Lieutenant Abercromby died in 1812; and as he did not leave a shilling behind him, an application was made to the Board of Ordnance, and granted, for a small allowance to his two children—10*l.* a year a piece.

[1] Helen was born 12th March, 1809, and Madeleine during her parents' residence in Ireland, in 1810.

After her second spouse's decease Mrs. Abercromby took in lodgers (perchance amongst them Mr. Wainewright); and this, with a small property at Mortlake worth about 100*l.* a year derived from her first husband, I conclude, formed her entire income. No wonder, then, if the poor old lady ran in debt with her agent, Mr. James Stewart, an auctioneer in the neighbourhood.

Miss Frances Ward, a young lady of the most prepossessing appearance, took the heart of Wainewright completely captive; they were married. The registers of Mortlake, where the Abercrombys lived, and where they are still remembered, contain no entry of the event; but I suppose that the union took place somewhere between 1820 and 1824. At the latter date Wainewright would have been exactly thirty. Talfourd intimates that a sum of 5,200*l.* was settled on Wainewright and his wife at their marriage; but that very learned judge must refer to Wainewright's own "modest competence," to borrow his own expression, "derived," (I still quote Wainewright's words), "from his parents." As the lady's family is said to have been very poor, and her husband was left an orphan at an early age, it is scarcely to be believed that the 5,000*l.* and odd Four per Cent. stock was settled at the time of marriage in the manner suggested. It is evident to me, on the contrary, that the money or property was simply the estate held in trust for Wainewright's benefit by one of his paternal uncles, Robert Wainewright the solicitor, and three other persons.

I trace the young people to a place [Hampton Court ?] thirteen or fourteen miles from Hyde Park Corner, in the early days of their married life. Perhaps they moved about, occasionally staying at Linden House with Uncle Griffiths. There is a certain indication that one or two of the earlier articles in the *London Magazine* were written in the neighbourhood of Box Hill. Mrs. Abercromby could not afford to see much of them. Her resources were, I apprehend, slenderer than ever, and her two girls had only the special annuity from the office of £10 a year each until they became of age. But Wainewright's "modest competence," assisted by the settlement, kept them above want, and his prospects from his uncle were excellent. There was no anxiety for the future; and Mr. Griffiths was already far advanced in years.

Meanwhile, Wainewright occupied his time very creditably and congenially with his pen and pencil. He still sent papers at intervals to the *London* in the course of 1822, and even down to January, 1823, when he printed his valedictory address, where he enlarges much on his own history, and pronounces an eulogium on his colleagues. He took sketches and likenesses of his friends. He drew a charming little portrait of Helen Abercromby, who was now a fair and graceful girl of twelve or fourteen; it is a head only, in coloured chalk, executed with great care as regards the features and contour of the face, with the hair in curls. The portion of the neck shown might per-

haps have been improved by a little more shading. He also took Madeleine—only a head in crayon—it must have been a rather later piece of work, and, I am informed by those who should know best, that it is a less truthful resemblance. But he also devoted a good deal of time and attention to the treatment of subjects intended for his own private portfolio—exquisite delineations of the female form, and designs which, regarded from an unprofessional point of view, might have been characterized as decidedly erotic. The only specimen of this class which has fallen in my way is a study from the well-known leg-comparing episode related in Grammont's Memoirs, in which one of the Court beauties, Miss Price, is made to figure.

Charles Lamb's testimony surely favours the assumption that Wainewright had little or nothing to do with the *London Magazine* after 1823. In a letter to Bernard Barton of that year, he says:—"The 'London,' I fear, falls off. I linger among the creaking rafters, like the last rat; it will topple down, if they don't get some buttresses. They have pulled down three: Hazlitt, Procter, and their best stay, kind, light-hearted Wainewright, their Janus . . . ;" and, again, to the same correspondent he remarks about the same time:—"I miss Janus, and O, how it [the Magazine] misses Hazlitt!"

Once more, the veiled author of "The Memoir of a Hypochondriac," in the *London* for October, 1822, takes occasion to apologise for his intrusion on Wainewright's familiar province:—"And so

farewell to painting. If I have trespassed on the preserve of Mr. Weathercock—(by the bye, why does not Mr. Weathercock go on with his pleasant lectures on prints and painters? Why does he, like a coy and beautiful virgin, shun the eye of his lovers, the 'admiring public?' Is there not much still to speak of—fields that remain to be won? Let him write again—and again)—if I *have* trespassed on Mr. Weathercock's preserve, I trust that gay and gentle critic will excuse it."

But the Weathercock was declared to be "steadfast for lack of oil," and the final paper of Janus in the number for January, 1823, produced this editorial note significant of his retirement from periodical writing:—"The winter *must* be *very hard*—as it was expected to be—for honest Master Janus Weathercock has, in the present number, 'composed his decent head and breathed his last.' But we are acquainted with his tricks, and well know how subject he is to wilful trances and violent wakings. The newspapers told us the other day of a person who could counterfeit death to such a *nicety*, as to deceive even an undertaker; now our readers must not be surprised to find Janus get up, after his laying out, and go about his ordinary concerns. Depend upon it, readers, he resembles the Spectator's sleeper at the 'Cock and Bottle,' and is no more dead than we are!"

Nor does the scrap in the number for February, 1826, under the familiar signature, quite prove the contrary, since there is a look about it, as if it had reached the Magazine at second hand—some waif

left in the editor's basket or transmitted through a friend.

All the regular contributors to the *London* were professional men of letters, not all of them precisely dependent on their exertions in this way for their subsistence, but men who might be set down as authors. Wainewright alone seems to have stood outside this category. True, he wrote much —a great deal more, almost beyond question, than we shall ever recover; but it was as an *amateur*. The distinction may appear trivial, even unjust; but he is realised to me as an individual who, having had no regular literary training, takes up his pen for a time, as he might his billiard cue, dashes off an article or so, when or while he is in the humour, or a few *vers de société*, and then throws up the hobby of the hour to choose a new one.

I believe, then, I shall be substantially correct in asserting, that Wainewright seceded from literary engagements, though by no means yet from literary circles, in 1823. If we try to form an estimate of the ostensible resources of Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright about this period, we shall find ourselves, I fear, beginning and ending with Mr. Wainewright's before-quoted "modest competence"— some £5,000 in the New Four per Cents. Times were dearer than when Dr. Johnson's friend Langton kept state in the country, and paid his way, on £200 a year; but the Wainewrights had no family yet; and with ordinary thrift they might manage well enough, till the ship came home. Unluckily,

his tastes were terribly expensive, and she, on her part, was a fine dashing creature.

One catches a glimpse of their gay and brilliant doings, prior to their removal to Turnham Green, in a description which is given of a particularly elegant *petit dîner* (our host delighted in gallicisms) at which Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Griffiths Wainewright requested to have the pleasure of the company of Sir Wentworth Dilke, Bart., Dr. Maginn, Mr. John Forster, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, Mr. John Clare (the poet), Mr. Macready, and others, at their residence in Great Marlborough Street. It was a suite of luxuriously furnished apartments, which the Wainewrights had engaged. Surely, unless Janus had lighted on some new source of revenue, more lucrative than the Magazines, this style of living was somewhat improvident.—£200 a year would not bear this strain long.

However, very fortunately for them (as it appeared), seeing perhaps that his residence was commodious even beyond the most ambitious requirements of a bachelor, Uncle Griffiths proposed at this conjuncture to give his nephew and niece a home at Linden House. This must have been about 1828. Since 1823 Wainewright had done very little in the literary way. Indeed, his earnings from this kind of source were undoubtedly, from first to last, very insignificant; nor can they be said to have extended over more than three or four years, if we include the at present unidentified pieces in the *Literary Pocket Book* for 1819 and 1820. He therefore placed no dependence on the

publishers, and merely hit off a paper in his own manner now and again, when he happened to be in the vein.

The annexed list of his performances is formed, to a considerable extent, from his own published memoranda. The first, second and third items, however, are not known to survive in any shape. It is said of Coleridge, that he accumulated a singular catalogue of titles of works, which he too sanguinely proposed to carry out; it is within the limits of possibility that the same thing happened to his distinguished contemporary, and that the folio works, which I have enumerated on his authority, were merely *paullo-post-futuro* adumbrations, like the *Thoughts* of Mr. Egomet Bonmot and are destined to remain to all succeeding ages more tantalizing than the extracts of Archbishop Photius. The fourth, so far as I have been fortunate enough to identify them, constitute the body of the present volume. The last article consisted, I conjecture, of mere compilations.

1.—A Philosophical Theory of Design, as concerned with the Loftier Emotions, showing its deep action on Society, drawn from the Phidean, Greek, and early Florentine Schools (the result of seventeen years' study). Illustrated with numerous plates, executed with conscientious accuracy. In one volume, atlas folio.

2.—An Æsthetic and Psychological Treatise on the Beautiful; or, the Analogies of Imagination and Fancy, as exerted in Poesy, whether Verse, Painting, Sculpture, Music, or Architecture; to

form four volumes folio, with a profusion of engravings by the best artists of Paris, Munich, Berlin, Dresden, and Wien.

3.—An Art Novel, in three volumes.

4.—Fantasies, Critical Sketches, &c., from Blackwood's Magazine, the Foreign (Quarterly) Review, and the London Magazine.

5.—Contributions to the Literary Pocket Book, 1819-20-21.[1]

6.—Catalogues of the Somerset House Exhibitions.

Hazlitt, in his paper called "The Dandy School," printed in the *Examiner*, 1828, alludes to the change which had then taken place in the tone and aim of literature. "Now," he says, "all that we learn from it is the servility, egotism, and upstart pretensions of the writers. Instead of transporting you to fairyland, or into the middle ages, you take a turn down Bond Street, or go through the mazes of the dance at Almack's. . . . You dip into an essay or a novel, and may fancy yourself reading a collection of quack or fashionable advertisements. Macassar oil, Eau de Cologne, Hock and Seltzer Water, Attar of Roses, Pomade Divine, glance through the page in inextricable confusion, and make your head giddy. In these elegant volumes (Disraeli's 'Vivian Grey,') a fine gentleman sees

[1] A notice of this publication will be found in Mr. Ireland's monograph on the writings of Hazlitt and Hunt, 1868, pp. 127-8, and in the *London Magazine* for January, 1821.

the cut of his coat, the tie of his cravat, and the polish of his boots, as in his looking-glass."

The article from which I have been quoting was more immediately intended as a skit on "Vivian Grey," but the criticism applies almost equally to the other writers of the Dandy and Silver Fork Schools—Wainewright included. It is curious how fashions in writing set in and die out. Among the disciples of these two sects, we find Plumer Ward, Lord Normanby, Disraeli the younger, and Wainewright; but Bulwer, too, was an offshoot from them, and his earlier work is powerfully tainted with the vices of his teachers. He alone had the strength to shake off the meretricious influence, yet he retained a certain trace of the old florid euphemism (so cleverly parodied by Thackeray) to the last.

Yet, so late as 1831, when Moxon, of Dover-street, started the *Englishman's Magazine*, Lamb is found tendering him counsel as to what sort of thing he ought to make of it, and what sort of men it was his interest to secure. "Can you not," he demands, "get hold of Procter? His chambers are in Lincoln's Inn at Montagu's, or of Janus Weathercock?—both of their *prose* is capital. Don't encourage poetry—" And, as I have already pointed out, Hazlitt himself possibly won, like the author of "Elia," by the charm of dissimilitude or contrast, looked with an indulgent eye on the Weathercock papers in the *London*.

But Wainewright, let me remember, no longer the man of letters, has to be introduced in another character—the man of business and of the world.

The curtain which fell, so to speak, on my author's no doubt regretful adieu to an arena, in which he had been admitted by many good judges to shine with no mean lustre, will rise on scenes of a different and busier kind.

Lamb, in his well-known epistle to Manning, where he furnishes his distant correspondent with a fictitious account of the misadventures which had befallen their common friends, since Manning's settlement in China, need not be quoted.

Again, in a communication to his Quaker crony Bernard Barton, many years later (1824), Lamb moralises with jocose gravity on the case of Henry Fauntleroy, then fresh in the public mind. . . . The fate of the unfortunate Fauntleroy makes me, whether I will or no, to cast reflecting eyes around me, on such of my friends, as, by a parity of situation, are exposed to a similarity of temptation. . . . You think it impossible that you could commit so heinous an offence; but so thought Fauntleroy once. . . . I tremble, I am sure, at myself, when I think that so many poor victims of the law, at one time of their life, made as sure of never being hanged, as I, in my own presumption, am ready, too ready, to do myself. What are we better than they? . . . I am shocked sometimes at the shape of my own fingers, not for their resemblance to the ape tribe (which is something), but for the exquisite adaptation of them to the purposes of picking, fingering, &c."

What bearing has all this digression, it may be asked, on the immediate subject? Well, I stated

that in or about 1828 Uncle Griffiths received his young relatives into his house at Turnham Green; and, of course, the change from lodgings even in Great Marlborough Street, or such a residence as Wainewright's limited income would allow, was highly agreeable. What appeared a cruel blow to the young people's happiness occurred about a twelvemonth after their instalment in these handsome quarters. George Edward Griffiths, Esquire, of Linden House, died in 1829, after a short illness, leaving his nephew and niece that very eligible mansion and other property and effects. Mr. Griffiths was an old man; but the fatal occurrence was wholly unexpected.

There was one consideration which mitigated the sorrow of the Wainewrights; it was the prospect, after many years of union, that dear Frances would at last have it in her power to offer her husband a substantial pledge of her affection. Of course a place like Linden House, comfortably furnished, with its lovely garden and luxurious appurtenances, to say nothing of the good old gentleman's money, helped to create a diversion from melancholy thoughts; but the arrival of a boy, christened Griffiths after his lamented great-uncle, was a crowning joy and compensation.

I know what Linden House was, and I am rather uncertain to what extent the death of Uncle Griffiths benefited the Wainewrights pecuniarily; but from the tenor of his grandfather's will it is open to speculation whether the moiety left to the second wife remained in the family, or

passed to her own friends at her death in 1812; and again, it is not to be supposed that the income of the owner of Linden House was what it had been in the palmy days of the *Monthly Review*. Still the mere house, with its contents and its grounds, was not a despicable possession, and there must have been a tolerably handsome windfall besides. On the other hand, it is beyond dispute that, wherever he had contracted such habits and notions, Wainewright's theory of expenditure was in perfect keeping with the beautiful place he had lately inherited; Linden House, at the time of which I am writing (1829-30), in the hands of a prudent and thrifty man, standing on his own freehold, asked certainly £1000 a year to keep it up at all appropriately; and Mr. Weathercock, so far from being prudent or thrifty, loved carriages, majolica, rare prints, wines of unusual vintages, servants in livery, and other sweet impoverishments. Whatever money Mr. Weathercock had was apt therefore to go unconscionably fast, and the worst was that there was now an end to all expectations from relatives.

Nor was this all. The Abercrombys at Mortlake, since Miss Ward's marriage, had been getting poorer and poorer. Mrs. Abercromby did not find her scheme for raising an income out of lodgers answer, perhaps. The two girls were growing into women. Helen would be of age in 1830, and her sister Madeleine was only a year her junior.

It was clearly unfortunate; but the Wainewrights, notwithstanding the sort of white elephant

Linden House threatened to prove to them, and the magnitude of their present expenses, felt obliged to arrange with mamma and sisters, that the poor little place at Mortlake should be given up, and Mrs. Abereromby and the girls should all come to join the happy circle at Turnham Green.

But her considerate friends did not long enjoy the satisfaction of Mrs. Abercromby's society; for the old lady died (August 1830) a few months only after her removal to that splendid new home —died suddenly after a good deal of vomiting, in a fit of convulsions. The Wainewrights were thus left somewhere in 1830 with the baby and the two young Abercromby girls. These made up the family at Linden House between forty-nine and fifty years since.

Wainewright, like Prospero, had "plucked his magic garment" from him. As Lamb said of his *Essays*, "the humour of the thing had gone," or rather Janus Weathercock was in a sad taking, and was no longer "in the humour." Linden House—the very name itself—was from a century's associations, a tower of strength. The tradespeople of Turnham Green would as soon have expected to hear of the mansion in the Grove collapsing, as of the mansion in Threadneedle Street playing such a trick. Had not the family of Griffiths and Griffiths-Wainewright held their own there from time immemorial? The fathers of the butchers, bakers, and grocers of 1830 might have seen the carriages of the Quality drive up to the door, when the old Doctor, who had known

Wedgwood and Goldsmith, Johnson and Fanny Burney, lived under that roof. It was only in 1812 that his second lady was carried thence to Chiswick churchyard.

But the new occupiers of Linden House and those old people belonged to rather different schools. The Wainewrights did not seem disposed to remain satisfied with the exercise of ordinary friendship and hospitality. All their arrangements, to say the truth, and all their tastes were, to say the truth, alarmingly profuse. The furniture, the decorations, the ornamental objects, the horses and carriages, the toilets, and the table, were on a scale, which would have greatly astonished both the old Doctor and his son. Unless a gold-mine had been sprung somewhere, the family at Linden House appeared to be of the popular persuasion, that the best kind of life was a short life and a merry one.

Those who were behind the scenes were too well aware that the money was running low, and that affairs were on the drift. Helen and her sisters were ignorant of the proximity of any danger, even with a servant of the Sheriff of Middlesex on the premises. What should girls know about bills, or warrants of attorney, or sheriff's officers, especially when the head of the family was so clever and so good? Meanwhile, things went on much as usual: and the worthy retailers in the neighbourhood did not in the least object to give credit, so long as it was understood that the difficulty was nothing more than a temporary hitch in the City, or one of those little complications, which are so hard

to make clear to strangers, and so uninteresting when they are explained.

Even with the most patient and amicable tradespeople in the world, however, Christmas has long been a festival, above all others, associated in shopkeepers' minds with the discharge of overdue book-debts; and it was an omen of the darkest complexion when, on an early day in December, 1830, a report was circulated in Turnham Green, that the gentlefolks from Linden House had quitted it, no one could tell why or whither.

The fact was, that the crisis was approaching so rapidly—the cash (to use a common phrase) was ebbing at such a rate, that Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright, consulting seriously together, concluded that the best course, under the distressing circumstances, was to quit the place, and move up provisionally into town, till something could be arranged. There was not much breathing time.

The girls had of course to be told that there was a trifling pecuniary dilemma; but they were not informed that everything they had left behind them in their fine house in the suburbs was under a bill of sale, which had been renewed from time to time since August, and could not be put off much longer. What was the use of making the dear creatures miserable, and what did they know about bills of sale? So Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright, Miss Helen and Miss Madeleine Abercromby, two female servants and baby Griffiths Wainewright, went, on the 12th of December, 1830, into lodgings at No. 12, Conduit Street, Regent Street, over the shop of Mr. Nicoll, the tailor.

They were somewhat dear quarters to have chosen, the paucity of funds considered; but Mr. Wainewright liked to see those about him comfortable—and to be comfortable himself. Besides, when important business has to be transacted, there is always an immense advantage in being central.

From Conduit Street, by prompt and skilful management, Linden House might still be saved. So, at least, Mr. and Mrs Wainewright calculated. But no time was to be lost; for the holders of security threatened, unless the claim against the estate were settled, to realize before Christmas. Besides local creditors, they owed £610 under a warrant of attorney, to Mr. Sharpus, of Cockspur Street, crockery dealer and (under the rose, to oblige a friend), money-lender, and about £200 to an auctioneer in Piccadilly, a personal friend. There was also a bill of sale on the furniture, granted on the 8th of July, 1830, to the said Mr. Sharpus, and a man (as I have stated) was in possession. The warrant and bill were held over by consent to the 21st December instant.

To the two dear girls, although the temporary embarrassment was not altogether capable of disguise, the unlooked-for change in their circumstances was made to wear, as far as might be, the appearance of a jaunty distraction, which would afford a capital opportunity for visiting the various places of amusement in the metropolis. As to Turnham Green, it was quite in the country, and the journey to and fro after dusk was not only fatiguing, but positively dangerous.

The charm of the theatres alone was sufficient to redeem the new arrangement from much of its strangeness and incidental inconveniences. They went to the play on the 13th December, the day after their arrival in town. They paid another visit on the following evening. Conduit Street was so central that it seemed a pity to engage a coach for so short a distance, though the weather was very severe and wet. Helen's boots were too thin, and her feet were wet, when she reached the theatre, and she was so imprudent as to sit out the performance. They walked home, however, and had supper. To go to bed after an evening's amusement without some refreshment is so cheerless. There were oysters and ale; on the preceding evening it had been lobsters and bottled porter—rather unwholesome diet at so late an hour. Helen declined at first, on the plea that she felt a chill, and would rather retire at once, but she was over-persuaded.

In the night, the poor girl was very poorly. It was thought she had taken cold. Mr. Wainewright sent to a chemist's for a black draught, which she took; but on Thursday the 16th, as she did not improve they called in Dr. Locock, of Hanover Square, an old acquaintance of the family, who found her sitting in her bedroom, and suffering from "a great headache, a weight over the eyes, and partial blindness; she had a full, labouring pulse, and shooting pains about the head." He ordered her camomile and senna as an aperient, and promised to look in again.

On Friday morning, the 17th, the head did not seem to be much easier, and Dr. Locock recommended cupping, which relieved the head for the moment, but made the patient feverish. She was somewhat better, and got up at dinner-time, and Mrs. Wainewright and Madeleine paid her the greatest possible attention. She was obliged to recline on the sofa, and was observed by the servants to shiver a good deal; she complained also of sickness, but Dr. Locock thought her progressing favourably, and merely continued the treatment, Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright using their own judgment as to the administration of the medicine. In simple cases, such as Dr. Locock had pronouncèd this to be, nothing was more common than for people to physic themselves.

On the night of Saturday the 18th, Sunday the 19th, and Monday, she had vomited so violently as to leave her in a most exhausted state; through the whole of Sunday night she was very restless and hysterical, and on the Monday morning (December 20th) she betrayed symptoms of delirium, and declared she saw a little boy in the room. It was extreme debility occasioned by the sickness. Still on the Tuesday morning Dr. Locock pronounced her better, directed a continuance of her medicine —a camphor pill, which served as a sedative, and was to call again as usual, to see how she went on. He apprehended no immediate danger; but she was to be kept quiet, and the child (Griffiths Wainewright) was not to go near her. Helen, however, was still confined to her bed,

and evidently needed great care. She had been upstairs just a week, and Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright held a little consultation together, and thought that Helen would be better for a powder, of which the nauseous flavour could be disguised, as usual, by giving it in jelly; and Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright, having satisfied themselves that their patient had played them no trick, but had really taken what was good for her, went out for a stroll, leaving Helen under the charge of an old and trusty servant, who had been at Linden House in the old Doctor's time, and who had known Mr. Wainewright since he was a little boy. Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright promised to return as soon as possible, and nurse was to take every imaginable care of the invalid.

About two in the afternoon, not very long after the departure of her master and mistress, the woman was alarmed beyond measure by symptoms of violent convulsions, and by Miss Abercromby grasping her hand like a vice. Dr. Locock was instantly summoned, and discovered, on examination, abnormal pressure on the brain; the poor young lady cried, "Oh doctor, I am dying! I feel I am, I am sure so." He tried to reassure her; but she went on: "My mother died in the same way, yes, my poor mother! Oh, my poor mother!" Locock wrote a new prescription which she took at once, and which appeared to relieve her; and when he left, pronounced the crisis averted; she was far easier and more composed, and in fact said to him: "Oh, doctor, I was gone to heaven, but you have brought me back to earth!"

Before Dr. Locock, however, could have reached his own house, the pains returned with aggravated violence. A local practitioner was called in and did his utmost to alleviate the suffering; but Helen gradually sank, and breathed her last at four o'clock on the afternoon of that same day, without having the consolation of beholding once more the features of Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright.

Dr. Locock called at four, and found that she had just expired. As he went out he met Mr. Wainewright at the door, and told him what had happened. He appeared much shocked and astonished, as he had left her much better than she was the night before. He inquired what was the cause of death. "Mischief in the brain," Dr. Locock said.

Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright returned to a house of desolation, and lavishly upbraided themselves with their want of thought in prolonging their walk. If they had been on the spot, Helen's precious life might have been spared to them all. Dr. Locock was asked to come round, and the Wainewrights were clamorous for an immediate inquest, that there might be no possible room for suspecting foul play.

The medical evidence (Dr. Locock again) and the coroner's jury ascribed no blame to anyone. There was a remarkable accumulation of water at the base of the brain, which accounted for the agony of the deceased and for the fatal result; and there were also certain curious specks on the coat of the stomach; but the physician and the jury

found no proof of other than natural causes.[1] A good deal of stress was laid on the shell-fish and the bottled beer.

It was found that the late Miss Abercromby had left a will, by which all her property and interest came to her sister, Mr. Wainewright being named executor. This document had, it seemed, been completed in great haste on the 13th of the month, when Helen perhaps found her health not so strong as it had been, and was anxious to secure what she could to Madeleine.

But what property could it be? Houses, lands, and hereditaments? Why, the poor child, I have not long ago narrated, was an orphan with an annuity from the Board of Ordnance of 10*l.*, originally granted in 1812 after her father's death, and continued after that of her mother's in 1830 to the two sisters, on the plea that they were totally unprovided for.

Something, therefore, had necessarily altered, in a material manner, Miss Abercromby's pecuniary position within the last few months. It was this: by the foresight of her good brother-in-law and his wife, Helen's life had been insured in the autumn in various offices for the sum of 18,000*l.*,[2] an exceptionably large total, but not too much so to provide suitably for Madeleine. The first year's premiums amounting to 220*l.*, which had been paid up by

[1] See Appendix.

[2] 3,000*l.* in the Palladium, 3,000*l.* in the Eagle, in the Hope and Provident for 2,000*l.* each, in the Imperial for 3,000*l.*, and in the Pelican for 5,000*l.*

the deceased with bank-notes given to her for the purpose by her brother-in-law, were a severe strain on the family finances just at present. But the object was so important, and now that this had happened, they had at all events one thing to be thankful for,—Madeleine's future was secure.

But the offices, on being apprised in due course of the melancholy and wholly unforeseen occurrence, shook their heads privately, and entertained doubts which were absolutely degrading—to themselves. On being pressed by Mr. Wainewright in his capacity as executor, the boards expressed a common opinion, that there were circumstances connected with the business which made it imperative that time should be allowed by the young lady's friends for the institution of formal inquiries, more especially as death had ensued at so early a date after the completion of the policies. Miss Abercromby's executor threatened proceedings, and the offices thereupon unanimously refused to pay.

There was unquestionably solid ground for this unfortunate and disappointing result, for even if the family, which was so far a matter of course, went into litigation, the law was pregnant with all sorts of risks and delays, and months—a year—might elapse before Madeleine Abercromby's money was forthcoming. The offices, in resisting the claim, asserted that they had been deceived. The insurances had been effected at successive periods between March and October, 1830, on the pretence that the young lady aimed thereby at securing certain property, which was expected to accrue under a decree in Chancery within two

years, and if her own death occurred meanwhile, would pass away from the family. At one or two of the establishments, the secretary, struck by Helen's unsophisticated air and manifest ignorance of business, coupled with her strangely agitated manner, interrogated her as to the motive; but she always met these kindly-intended remonstrances, or silenced objections, by saying that she acted under the advice of friends, who knew more about such matters than she did, and could not possibly have any improper views. Two offices actually declined a proposal to effect further policies, which would have raised the amount recoverable to upward of 25,000*l.*

The contention was, that the circumstances had been misrepresented from beginning to end; that the life was accepted for two and three years respectively, solely on the faith of a declaration, that the object was special and in accordance with statements made by the young lady and her friends, and that Miss Abercromby had been induced to utter falsehoods for the sake of promoting what appeared, by the light of recent events, a mere speculation on the part of the Wainewrights.

The offices left the cause of Miss Abercromby's death outside the immediate question, and justified their action on the simple plea of wilful misstatement. The falsehood of the tale about Helen's interest in certain Chancery proceedings involved, of course, a complete absence of consideration, and the fatality which turned an investment of £220 for a few months into £18,000, was too extraordinary to escape suspicion, more

particularly as a case was said by the secretary of the Alliance to have occurred quite lately, in which a young lady had had her life insured by her friends, and had soon afterwards come to her death by unfair means—just such another young lady, the secretary informed Helen, as she was. Moreover, the actuary of the Provident pronounced Helen "a remarkably healthy, cheerful, beautiful young woman, whose life was one of a thousand," and elsewhere the officials had a little pleasantry about Helen still going year after year to pay her premium long after they were in their graves.

Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright, in two years, had thus suffered three severe bereavements. Mr. Griffiths died quite suddenly in 1829. Mrs. Abercromby died quite suddenly in 1830, and now, in December of the very same year, it was poor Helen's turn!—the saddest blow of all! She died, by a singular coincidence, on the very day to which good Mr. Sharpus, of Cockspur Street, had agreed to let the bill of sale stand over.

The repudiation of the claim by the insurance offices was a cruel addition to their trouble. Mr. Wainewright had asked Helen, a little after their settlement in Conduit Street, in order to facilitate some arrangements he was making to clear up a momentary difficulty, to assign to him the policy effected in the Palladium, and a second, for a nominal consideration in each case of £19 19s., and this commonplace operation was accomplished with the professional assistance of a Mr. Kirk. This, with the effects at Turnham Green, formed a

tangible security, and Mr. Wainewright arranged, on the 27th of January, 1831, about a month after Helen's decease, with his friend Mr. Atkinson, of Basinghall Street, to advance, on a warrant of attorney for the penal sum of £2,000, a moiety of that amount, or the balance between his actual debt to Atkinson and £1,000, to enable him to pay off Mr. Sharpus, to save the furniture at Linden House, and to take steps to carry his case against the offices into court. A creditor for rather less than £200 (the auctioneer already alluded to) accepted a similar instrument on the 20th of April following. In both these papers Mr Wainewright was described as of Linden House, Turnham Green, Esquire. Mr. Wainewright's signatures to the April document indicate some return of the old cheerfulness; they are free and vigorous, as a facsimile of one of them will show.

I have slightly disturbed the sequence of events. Between January and April, the preparations for the suit at law being incomplete, and Mr. Wainewright having a desire to travel for a short time in

France, it was settled that Mrs. Wainewright and Madeleine should take lodgings at Pimlico, and live there quietly together during papa's continental *divertissement*. Mr. Acheson, an intelligent and respectable solicitor, connected with Mr. Atkinson of Basinghall Street, was charged with putting the matter in train, with a view to filing a bill in Chancery against the Directors of the Imperial, to recover £3,000. A favourable decree was calculated to govern the others. Mr. Acheson was sanguine, and his confidence probably contributed to make Atkinson feel that he should not be far wrong in advancing the £1,000 so urgently needed by Wainewright in 1831. This is a sorrily dated biography; but I think, on the whole, that I am not mistaken in ascribing to the brief interval between the failure of the application to the offices and his departure for France a queer little adventure, of which the neighbourhood of Mecklenburgh Square was the scene.

It appears that at Caroline Place in this vicinity resided, with his daughter, an acquaintance of Mr. Wainewright—a native of Norfolk, who had served in the army. He was not in very flourishing circumstances at present, and Mr. Wainewright and himself had consequently one strong point of sympathy. Moreover, Wainewright was an agreeable associate, and his spirits never flagged. Money might be tight; affairs might be gloomy; a writ or two might be abroad; but still he was cheerful and ready to look at the bright side. One evening, his Norfolk friend saw him as usual, and he was more

than ordinarily sprightly—quite himself again—quite the old Janus. He took a guitar and went into the square, where he serenaded the young lady. While he was so pleasantly engaged, another gentleman stood sponsor for him to a minion of the sheriff, who tapped the wrong shoulder inadvertently, but on learning his mistake, lay in wait again, and brought the truant game to earth at last, opposite the house of Van Holst, a pupil of Mr. Wainewright's idol, Fuseli.

Mr. Wainewright had accustomed himself to these little *contretemps;* they were, in balancing the advantages and drawbacks of pecuniary embarrassments, one of the drawbacks. But they could always be arranged. When Paul grew peremptory, tender-hearted Peter invariably came to the rescue.

It happened most conveniently for Mr. Wainewright that, when he was contemplating the little tour abroad, his former acquaintances in Caroline Place, the Norfolk gentleman with the daughter whom Wainewright — the gallant Janus — had serenaded with his guitar, conceived a fancy for settling with Miss —— at Boulogne. His affairs had been getting more and more entangled, and money had been waxing scarcer. So with his daughter this gentleman crossed over to the Goshen of the impecunious, and not long after him his friend the musician, artist and essay writer, the latter not sorry, maybe, to place twenty miles of sea between himself and inconsiderate encroachers on his privacy. It was only till matters were arranged—Acheson was quite clear about it.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wainewright cordially accepted an invitation to make his English friend's quarters his home, and nothing was so natural as an occasional tendency in the chat to turn upon finance, specially considered in its bearing on gentlemen in temporary straits. Mr. Wainewright's military associate was necessarily less conversant than he chanced to be with the peculiar facilities which in such cases are afforded by insurance societies.

It was the simplest thing conceivable. "You want a little money for an emergency," he says to the Norfolk gentleman: "you write to an office you propose to effect a loan, and to insure your life—that is always part of the treaty with these persons—inquiries are made; references are given; a medical agent to the company examines you, and reports you an average life; a policy and a deed are prepared; and you receive the loan, less the first year's premium and interest. What could be easier or in fact more agreeable?"

The Norfolk gentleman in difficulties concluded that the suggestion, which arose in a perfectly casual way out of some conversation, was worth notice; for the resistance of the offices to his good friend's fair legal claims was a mere paltry quibble of which Acheson would very quickly dispose. It was only a question of time.

Wainewright thought the Pelican as good an office as any, and in order to borrow anything like a sum it was necessary to take out a rather heavy policy. The negotiation was set on foot without more ado. Of course it was not expedient, seeing

that he was so very delicately situated, that Wainewright's name should appear.

The proposal was made by the Norfolk gentleman. The Pelican instructed its agents. All questions were satisfactorily answered. The Norfolk gentleman's life was reported to be an excellent life. The policy for 3,000*l.* was completed, and the loan paid over. But the valuable counsel which he had tendered to his host—to the man who, for the sake of old times, had taken him under his roof, had not realised the expected result in alleviating anxiety very long, when the poor young lady was bereft of her remaining parent by one of those sudden fatalities which seemed to haunt Mr. Wainewright like an evil genius. He had been in his usual health and spirits, as they say, when he was seized with the most terrible pains in the head, accompanied by dizziness and vomiting, and died under the eyes of his friend and his daughter in a state of *coma* after a very short illness.

Those about him could think of nothing which could have produced this extraordinary effect on a sound constitution without any previous warning. They tried to recollect what he had done, what he could have eaten, what he could have drunk. But it was incomprehensible. Poor papa had taken his coffee one evening as usual with Mr. Wainewright—they often took it *tête-à-tête* after dinner—and went to bed without complaining. He was taken in the night. What could be more strange and more painful? Mr. Wainewright felt, besides, the extreme awkwardness of his own position, left alone with a young unmarried lady.

His presence was apt to be misconstrued, and he took the first decent opportunity of bidding the orphan an affectionate and sympathetic adieu. If there was one single mite of comfort, it was to reflect that he had been indirectly instrumental in getting 3,000*l.* out of the Pelican.

After the bustling sort of life at Boulogne, it occurred to him that he would be most likely to rally from the shock to his nervous system, by going clean across the country to Brittany, and he finally fixed on St. Omer as a pleasant retreat. He was remarkably fortunate here; for he met with a gentleman who had a delightful country house near the town itself, and was so struck by the superiority of his attainments and his gentlemanly presence, that he invited him to make a stay with him.

Wainewright begged to be permitted to forward the new address to his correspondents in England, as he had some business of the most important character in progress just at present. Mr. Young, clerk to Mr. Acheson, therefore came over, with news about the proceedings which were being taken, and with certain documents, which required Mr. Wainewright's signature. Young told him that Madeleine Abercromby was married to the auctioneer in Piccadilly;[1] and he also told his friends, when he returned, that the house, where

[1] At St. James's Church, Piccadilly, May 19, 1832. Her husband first saw her, I believe, at Turnham Green, when he went there, in the way of business, to value the library left behind in the house.

their client was staying, was dreadfully lonely, that their client seemed to be quite at home with the old gentleman, but that somehow he did not like the look of things.

In the meanwhile, the law was holding its very leisurely course at home. In these cases of litigation, delay is hardly to be avoided, and fifty years ago it was far more serious. But, apart from the time occupied by the completion of the necessary evidence and papers, the proceedings contemplated by the friends of the late Miss Abercromby against the offices were retarded by one or two exceptional causes. The question of expense, in the event of an adverse decision, was of itself serious enough, where money was so precious, and the estate was in debt; but the absence of Wainewright, the executor and assignee, who evinced a great reluctance to return, and the error committed in entering the suit at the Court of Chancery, contributed to procrastinate an issue. In short, it was not till Trinity Term, 1835, that the trial, in which Wainewright was the nominal plaintiff, and the Directors of the Imperial Life Office the defendants, came on for hearing. A *verbatim* report will be given elsewhere,[1] and a repetition of the details cannot be attempted. Eminent counsel were secured on both sides, and the evidence was both elaborate and remarkable. Dr. Locock reiterated his opinion, that there was nothing in the appearance of the remains to suggest foul play, and that learned practitioner assented to the possibility that the

[1] See Appendix, No. 2.

convulsions might have been superinduced by the violence of the vomiting. The presence of vegetable poison was extremely difficult of detection after death.

The whole history of the eventful year 1830 was necessarily re-opened, and various witnesses swore to various details, which I have furnished in due order, as to the circumstances attending the illness and death of the insured. The case was tried before Lord Abinger and a special jury in the Court of Exchequer on the 29th June, 1835. Neither Mrs. Wainewright nor Madeleine was called. It was a purely civil action, and the judge impressed on the jury, at the close of the evidence and addresses, that the cause of the young lady's death was irrelevant to the immediate inquiry. What they had to consider was, whether there was sufficient proof of misrepresentation and actual deceit in answering the questions put by the offices prior to the completion of the policies, and also whether the insurance was not to be viewed strictly as a speculation on the part of the plaintiff. The jury, however, was unable to agree, and a juror was withdrawn.

The offices concluded that the matter was at an end; but the legal advisers of the family obtained leave for a new trial, which was heard in the following Michaelmas term. This to a large extent retraversed the old ground; there were the same witnesses, the same pleas; the same direction to the jury emanated from Lord Abinger who, while he characterised the case as "pregnant with sus-

picion," ruled that the point before the Court was simply whether or not the offices had been misled by the insured and her friends. It was stated by the judge, that the person, whose name stood in the record as the plaintiff, was not in the country, and was never likely, he believed, to revisit it. The verdict was for the defendants, on the ground of misrepresentation.

The lawsuit itself terminated here; no further overt or formal attempt was made to obtain the money; but it has been signified to me, that the offices were eventually persuaded, as a compromise, to pay to the legal representatives of Helen Abercromby either a part or the whole of the expenses incurred in the litigation.

During these transactions, Wainewright had stood aloof, and was still a pilgrim in a foreign, but friendly, land. For some excellent reason of his own, no doubt, but unluckily, as it turned out, he had been travelling of late under the protection of a *nom de guerre*. It was no longer Bonmot, or Weathercock, or Vinkbooms, but Mr. ———. The bad luck lay in the fact, that the Correctional Police, ever more inquisitorial than the dear old English Charlie of those days, interviewed him, and finding certain discrepancies between his account of himself and the ostensible facts, caused his incarceration at Paris for six calendar months as a suspected person. The prison authorities, in subjecting him to the customary *régime*, found that the Englishman carried about him some of the powder of the *nux vomica*, otherwise known as

strychnine, which was used in many places for poisoning vermin, dogs and cats, and even rabbits. It was put down to the Monsieur Anglais's eccentricity.

The six months passed away, and Wainewright conceived a desire to cross over for a day or two to England. It was the month of June, 1837, two years after the trial in the Exchequer, seven after Helen's death. He always liked to be central in the old days, when he chose Conduit Street for that very reason. He now took up his quarters at an hotel in Covent Garden. He was *incognito*, and therefore it was just as well, when he went into a sitting-room on the basement, to draw down the blinds. He had no time to visit friends! it was quite a flying trip. I have heard it whispered that a lady was in the question—not Mrs. Wainewright; for the husband and wife separated in 1831, to meet no more.

By one of those chances which are incapable of explanation, a noise in the street attracted his attention, and he pushed aside the blind for a moment to see what it was. Some one outside was heard to exclaim: "That's Wainewright, the bank-forger!" Bow Street and Covent Garden are neighbours; the speaker was Forrester, the runner, who had seen my hero in France, and instantly recognised him. He was arrested, charged, and locked up.

We must travel back, for an instant, to the year 1824, the one immediately subsequent to Wainewright's retirement from the *London Magazine* and

from literature. At that date was perpetrated by him, doubtless under the pressure of pecuniary exigencies created by his own thoughtless prodigality, an act, which was then capital. Hitherto, since his arrival of age, he had been content to live on the interest of about £5,000 invested by his trustees, four in number, in the New Four per Cents., and payable through the Bank of England; but in 1824, according to his own admission, and on the puerile plea that he was merely dealing with his own property, he forged a document, signed by these gentlemen, authorizing the Bank to transfer and assign to him the principal. This fraud remained undetected for twelve years or so, it having been taken for granted probably by the trustees, that the interest was being remitted as usual. Wainewright lived very comfortably on this little haul so long as it lasted: bought prints, majolica, choice vintages, Roger Paynes, more hungrily than ever; took apartments in expensive neighbourhoods, and invited distinguished characters to luxurious dinners, and had a merry time of it. But I apprehend that the gold mine was nearly, if not quite, worked out, when Uncle Griffiths took him by the hand, and gave him a home at Turnham Green.

A warrant for Wainewright's apprehension was taken out, as soon as the Bank authorities were satisfied that the spurious power of attorney was in Wainewright's hand, and Forrester, the detective, had been on his track; but he was unable to secure his person till he chose to place himself within

jurisdiction. It has been hinted that he was inveigled into the country by female influence. Did the lady just indicated lend herself as a decoy? I wonder whether it was the poor Norfolk gentleman's orphan!

The forgery was held to be substantiated, and he was committed for trial; nor was he kept long in suspense. A decision at the Midsummer session, at the Old Bailey (July 5, 1837), may be said to have hurried to a virtual close this varied and striking career.

The following report from the *Times* newspaper is rather more full than that which occurs in the Sessions Report:—

"Before Mr. Justice Vaughan and Mr. Baron Alderson. Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, aged 42, a man of gentlemanly appearance, wearing mustachios, was indicted for forging and uttering a certain power of attorney for £2,259, with intent to defraud the Governor and Company of the Bank of England."

[In the Sessions' version he is described as] "feloniously, knowingly, and fraudulently demanding, and endeavouring to have transferred, assigned, sold, and conveyed, the sum of £2,250, part of the share of £5,200, New Four per Cent. annuities, the property of Robert Wainewright,[1] Edward Smith,[2] [Henry] Foss,[3] and Edward Foss."[4] . . .

[1] A solicitor, but not the partner in the house at Furnival's Inn

[2] The same remark applies.

[3] The publisher, and partner in the firm of Payne and Foss.

[4] Brother of Henry Foss, and a solicitor.

There were five indictments against the prisoner, to all of which he pleaded Not Guilty, when he was arraigned before Mr. Serjeant Arabin in the course of the morning. On being brought before the judges, however, he begged to be allowed to withdraw the former plea, and then pleaded Guilty to two of the indictments, which were not of a capital nature.[1]

"The counsel for the Bank having explained that there were three other indictments, but that the Bank did not desire to shed blood,[2] the plea of Guilty on the two minor charges was recorded, and the prisoner, at the close of the session, sentenced by the Recorder to transportation for life.

Wainewright, on receiving sentence, was conducted back to Newgate, preparatory to his removal to a penal colony. The gaol was at that time under the old regulations, which huddled up in one wretched cell criminals of all grades. Wainewright's companions were a bricklayer and a sweep. Here he was visited by some of his friends; among others

[1] The prisoner afterwards alleged that he was trepanned into this substitution of plea by the Governor of Newgate, acting on instructions from the Bank Parlour, and was led to believe that by throwing himself thus on the mercy of the Court, the penalty awarded would be of a nominal character. *Credat Judæus!* At another time he insinuated that the step was taken at the instance of the offices for the purpose of getting him out of the country. *Credat idem!*

[2] It was just about this time that a strong antagonism to capital punishment set in, and that some papers advocating its abolition appeared in the *Morning Herald*. A selection from them was published in 1836, 2 vols, 12mo.

who saw him were Mr. Hablot Browne, Mr. Macready, and Mr. Dickens.

Mr. Forster, in his "Life of Dickens," gives this account. At the time *they* saw Wainewright, however, he must have been tried and convicted, and was awaiting the Recorder's sentence:—"We made together a circuit of nearly all the London prisons; and in coming to the prisoners under remand, while going over Newgate, accompanied by Macready and Mr. Hablot Browne, were startled by a sudden tragic cry of 'My God! there's Wainewright!' In the shabby genteel creature, with sandy disordered hair and dirty moustache, who had turned quickly round with a defiant stare at our entrance, looking at once mean and fierce, and quite capable of the cowardly murders he had committed, Macready had been horrified to recognise a man familiarly known to him in former years, and at whose table he had dined."

His insatiable and morbid self-esteem had not deserted him. To one of his acquaintances he remarked, "They pay me respect here, I assure you; they think I am here for £10,000!"

But there were others besides the men whom I have named, summoned to their old literary comrade's side at this moment, or induced to bend their steps thither by various considerations, and many are still living who remember the sensation of horror created in their youthful minds by the tale which their elders carried back with them from the cell in Newgate—by the felon's unblushing avowal of atrocities, in comparison with which

the fraud on the Bank was a trifle. Indeed, Wainewright treated the forgery itself so lightly that he accounted it a pity that one should be banished for life ignominiously for so venial a fault. Was it not his own money which he had taken into his possession? His own property derived from his parents—from his mother? There was no equivocation about it; and, then, it was thirteen years since it was done!—another *circonstance attenuante* (his own phrase). This was one of the grounds which he selected to establish his innocence; another, which strikes me as being totally and cruelly false, and which must strike anybody as being altogether incompatible with the first, was that the act was not his at all. He sought to inculpate a second person, whom he did not name, because "such were their relative positions, that to have disclosed it, would have made him infamous, where any human feeling is manifest."

Most glorious of egotists! Most shameless of hypocrites! Why did he not throw on this anonymous individual somehow the odium of his later experiments in the virtues of *nux vomica?*

It is stated in Forster's "Life of Dickens," that Dr. Locock's suspicions, as regarded the Abercromby case, were first distinctly awakened by the testimony supplied by the old nurse at the trial in 1835. The operation of strychnine was at that period very obscurely understood, and yet one can hardly avoid the conclusion that Locock must have been a very dull man. But Forster proceeds to say that the nurse gave it out, that not

only Mrs. Abercromby, but the younger Griffiths, was known to have died with exactly similar symptoms. If the latter part of the account be correct, it corroborates my own view, and represents, no doubt, the actual fact; but the newspaper reports make the nurse to have confined her remark to Mrs. Abercromby, and even there to have repeated what Helen herself told her in the agony of death. The truth may very well be that the old servant, who had been at Linden House when George Edward Griffiths expired, imparted to the physician verbally this additional piece of intelligence.

Wainewright was not only the *primum mobile* of the rather trumpery novelette by Dickens, called "Hunted Down," in which the incidents here related with as near an approach as possible to historical truth, are remorselessly travestied, very much in the manner of the *Family Herald* or *Reynolds's Miscellany*, but of Lytton Bulwer's fiction published under the name of LUCRETIA, thirty-three years since.

In his preface to the first edition of that highly-wrought work, 1846, the author says: "Incredible as it may seem, the crimes herein related took place within the last seventeen years. There has been no exaggeration as to their extent, no great departure from their details, the means employed, even that which seems most far-fetched (the instrument of the poisoned ring) have their foundation in literal facts. Nor have I much altered the social position of the criminals, nor in the least overrated their attainments and intelligence."

Mrs. Wainewright, in fact, as I have already stated, sat to the novelist for the portrait of *Lucretia Clavering*, and Wainewright is *Varney*. In the novel, the man urges on the woman when she falters; whether Bulwer had authority for this turn of the story I cannot say; and, again, the book makes Lucretia her confederate's stepmother, not his wife. In many respects Bulwer unquestionably followed pretty closely the reality; but it is to be suspected that in the particulars which he furnishes of Wainewright's convict career he has used with great freedom the romancist's privilege.

"It is now well known," Mr. Thornbury tell us, "that he wore a ring in which he always carried strychnine, crystals of the Indian *nux vomica*, a poison almost tasteless, difficult of discovery, and capable of almost infinite dilution."

When Lord Abinger charged the jury at the Exchequer, in the civil action against the insurance company in 1835, this circumstance was not well known; it transpired when the French police took Wainewright under their protection a twelvemonth or so later, and Mr. Forrester of Bow Street would be among the earliest to hear of it from his Parisian *confrères*. Yet the bench distinctly pointed to the whole affair as one "pregnant with suspicion," and one of the heads under which Dr. Locock was cross-questioned, was as to the presence of traces of vegetable poison in Miss Abercromby's remains.

The revelations of the convict to his friends or visitors in Newgate more than justified Lord

Abinger's surmises, and shed a fearfully clear light on poor Helen Abercromby's death-bed words, saying that, as she was dying so her mother had died. Yet she did not, could not, know the whole truth; for as they were hurried out of the world by strychnine, so was George Edward Griffiths the uncle, in 1829, at Turnham Green, and so was the confiding English officer at Boulogne, a few years subsequently.

Mr. Thornbury who, I believe, was personally acquainted with the unfortunate gentleman's family, observes here: "On the night the Norfolk gentleman in difficulties at Boulogne died, Wainewright insisted on making his friend's coffee, and pressed the poison into the sugar."

Undoubtedly the worst case of all, however, was that of Helen Abercromby, in which the monster owned that his wife and himself were accomplices, and held consultations, during the progress of the deadly drug in its hideous work, as to the fitness of administering or not administering more. What we do not quite know is whether, as in the novel, the lady faltered when she fully discerned the gravity of the issue, or when something like conscience smote her, and whether Wainewright really exhibited the unflinching sternness and brutality of Varney. It seems likely enough, for somebody put it to him (it is reported), how he could have had the cold-blooded barbarity to kill such a fair, innocent, and trusting creature as Helen, and he replied, after a moment or two's reflection: "Upon my soul, I don't know, unless it was because she had such thick legs!"

But a different sort of visitor presented his respects, in the shape of an agent from the life offices which, on learning how the case had gone, lost no time in endeavouring to elicit, at a price, whatever serviceable information the convict might be disposed to communicate. The official let Wainewright be aware that it was useless to deny the charge of poisoning, as his employers had taken the precaution to secure all the papers which he left behind him (with an unpaid score) at his inn in France, including a DIARY, where he had placed on record, with perfect satisfaction and even zest, the method employed in his various operations.

The details appeared to have been penned with the same complacency and self-possession, as though the writer had been engaged in committing to paper his essay on "The Amateur's Boudoir," or some dainty *morceau* for Ollier's *Literary Pocket-Book*. Was it not all one?

At any rate, the insurance agent who waited on our hero in prison, contrived to inform himself on many relevant points, and perhaps he might have taken his leave without delivering the little lecture at the close which is attributed to him.

"It would be quite useless, Mr. Wainewright," he observed, "to speak to you of humanity, or of tenderness, or laws human or divine; but does it not occur to you after all that, merely regarded as a speculation, crime is a bad one? See where it ends! I talk to you in a shameful prison, and I talk to a degraded convict." The retort which his

listener made, after a twirl of his moustache, was at once characteristic of what Bulwer calls in Varney "his constitutional audacity," and so far as the agent was concerned, richly deserved, though it would be more applicable in our own day. "Sir," said he, "you city men enter on your speculations and take the chances of them. Some of your speculations succeed; some fail. Mine happen to have failed; yours happen to have succeeded; that is the difference, sir, between my visitor and me. But I will tell you one thing in which I have succeeded to the last. I have been determined through life to hold the position of a gentleman. *I have always done so.* I DO SO STILL. It is the custom of this place that each of the inmates of a cell shall take his morning's turn of sweeping it out. I occupy a cell with a bricklayer and a sweep. But, by God, they never offer me the broom!"

If ever mortal was haunted by an idiosyncrasy, it was Wainewright. The ruling illusion was as potent as ever.

A similar trait presents itself to our notice, prior to his conviction, while he lay in gaol awaiting his trial. In a letter to a friend at that time, he represents the cruel injustice of his position, proclaims his innocence, and asserts that he is the possessor of "a soul whose nutriment is love, and its offspring art, music, divine song, and still holier philosophy!!" Was ever viler nonsense mouthed in the name of the Nine Muses?

I have cited the Diary above, as if it were an ordinary historical paper. In doing so, I rely on

the common tradition and belief of the time. I have not seen it nor can I trace it. Two of the offices principally affected by the frauds have even asked me for information. Not merely, then, is its existence open to legitimate question; but its existence established, its value as testimony, in a case of this peculiar kind, might be fairly challenged. Records of putative facts have been compiled before and since by persons unhealthily greedy of notoriety. But putting the Diary aside,[1] one incontrovertible fact appears to remain, bringing us substantially home to the same point, namely, the condemned man's verbal disclosures to private friends and his confession of the destruction of certain innocent lives by poison, accompanied by elucidations of the process by which these enormities were successively committed.

From Newgate Wainewright was removed to the hulks at Portsmouth, and thence, on the expiration of a few days, embarked, one of three hundred convicts, in the "Susan," for Van Diemen's Land. It was "a moral sepulchre," to use his own expression, from which he was never to emerge; yet, from the very hold of the ship which was conveying him to a hopeless and ignominious banishment, he wrote to some one, representing the hardship of being placed in irons, "They think me a desperado. Me! the companion of poets,

[1] Inquiry has been made at the Imperial and Pelican offices for the MS., but, although the secretaries of those institutions offered every assistance in their power, without success.

philosophers, artists, and musicians, a desperado! You will smile at this—no, I think you will feel for the man, educated and reared as a gentleman, now the mate of vulgar ruffians and country bumpkins."

What a consistent touch! How true Mr. Egomet Bonmot proved to himself! Was not this Janus Weathercock *ad vivum?*

The career of Wainewright had now practically closed. He was a ruined and lost man. His only biographer hitherto, the late Mr. Justice Talfourd, whose statements are not invariably reliable, let the curtain fall here, and possibly it might have been wise to follow his example Certainly, it is necessary and proper to state, that the sole source of intelligence which we appear to possess, in tracing the later period of this wretched man's life, those years which followed his irretrievable disgrace, is a communication printed in *Notes and Queries*, for October 6, 1866, from a correspondent, who addresses from Melbourne in Australia, and who went for his material to the *Melbourne Argus* for 1841, and a Victoria paper of later date. This gentleman appends to his narrative, which is both brief and scanty, a remarkable memorial presented by the convict in 1844 to the governor of the settlement.

In 1842 Wainewright (from failing health, it is to be presumed) was admitted an in-patient of the General Hospital at Hobart Town, where he remained some time. On his discharge from this institution, it is evident that the severity of

his confinement was somewhat relaxed; for he returned to his old artistic pursuits, took sketches and painted likenesses. But the vices which had marked his character at home still clang to him; two cases are on record, in which he endeavoured to remove persons, who had excited his animosity, by poison; and what Talfourd describes as "a voluptuousness which trembles on the borders of the indelicate," signalized his conversation to his female sitters. He is portrayed by one who knew him well, as being at this time, "a man with a massive head, in which the animal propensities were largely developed, and holding an unusually large volume of brain.[1] His eyes were deeply set in his head; he had a square solid jaw; he wore his hair long, stooped somewhat, and had a snake-like expression, which was at once repulsive and fascinating. He rarely looked you in the face. His conversation and manner were winning in the extreme; he was never intemperate, but nevertheless of grossly sensual habit, and an opium-eater.[2] As to moral character, he was a man of the very lowest stamp. He seemed to be possessed by an ingrained malig-

[1] A massive head, however, does not necessarily hold an exceptional volume of brain. It has been remarked, that the heads of murderers or of persons of murderous tendencies are often of unusual dimensions, particularly at the sides, where the impulses are said to be located.

[2] Thomas De Quincey had acquired at Oxford a liking for opium, and we all know that he contributed to the *London Magazine* a series of papers called the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." Did Wainewright contract from an acquaintance with a fellow-contributor his love of the

nity of disposition which kept him constantly on the very confines of murder, and he took a perverse pleasure in traducing persons who had befriended him . . . He was a marked man in Hobart Town—dreaded, disliked, and shunned by everybody. His sole living companion was a cat, for which he evinced an extraordinary affection.[1] Such was Thomas Griffiths Wainewright.'

While Wainewright was an inmate of the hospital he applied to the Lieutenant-Governor of the settlement, Sir John Eardley Wilmot, for a ticket-of-leave, on the ground of *his real innocence of the charge, of the regularity of his previous life*, and of his literary services. The request was declared to be contrary to law, and was peremptorily refused. This was in 1844.

The petitioner speaks of himself in this edifying document as "without friends, *good name* (the breath of life), or *Art* (the fuel to it with me); tormented at once by memory and ideas struggling for outward form and realization; barred up from increase of knowledge, and deprived of the exercise of profitable or even of decorous speech . . . . "Perhaps," he proceeds, "this clinging to the lees of a vapid life may seem base, unmanly, arguing

fascinating drug? If so, he might have repaid the obligation by supplying with a few hints or even with a model the author of the ingenious paper on "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts."

[1] In earlier and happier days, Cornelius Vinkbooms enumerates a sleek creature of this kind as among the contents of "The Amateur's Boudoir."

rather a plebeian than a liberal and gentle descent. But, your Excellency, the wretched exile has a child!—and Vanity (sprung from the praise of Flaxman, Charles Lamb, Stothard, Richard Westall, Delaroche. Cornelius, Lawrence, and the god of his worship, FUSELI) whispers that *the follower of the ideal* might even yet achieve another reputation than that of a *faussaire*."

In conclusion, I can merely repeat what the correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says as to Wainewright's end, that he died of apoplexy in Hobart Town Hospital, about the year 1852.[1]

Among the characters which history and literature present to our study, there is no lack of individuals, who have attained a more or less unenviable prominence by dint of eccentricity or profligacy of life; but it may well be questioned whether Wainewright, his antecedents, associations and tastes considered, does not supply us with a psychological phenomenon of unsurpassed magnitude and curiosity.

It was one of the most singular and deplorable cases of intellectual obliquity and deformity that I can call to mind. It is superfluous to insist on the fact that Wainewright was no ordinary man; but while it may be true, as Talfourd suggests, that Lamb took pleasure in finding sympathy with dissimilitude, I cannot think it possible that a person

[1] The exact date might, perhaps, be ascertained by an investigation of the official papers on the spot. It was, in all probability, between 1847 and 1852.

whose prose style Lamb repeatedly eulogises, and to whose secession from the *London Magazine* he alludes more than once or twice in terms of regret, could be otherwise than the possessor of unusual ability and literary tact, apart from any artifices of manner or adventitious attractions of dress—external circumstances which would surely not[1] of themselves have been sufficient to command the attention of a man of Lamb's penetration and experience.

In Wainewright, at the same time, I realize a man who had no genuine sympathy with Nature or with Art. He was a heartless and callous voluptuary, who was prepared to trample on the noblest and tenderest feelings of humanity in the unpitying pursuit of his own selfish purposes. He was a villain of the true melodramatic stamp, but a thousand times more devilish and dangerous than any hero of melodrama. That he murdered his wife's mother by his favourite process was atrocious enough for any ordinary criminal, for any every-day assassin. But Wainewright was

[1] In a note to his "Life of Dickens," ii. 307, Forster remarks that on the 20th of February, 1847, Lady Blessington received from her brother, Major Povor, who held a military appointment at Hobart Town, a likeness of a young girl in oils, executed for him by Wainewright, whom he employed, without knowing his history, out of charity. It is said that "he had contrived to put the expression of his own wickedness into the portrait of a nice kind-hearted girl."

On the other hand, none of the artist's personal character seems to have been transfused into the portraits of the two Abercrombys

peculiarly placed. His necessities more than kept pace with his crimes, and his crimes were the offspring of his necessities. A series of horrible delinquencies, a shocking sacrifice of human life, had arisen—how?—from the irresistible force of circumstances operating on a reckless spendthrift, whose principles were as weak as his nature was vain and ostentatious. His two salient characteristics were an unconsciousness, actual or feigned, of his true character, and an incongruous assumption of reverence for the sublime and beautiful. What Digby Grand is on the stage, Wainewright was in real life and something more; for take him for all in all, my hero, I maintain, was an A per se, a Crichton among the professors of the science of removing obstacles: namely in his septagonal capacity as *literateur*, poet, artist, critic, antiquary, assassin, and *faussaire*. This was he who, with smiling face and jewelled fingers, could infuse the deadly venom from his ring, by stealth and without a qualm, into his friend's coffee—into the cup of the man who had offered him an asylum! This was he who, with his wife at his elbow—she not a whit less guilty than himself—could watch, demon-like, the convulsive tortures and dying struggles of the fair and trusting girl, who leaned on his love, and idolized his every action and word!—"the gentle girl, who had bent over his shallow page," to use his own very words, "the rich curls of her amaranthine hair!" This was he who destroyed the life of the uncle who had brought him up

from childhood, had educated him, and finally had left him a fortune and a splendid home.

There was a vast depth of truth and philosophy in Lamb's remark to Bernard Barton, that it is impossible for any one to say of what he may prove himself capable in the direction of criminality under strong temptation. The seeds which ripened in the case of Wainewright so fatally, are latent in all of us, only asking pressure to develop them; and this view I urge, not from any foolish proneness for extenuation, but because I think that the Janus Weathercock of 1820—the perfumed and jewelled exquisite, in his richly flowered dressing-gown, with his chibouque, his choice liqueurs and wines "from fair Italia," his rare prints, his Raphael majolica, his pet cat, his gilt French lamp, and his Roger Payne bindings—the literary dandy and *petit-maître*, who was quizzed by some, admired by many, and petted on all sides —the cynosure of his family and the spoiled child of his clique—may be perhaps acquitted of having been the most finished of hypocrites as well as the most pitiless of murderers.

It was, as I have shown, about 1824, when his visits to his old literary haunts grew more intermittent, soon to cease wholly, and Lamb unsuspectingly deplored the loss to the *London* of Janus's "capital prose," that the horizon began to darken, and Wainewright's baser nature slowly, but surely, asserted itself, ere long to become destructively paramount. It would be satisfactory, I own, and even interesting, to myself to discover precisely at

what stage in his frightful and desperate career the man contrived to gain over his never too scrupulous wife; for the presence of an accomplice and auxiliary must have exerted an important influence.

First came Forgery. Then followed Strychnine. Still, when all has been said, does not the man, like all such men, remain a sort of enigma and bewildering contradiction? He was not a fool, and yet the greatest of fools. He was, one may say, a coward, and yet the successful achievement of his flagitious schemes asked and bespoke no humble share of daring and nerve. He was, in some senses, a vulgar scoundrel, and yet to the last, he was as full of his fine-art rant and æsthetic vapours as in the golden days of Linden House and the *London*, when the blithe and guileless Janus, fop and empiric as a few might privately judge him, was almost the last person in the world, whom his intimates would have suspected of harbouring designs unsurpassed in their wickedness!

Talfourd, in fact, sums up with the observation; —"Surely no contrast presented in the wildest romance between a gay cavalier, fascinating Naples or Palermo, and the same hero detected as the bandit or demon of the forest, equals that which time has unveiled between what Mr. Wainewright seemed and what he was."

Madeleine's husband, who had done his utmost

to hold things together, was unfortunately thrown from a chaise in Lincolnshire in September, 1837, and killed; and his wife, Helen Abercromby's sister, fell a victim to an epidemic of scarlet fever, June 11, 1839, leaving three children. I hear, on excellent authority, that the poor lady was, to the last, reluctant to believe in Wainewright's guilt in her sister's case. I hardly know whether it is worth noting, that in Madeleine's yet existing album is an apparently unpublished copy of verses by Charles Lamb, who must have seen her repeatedly in her unmarried days at the Wainewrights.[1]

Mrs. Wainewright, Bulwer's *Lucretia*, survived for many years. After the death of her sister, and the general catastrophe, she lived with Madeleine at Pimlico till the marriage of the latter in 1832. In 1851, on her son Griffiths (the "exile's child") coming of age, and acquiring possession of the trust-estate, (which the Bank was obliged to make good) she went to reside with him. He had entered the navy very young, and promised to do well: but it seems that, when he became his own master, he grew anxious to escape from the dishonour cast on his name, and migrated to America. I have even been told that he married a woman of some means. He would be, at the present moment, barely fifty.

[1] The verses occupy the first page of this 4to volume, and are called "What is an Album?" They bear date September 7, 1830. They were written too late for insertion in the little volume of such trifles published by Moxon in the summer of that year.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS.

MODEST OFFER OF SERVICE FROM MR. BONMOT TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON MAGAZINE."[1]

SIR,—Hearing it whispered that a luminary, in the form of a new magazine, is about to shew itself above our literary horizon, I hereby tender my powers of elevation to bring it, with trump and timbrel-clang and general shout, to the zenith of triumphant popularity. I imagine not, for an instant, that you will misconstrue this overture into a solicitation for employment:—no, it is a gracious offer of assistance. Yes, *gracious* is the epithet, of which you will the better judge, when I shall have rendered you an account of my great qualifications. Without fear of controversy, then, I affirm myself to be *Sir Oracle;* I am the im-

[1 "London Magazine," January, 1820. Ascribed to Wainwright conjecturally.]

mortal *Passado*, the invincible *Ah ha!* fit for every thing, prepared for all accidents: ready to pass from grave to gay, from lively to severe; to sigh in concert with the woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep; or laugh with Momus and his train:—in a word, Sir, I hereby pronounce myself to be, not one, but all mankind's epitome.

From mere experiment, therefore, of my potencies, your work must derive an infinite advantage; for, Sir, in addition to what I have said, I would have you know, that it is to me

> ——— no more difficile,
> Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle,

to discourse in terms, comprehensible only to the initiate few, about the wits of Elizabeth's reign; nay, to describe self-evident beauties in Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and all the poets that have ever lived:—dead things with inbreathed sense I am able to pierce, and, by windy suspiration of oracular breath, pour into any reader's mind the genuine characteristics of the great and good of every kindred and nation under heaven. I know how to apply sententious opinions in the mode of modern infallibility. As, for instance, in noticing the poet of the Inferno, I should say—there's Dante mingling the bitterness of satire with the gloomy grandeur of his sublime genius: if I would be ringing changes upon other great ones of the olden time, who blazed, the comets of their season, I should talk of the elegant licentiousness of Boccacio; the delightful varieties of Ariosto; the

tender querulence of laureate Petrarch's erotic conceits; of Tasso's misfortunes, and the harmonious spirit and majesty of his numbers. Then, there's the poetical and linked sweetness, and (as alliteration sometimes tells) the mighty magic of the majestic Michael Angelo: nor would I omit to press into my service the divine grace of Raphael, the costume-loving precision of N. Poussin, the happy imagination of Camoens, nor the sixty thousand verses of Ferdousi: besides, there's Hafiz, with his such a thing, and, not least in our dear love, **** (whose name I have forgotten), to say nothing of a hundred others, *quos nunc perscribere longum est*, with their various so-and-so's —all excellent. But—*sat sapienti:* you will see what I mean; and I need hardly mention the extraordinary faculty I have, as occasion may require, of praising or reviling Voltaire; admiring the purity, amidst pity for the sensitiveness, of Racine; giving way before the passionate force of Corneille; pitching a steepy flight with Eschylus; being wildly enthusiastic with Schiller: running mad with Nat Lee;—and, to jump at once to our own days (chronology being nothing to genius, which is not for an age, but for all time), trilling a love-song with the young Catullus of our day; or playing the devil with Don Juan! Yet I must needs let you into the secret of my competency to emulate, nay to out-Herod those who hold their rushlights to the sun, and spend such quantities of panegyrical breath upon the beauties of the admirable and infinite Shak-

speare. *Ohe, jam satis!* methinks you exclaim here. It is even so; and I could detail ten thousand other qualities of fitness; but I content myself with a word or two as to my style, on which the very *ecce signum* testimony of this letter leaves little occasion to dilate; yet I must not omit to mention my very peculiar adroitness in all the mechanism of authorship. To me the mysteries of emphatic innuendo are open: the application of apt and eloquent parentheses is as the air I breathe; I know where to shake my head in *italics;* utter a MEGA THAUMA in capitals; and, by the mere force of appropriate collocation, make a word, nay sometimes even a syllable, express a start, or a shrug, or a casting up of eyes, sympathizing with a wonder; while for a frown, dark as ten furies, terrible as hell, I am your only penman.

With all this concentration of faculties in myself, I am not less enviable in my friends. All are jewels of the first water, and their aid is at my command for furthering any scheme in which I profess to be interested. Certain comical cousins also form parts of my talented phalanx; and there is not a hue in all the varied brightness of the Nine, but finds a correspondent ray among those of whom I have most meritoriously been dubbed the Musagetes.

Your penetration must, from all this, instantly discover the absolute, the ineffable advantage of taking me into your PAY: but the resolution must be made with haste, post-haste speed, for I am

noised abroad, and e'er another hour shall have mingled itself with the past eternity, I may be flying on the swift wings of my new reputation, to the north, the east, the south, or west; for, from all quarters, am I receiving momentarily embassies, courting the countenance of my transcendent talents: some imploring a prop for works already born; others for those whose birth is delayed only until the decisive yet delicate powers of my literary obstetricism may be at hand to produce them to the admiring world in the full perfection of grand and beautiful proportion! But, Sir, my unwillingness, not to say absolute inability, to desert the city of my adoption, induces me to give you the preference: you may therefore, direct for me at once:—not *Mister*, but Egomet Bonmot, *Esquire, London*, will find me.

I have written you at some length, but I will not bid adieu without warning you against imagining that a word has been written without purpose; for not the eloquent shake of Lord Burleigh's head was half so pregnant with meaning as this epistolary specimen of auto-adulation. Indeed, as the Lakiest of bards might say, beneath the plain and simple sincerity of the foregone observations, there lies a moral far too deep for the fathom-lines of uninformed minds; and it is this single circumstance which bids me recommend its insertion in the pages of a magazine, which will enrol none among its readers by whom such matters of occult significance, however disguised in open simplicity, are not easily appreciated.

I wish your work good speed; and for me towis success is to confer it. Your friend,

E. BONMOT.

P.S.—To distinguish contributions by the signature of my name, will henceforth be useless, except on particular occasions. Suffice it, that in your richest numbers, whatever is wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best, may safely be attributed to the pen of Bonmot.

[We believe we owe to Mr. Bonmot's goodness the following *pretty poem*, with its excellent introduction.]

ANCESTRAL ENORMITIES.

(Taken, with liberties, from the French.)

THE French people, it has been lately said by one of their own writers, have much less affection for liberty than for equality. The restless vanity of individuals, running through all classes, has rendered varieties of rank quite unpopular in France. Each person feels his neighbour's distinction to be an indignity to himself. Such a sentiment, directed against the degrees of society, is by no means a magnanimous one. The loftiest sense of independence induces a man to recognise implicitly the forms of social distinctions as matters of course, important in a public view, and indifferent in a personal one. Every high mind must be made aware, by its own consciousness, that no *essential*

difference in worth or respectability is denoted by the various styles in which individuals are addressed; but a certain weak impatience is often found pushing people to a childish resistance against these forms; and this resistance denotes, more than anything else, a feverish sensibility to their import. They who are most anxious to state what little store they set by dukes and lords, are precisely such as would set the most store by their titles, had the accident of birth bestowed them. Such persons, if closely watched, will be generally found, at one time or other, to make awkward allusions to their familiarity with knights, baronets, and barons, and to plume themselves on titled friendships. At the same time, in such a country as France, where the Bourgeois classes, until of late years, were really felt to be degraded, attempts to show *that worth alone makes the man*, were to be considered both useful and spirited. Nor do we know that it can, in any country, be regarded as unfair, to bring to the recollection of the privileged orders, that intellect has nothing necessarily to do with patents of nobility—although there are many brilliant examples, living ones and others, proving that such patents, and the highest intellectual honours, may be united. The following verses, however, are to be considered as bearing, in in every way, a foreign character, rather than a British one.

Three thousand years, if I count right,
Have heard the critics Homer cite,
(His poem's good 'tis true ;)

But what can hide the Poet's shame,—
No one can tell from whence he came—
The son of Lord-knows-who !

Virgil, who sang of war and farming,
His case is nearly as alarming,
Though Cesar spoke him well :
Much did the thoughtless Muse mistake her,
Who chose the issue of a baker
Such wond'rous tales to tell.

Alas ! who into hist'ry pushes
Will find perpetual cause for blushes—
There's Athens—shocking place !
Demosthenes declaim'd with pith,
But he was gotten by a smith,
To Attica's disgrace.

I'm really puzzled to proceed ;—
To write what 'tis n't fit to read
All decent pens refuse :
There's Socrates, so wise and pure,
Was born of an old *accoucheur*,—
I should say *accoucheuse*.

So with the ancients let's have done,
Who, every man and mother's son,
Were but of yesterday ;
One more—that Esop—was there ever !—
A *slave* write fables —I shall never !—
'Tis now high time to stay !

But with the moderns shall we gain ?
Faith, that's a case that's not quite plain ;
Piron's papa sold drugs ;
A mere upholsterer got Moliere,
And Rollin was a cutler's heir,
And What's-his-name made jugs.

Rousseau—(not Jacques, but Jean Baptiste)
Whose odes to read are quite a feast—
His ancestor made shoes ;

And is not Jaques himself as bad,
Who took a watchmaker for dad,
  Our patience to abuse?

At home, if curious to know
The parent-stocks of So-and-so,
  We'll find the bad turn'd worse;
Milton, for all his epic fire,
Claims but a scriv'ner for his sire—
  And *he* to write blank verse!

Some folks affirm the proof is full,
That Shakspeare senior dealt in wool—
  Let's hope it is the case:
For, though one scorns in fleece to deal,
Were he a *butcher* * all must feel
  'Twould his poor son disgrace.

I'm glad to find there is a doubt
From what trunk Chaucer was a sprout;—
  A noble one some say:
But whispers go, that Chaucer's father
A vintner was—or cobler rather—
  Hence his French name—*Chaucier.*

In short, the man of generous mind
Who views the world, must loathe his kind;
  Such facts his feelings hurting:
The elder Pope, whose boy wrote satires,
Kept a cheap warehouse next a hatter's,
  Where he sold Irish shirting!

Nought then remains, but hope—which still
Lurks, as of old, behind each ill,
  Close to the box's bottom:
And, after all, the hazard runs,
That, though they're all their mothers' sons,
  Their fathers mayn't have got 'em!

* Some give it for the wool-merchant, others for the butcher.

SENTIMENTALITIES ON THE FINE ARTS.[1]

By Janus Weathercock, Esq.

(To be continued when he is in the Humour.)

No. I.

GOETHE'S FAUSTUS.

The Germans have long been giving proofs, that they possess one great requisite for succeeding both in poetry and its sister arts: we mean a very original and powerful fancy: but this same fancy of theirs, like a fiery young steed (we believe this is the approved simile in such a case), requires a great deal of chastising and better training, before it can avail its master much in the tug of war. In painting, they have forced a monstrous and unnatural alliance, between the sublime nonsense of Goltzius, Spranger, John Ab Ach, C. Van Mander, &c., &c., and the dry, Gothic, ludicrous, matter-of-fact work of old Durer. They have done something very like this in their poetry and romances —the lovely and loving Undine always excepted. The author of this prose poem has, with an earnest fervour which spreads itself to the reader, rendered the existence of such a being as his heroine, not merely sufficiently probable for the purposes of poetry, but apparently certain in point of fact. Her last words—"*I am here, and now you must die*"—whenever we think of them, seem to breathe

[1 "London Magazine," Feb. 1820.]

a chill wind through the marrow of our bones, as they really and truly did through that of her guilty Hulbrand! And yet we envy him his last moments, as they are thus described:—"Trembling with love, and the mingled fear of approaching death, he bent towards her. She kissed him with a heavenly kiss,—but she loosed him no more from her embrace: she wept as she would weep away her soul. He dropt from her arms a lifeless corse."[1]

These observations on the common style of German invention in the art of design, have been suggested by a sight of some large prints, lately imported, after pictures by Cornelius, painted, we believe, for the King of Bavaria. The subjects are taken from Goëthe's *Faustus*. These works are of mingled metal—silver and lead; but unfortunately the lead bears the undue proportion to the other of a hundred to one. At present, however, we have nothing to do with these. Our immediate business is with twenty-six etchings, taken from the same text-book, of which it is saying but little in comparison with their merits, when we assert that no artist in this country (save one who is seated too high in the lofty region of his fancies for any praise of ours to reach him) can do the like.[2] One fault they have, if it be one; they

[1] "Undine, a Romance, translated from the German by G. Soane, A.B."

[2] And let not therefore our good old Stothard be grieved; he is the first artist of the age in his way; but when he works at the stronger passions, it is "invitâ Minervâ."—His forte lies in sketching (for his most finished pictures

are not entirely in unison with the style of the author they profess to illustrate. They are composed, nearly throughout, with equal judgment, fire, and taste; whereas the wild, and, in the teeth of all its incongruities, pathetic tragedy of Goëthe flutters doubtingly between the topmost height of sublimity and the bottomless pit of self-satisfied absurdity.

The accompanying descriptions to this volume of engravings being in German, it may be as well, in giving a list of the plates, to connect them together by a slight narrative, sufficient to show the relation they bear to one another.

Some of our readers may not be aware, that the Germans have not yet resigned that freedom of manner which may be considered as a proof of innocence or of impudence, according as it is traced to simplicity of heart, or contempt for things which most people consider sacred. In short, they take liberties with attributes, names, and characters, in which it would not be pardonable in us to follow them, because we have in our country got far beyond the patriarchal stage. They do not hesitate still to introduce the person of the Deity in compositions of a mixed nature: and No. 1 of this

are, in point of execution, but sketches) gentle women (witness the lovely females in his designs for the 4to Telemachus), tranquil old men, portraits of his own mind, and all the softer emotions of private life. His drawings for Stockdale's Robinson Crusoe, 2 vols, 8vo, 1790, engraved by Medland, would do honour to Raffaele both for composition and subtle penetration into the secret springs of the mind as they act on the outward man.

series represents a grand levee of the powers of Heaven, held before the throne of the Almighty, at which the rebellious Spirit of Mischief presents himself, according to the precedent furnished by the opening of the poem of Job. The devil is interrogated as to the cause of his appearance; and it may be sufficient to state, that a dialogue takes place, in which the shining virtues of Faustus are cited by his Maker, as proof against the seductions of the tempter, who replies, with proud scorn, that this supposed infallible being has never yet been properly tried. "Let the protecting care of Providence be withdrawn from him, and, if he be left entirely to me, I flatter myself we shall soon see a change!" It is ordained that the experiment shall be made accordingly; but Satan does not get off without a sarcasm from Gabriel on the failure of a former attempt of this nature on the man of Uz.

No. 2. Faustus and his friend Wagner are walking in the fields. *An odd looking dog commences running round them, appropinquating more and more with every circle he describes.*

Wagner. I smell an odd smell hereabouts.

Faust. (carelessly). Yes—it comes from that rough tyke yonder; what a train of sulphur he leaves in his wake!

Wagner sees neither the dog nor the train of sulphur, and concludes that his friend is mad. Faustus, not liking stray phosphoric curs, walks home to his study.

No. 3. Faustus is engaged amongst his books,

his mind intent on adding to the already vast stores of his learning. He hears a noise behind his book-case; challenges the cause of the disturbance, and our brimstone dog stalks forth, with his strange physiognomy and uncouth figure. He begins to puff and swell till he becomes as big as an elephant.—"What's all this mummery," says the undaunted Faustus; "go about your business!" The hell-cur replies, that the holy relics over the door hinder him from going out that way; and it is against his orders to return the way he came. Soft music lulls the Doctor to sleep. When he awakes, the dog is gone; but a Cavalier, with a strange expression of face, is by his side,—and the interview terminates with the unhappy consent of Faustus to sign, in his own blood, a compact with the enemy,—induced, by the pride of knowledge, to rely on his own innate power ultimately to baffle and outwit the fiend.

No. 5. Cavalier Faustus (Doctor now no longer) is introduced by the knight of the cloven foot into a society of jolly topers. This is one of the most felicitous plates of the collection. The attitude of the devil, who is entertaining the company by some juggling tricks, is, as the French say, superb. The obstreperous mirth of the party, however, though aided by the charm of novelty, produces only disgust in the high-minded Faustus.

No. 6. Presents us with an interior view of a witch's domicile. Crowns and jewels are in vain paraded before the rigid philosopher. There is now evidently but one resource left. In a magic mirror,

our hero is made to view his future mistress, Margaret, extended on her bed. Mephistophiles is at once relieved from all his fears: he sees that Faustus is his own!

No. 7. Faustus drinks with the witch and the fiend! The hag, at first, objects, that the strength of the infernal cordial is sufficient to corrode and burn mortal vitals. The devil assures her that her guest is *now* proof. Faustus, as he lifts the cup, sees a flame pass over the surface: he hesitates, but at last drinks, and then is as one that "knoweth good and evil."

No. 8. Is the first interview of Margaret and Faustus: she is *returning from church* when this unlucky meeting takes place.

No. 9. Interior of Margaret's bedroom. We can joke with the devil,—and make a mockery of sulphurous dogs;—but we must not profane female beauty and innocence. Margaret is undressing: preparing for rest by unrolling her fine hair. Her bed stands in the corner, curtained, and clean; the temple of purity and repose.

No. 10. Faustus, having gained admission into her chamber, by the contrivance of the devil, sits, in one of the finest attitudes ever invented, contemplating his sleeping mistress.—Mephistophiles enters with a casket, and, having warned Faustus that he snuffs the chill air of morn, deposits the jewels on the dressing table, and forces the now more deeply enamoured lover away.

No. 11. Margaret rises early; the jewels fill her with doubts and misgivings, but, dazzled by

their brilliance, she determines to conceal them from her mother, and only to consult her neighbour Martha (a very convenient old lady, as it turns out), whom we find in—

No. 12. Fastening the bracelets on Margaret's delicate wrist, and paying her compliments on her own and their excessive beauty. During this time the devil enters, and is seen in—

No. 13. Insidiously wheedling Martha, for the purpose of bringing about, through her means, that which actually takes place.

No. 14. The unrivalled flirtation of one couple, and the delicious tenderness of the other, speak for themselves.

The same may be said of—No. 15.

No. 16. The unhappy girl mourns the consequence of her easy compliance with swollen eyes. Tears gushing at every fresh remembrance, she leans lifelessly over her wheel, murmuring a low, melancholy song.

No. 17. The wretched creature, deserted, as she thinks, by her adored Faustus, flings herself before the image of her patron saint, in an agony of penitence; but in vain: her thoughts will not rise from earth and her lover.

No. 18. She enters a church during mass, and, kneeling amid the crowd, once more endeavours to bow down her heart before her God; but an Evil One is seen crouching close behind her! He brands on the mind of this young, and lately innocent, creature the burning image of her guilt, and of eternal damnation. Reader! cast thine eyes on

the right of the print! look at the poor fainting, despairing girl! with cold, clayey, tight-clasped hands, blank eyes, half covered with their dewy lids, lost to outward objects, turned inwards on her soul, and conscious but to the horrible chaos there! Contemplate this exquisite but fallen creature, and then admire what art can do, when it only seeks to convey the power of nature.

No. 19. The runaway announces his return to his mistress, by a serenade, which he performs in company with his mysterious friend. A young stranger, in a military habit, approaches, and fiercely demands what is their business under that lady's casement? High words blow hot passions into a flame, and three swords are quickly glancing in the cold moonlight.—"Push confidently," says Mephistophiles to Faustus, "I will ward!" "Ward *that!*" thunders their antagonist; "'tis done," is the reply, as the soldier's weapon slides off the blade of the Demon cavalier. "Parry *this*, then!" (flinging a furious thrust at the face of his treacherous opponent)—"Why not?" says the devil;—at the same instant the rapier of Faustus appears under the shoulder-blade of their victim, and he falls stricken with death, while smoking blood pours from the double wound.—The grating of the swords has awakened the neighbours. The murderers escape: "*Lights! lights!*" Bolts rattle from within every door; old and young burst out; *Margaret* among the rest. She hears groans; pierces the buzzing circle—and sees—panting forth

his last, unequal, thick accents, before his own loved home, *her brother!*"

Nos. 21, and 22. Mephistophiles in order to drown the excessive grief of Faustus at his separation from his love, as well as to shield him from the hands of justice, takes him to a witches' gala, held on the black summit of the Block-berg. In 21 we see the Doctor, staff in hand, straining up the bare rocks, encouraged by "Dan Sathanus," and lighted by an inimitable "Will o' the wisp." In the background, the company are discovered hastening away with all possible expedition, according to their respective means, to the fête.—We must observe here that our hero seems the worst accommodated of the whole party in respect of a conveyance. In 22, the whole scene of iniquitous joviality bursts on our astonished eyes.—A great deal of amusement seems going on,—"pleasant but wrong." Waltzing commences, and the "knight of the horse's leg," in vain urges Faustus to select a partner.—While endeavouring to overcome his objections to a lady dropping a little fire and a few toads from her rosy lips, the shape of Margaret appears, pale, faded, and with dishevelled hair.—Her altered looks, strike the guilty Faustus with horror; his love burns more furiously than ever, and he compels the unwilling devil to disclose all that had passed at the city during his absence.

Bowed to the very dust by the loss of her affectionate and gallant son, and the disgrace of her fondly cherished daughter (for Margaret is dis-

covered to be pregnant), the aged mother falls into an incurable illness. A sleeping dose, which Margaret administers to her, by the advice of the devil, takes too strong an effect: the old lady never wakes again.—The agony occasioned by this fresh loss brings on the pangs of labour. In a fit of madness Margaret destroys her child! The body of her mother exhibits the appearance of poison. Suspicion falls upon *her*. Old Martha betrays the circumstance of her having been pregnant: she is accused of the double murder. In fine, she is laden with chains—hurried away raving mad to a dungeon—tried, condemned, and sentenced to be executed on the morrow! The blood of Faustus runs a stream of fire during this horrid story.—He heaps on the devil (who receives all his reproaches with a heart-freezing grin) the deepest and wildest curses; and at last commands him on his bond, to convey him to the wretched, deserted creature that very night. The fiend obeys! They mount two hell-horses, whose snorting fury devours the way before them, in their wild and flaming course. Unearthly sights whirl past them unheeded: the goal is won; they arrive at the city! The breath of Mephistophiles throws the guards into a supernatural sleep. Griped in the hand of Faustus, the keys rattle in the door of Margaret's dungeon. The lock gives way: he bursts in. Chained to the floor, grovelling in noisome damp straw, lies the late queen of his high fancies! The light in his hand rouses her: She knows him:—and now a dreadful scene of

mental agony takes place:—however, she refuses to escape with him, and determines to abide the death.—

A hoarse well-known voice calls without, "Off! off! the morning breaks!"—Furious with disappointment, Faustus attempts to force her away. Suddenly her form stiffens—her eye-balls turn upward—the arms of her lover fall numbed from her waist. To her, and to her only, the dungeon appears to open: the heaven of heavens rolls above her dizzy sight: a loud, but thrilling solemn choral hymn sails away on the air—the golden trumpet rings out its blast—An awful voice is heard—"SHE IS TRIED!" A dreadful silence follows—A sweet voice then issues forth:—"SHE IS PARDONED!" The choral hymn again swells like triumphant thunder: A wild-tossing sea of clouds, like an immense curtain, stretching from earth to heaven, intervenes, and conceals the whole from sight.—The saved creature stands, still bound in that beatific trance.—

"Thou foolish woman," Faustus begins—"Come, come, *our horses stamp*," breaks from the impatient devil in a dreadful tone! and, putting in an iron arm, he wrenches away the miserable Faustus. The curtain drops.

If after the above (in our eyes at least) sentimental and pathetic description, there be found any amateurs in London, so blind to their own good, as not to put 12*s.* 6*d.* in their purses, and march

right to the shop of Mr. Bohté, Foreign Bookseller, York Street, Covent-Garden, for the purpose of enriching themselves with a copy of Retchs's Outlines to Faustus, we shall look on them as Perditi, —abandoned to a pernicious passion for pocketing paltry pelf, blind to the lustre of beauty, and deaf to the charm of eloquence.

[MR. BONMOT'S VISIT TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON MAGAZINE."[1]

It strikes us that simply detailing the circumstances of our friend's visit will answer all the purpose, this month, of Notices to Correspondents. —We were musing very seriously the other evening on the duties of our office and its various trials. Before us lay a pile of papers, to which our regards were fascinated, it having a power over us similar to that of the rattlesnake over its prey. Contributions, Remonstrances, and Compliments formed the mighty mass:—contributions too poor for insertion, and too good for rejection; remonstrances meeting the compliments full in the teeth, on the same point, and thus dashing themselves to pieces, and wounding us with the splinters of both.

One writer accuses us of a want of spirit; and another says we have the spirit of a fiend,—as witness our last article on Kean. We have been

[1] "London Magazine," March, 1820.

severely handled for presuming to think that personal figure enters for something among the qualifications of an actor;—and above a hundred "*Sprigs of Shelalah*," as they all sign themselves, write us unpaid letters to demand satisfaction for personal insults, offered to each in hinting that Miss O'Neill owed but little of the excellence of her acting to her beauty!—"Orthodoxy is *my* doxy, and heterodoxy is *your* doxy," said Swift; and very possibly not even Editors may be exempt from the general delusion. The Booksellers are our only comfortable correspondents: they send us *orders* without troubling us with arguments; and, until they neglect us, we shall continue to think ourselves right in the main.

Such was the strain of our Editorial cogitations, when hark! a rap came to the door, (not a gentle one), and our worthy friend Bonmot entered. He came to tell us, he said, that, among his numerous acquaintances, some liked our second number better than our first, and several our first number better than our second. The second, some said, was more like what a Magazine was expected to be; and the first, it was observed by several, came nearest to what a Magazine ought to be. He earnestly hoped that we should know how to profit by the advice and assistance of friends:—to which we instantly replied, with characteristic modesty, that WE HOPED WE SHOULD.]

SENTIMENTALITIES ON THE FINE ARTS.[1]

By Janus Weathercock, Esq.

(To be continued when he is in the Humour.)

No. II.

Tout autour oiseau la voletoient,
Et si tres-doulcement chantoient,
  Qu'il n'est cueur qui n'en fust ioyeulx,
Et en chantant en l'air montoient,
Et puis l'un l'autre surmontoient
  A l'estivee a qui mieulx mieulx.
Le temps n'estoit mie mieulx.
De bleu estoient vestuz les cieux,
  Et le beau Soleil cler luisoit.
Violettes croissoient par lieux
Et tout faisoit ses devoirs tieux
  Comme nature le duisoit.
Alain Chartier, Livre des quatre Dames.

Through the trees the Sunné shone
Upon the grass, with bright bemés
With many glad glidy streamés,
And eke the welkin was so faire,
Blue, bright, and cleré was the aire,
And full attempered, sooth it was
Neyther too cold, ne hot it was :
Ne in all the welkin was no cloud. *Chaucer.*

Janus, as you may remember, Mister Editor, before agreeing to become a Contributor, made a bargain with you that he should be allowed to be as profound or as flighty, as serious or as comical, as personal or as impersonal, as general or as par-

[1] London Magazine, March, 1820.

ticular, as he pleased. You made some difficulty about it; but, on his saying that he would answer for his own discretion, and offering to produce an extract from the Register of his parish to prove that he had arrived at the years of that quality, you consented, or rather conceded, with a shake of your head, which seemed intended to exonerate you from the consequences of the measure. Phœbus, probably, did the same thing when Phaeton took the reins out of his hands. If your publishers find Janus doing mischief, they must act the part of Jupiter, launch a thunderbolt at his head by the two-penny post, (you know his address), and tumble him from his car! In the mean time, it is his intention to gallop on, in his own wild, but, he flatters himself, smart cavalier-like fashion.

I (Janus) had made a tolerable dinner the other day at George's, and, with my mind full of my last article, was holding up a *petit verre d'eau de vie de Dantzic* to the waxen candle; watching with scient eye the number of aureate particles—some swimming, some sinking quiveringly, through the oily and luscious liquor, as if informed with life—and gleaming, like golden fish in the Whang-ho, or Yellow-river (which, by the way, is only yellow from its mud):—so was I employed, when suddenly I heard the day of the month (the 15th), ejaculated in the next box. This at once brought me back from my delicious reverie to a sense of duty. "Contributions must be forwarded by the 18th *at the very latest*," were the Editor's last words to Janus, and he is incapable of forgetting them.

I felt my vigorous personal identity instantly annihilated, and resolved by some mystic process into a part of that unimaginable plurality in unity, wherewithal Editors, Reviewers, and, at present pretty commonly Authors, clothe themselves, when, seated on the topmost tip of their top-gallant masts, they pour forth their oracular dicta on the groaning ocean of London spread out huge at their feet. Forthwith WE (Janus) sneaked home alone —poked *in* the top of our hollow fire, which spouted out a myriad of flames, roaring pleasantly, as, chasing one another, they rapidly escaped up the chimney, exchanged our smart, tight-waisted, stiff-collared coat, for an easy chintz gown, with pink ribbonds—lighted our new elegantly-gilt French lamp, having a ground-glass-globe painted with gay flowers and gaudy butterflies, hauled forth *Portfolio, No.* 9, and established ourselves cosily on a Grecian couch! Then we (Janus) stroked our favourite tortoiseshell cat into a full and sonorous *purr;* and, after that our muse, or maid-servant, a goodnatured Venetian-shaped girl, (having first placed on the table a genuine flask of as rich Montepulciano[1] as ever voyaged from fair

[1] A Florentine wine, I believe, of rather sweet flavour. It is sometimes known as the Vino d'Este, from the ancient and noble family of that name. But, according to the story of the old Dutchman, who once tasted it, but afterwards, forgetting the exact name, went in search of it, testing every wine he met with, and exclaiming *Non est*, till he came to his former favourite, when he cried out in huge glee, *Est, Est!* this liquor, patronized by Mr. Weathercock, acquired its other appellation in a more romantic manner.

Italia) had gently, but firmly, closed the door, carefully rendered air-tight by a gilt-leather binding, (it is quite right to be particular) we indulged ourselves in a complacent consideration of the rather elegant figure we made, as seen in a large glass placed opposite our chimney mirror, without, however, moving any limb, except the left arm, which instinctively filled out a full cut glass of the liquor before us, while the right rested inactively on the head of puss!—

It was a sight that turned all our gall into blood! Fancy, comfortable reader! Imprimis, A very good-sized room. Item. A gay Brussel's carpet, covered with garlands of flowers. Item. A fine *original* cast of the Venus de Medicis. Item. Some choice volumes in still more choice old French *maroquin*, with water-tabby-silk linings! Item. Some more vols. coated by the skill of Roger Payne and "*our* Charles Lewis!"[1] Item. A piano, by Tomkisson. Item. A Damascus sabre. Item. One cat. Item. A large Newfoundland dog, friendly to the cat. Item. A few hot-house plants on a white-marble slab. Item. A delicious, melting love-painting, by Fuseli:—and last, not least in our dear love, *we*,

Montepulciano is noticed in Redi's Praise of Wines, "paraphrased by Leigh Hunt, in his *Bacchus in Tuscany*":—

> "Lachrymæ Christi, clearly divine,
> And Montepulciano, King of all wine."]

[1 Mr. Thornbury, with his customary ignorance, converts this into "Rogers, Payne, and Charles Lewis."]

myself, Janus! Each, and the whole, seen by the Correggio kind of light, breathed, as it were, through the painted glass of the lamp!!!—— Soothed into that amiable sort of self-satisfaction, so necessary to the bodying out those deliciously-voluptuous ideas perfumed with languor, which occasionally swim and undulate, like gauzy clouds, over the brain of the most cold-blooded men, we put forth our hand to the folio, which leant against a chair by the sofa's side, and, at hap-hazard, extracted thence——

LANCRET'S CHARMING "REPAS ITALIEN." *T. P. le Bas, Sculp.*

> A Summer party in the greenwood shade,
> With lutes prepared, and cloth on herbage laid,
> And Ladies' *laughter coming* through the air.—
> *L. Hunt's "Rimini."*

This completed the charm.—We immersed a well-seasoned prime pen into our silver inkstand three times, shaking off the loose ink again lingeringly, while, holding the print fast in our left hand, we perused it with half-shut eyes, dallying awhile with our delight.

Fast and faster came the tingling impetus, and, this running like quicksilver from our sensorium to our pen, we gave the latter one conclusive dip, after which we rapidly dashed off the following description "*couleur de rose.*"

> Under the green-wood tree,
> Who loves to lie with me,
> And tunes his merry note,

> Unto the sweet bird's throat,
> Come hither, come hither, come hither:
> Here shall he see

no enemies, but airy sweet-voiced women; quick to wound and quick to heal,—gently crushing out the odours of the hyacinths and violets, as they bound over the elastic grass, to the varied divisions of the guitar and mandolin! Nor are there wanting baskets of rush-bound flasks of Tuscany, sparkling like rubies with an amethyst bloom! Such is the invitation to this gay, green "closset of leaves," and some half dozen *silken* cavaliers have obeyed the summons. The increasing heat of the day, shown by warm white heaps of fleecy clouds, has thrown into the ladies' faces a captivating languor, more dangerous to their "*servants*," and therefore to themselves, than the cool-cheeked, clear, quick-eyed briskness of the fresh morning.

About the middle of the picture, seated under a mossy-rooted elm, a giovanni, of a truly Italian cast of features, is, with an open-eyed earnestness, pressing *another* ice-cooled bumper of *Vino schelto* upon the nymph beside him, whose full underlip, slightly dropped, seems to say irresolutely, "Oh no! not *another*—I am quite afraid.—I am indeed." And well may she be so, for there is that, in the delicately-cut nostril and the acutely-sensitive projection of her slightly turned-up nose, which tell us, that in her "the Paphian Boy" has no need of assistance from "grape-abounding-Bacchus." —A dark-haired girl, "amorous of mischief," curled on the daisy-powdered grass, leans on the round knee of her puzzled friend,—her Parmegiano hand

shining white in the sun, while, with chin turned up, and away from the spectators, she archly watches the struggle. The next thing, worthy of record, is a rustic marble table, covered with a clean cloth, French bread, baskets filled with heavy globes of grapes, china dishes of sweetmeats, flagons of the aforesaid Tuscany, and long-stemmed full-bodied glasses to drink it out of. Behind this table we have another conflict. A Gallant—

> With lockes crull, as they were laide in presse.
> *Canterbury Tales.*
>
> And smallish in the girdlestede,
> *Romant of the Rose.*

appears, at the first sight, to be putting Hamlet's question to a slender-jointed, bright-skinned little coquette. Between, and in the cold shade of two elms, is suspended a swing, containing a pearly girl, whirled into full career by the strenuous exertions of two lovers, one of whom bears, in his free attitude and dress, the characteristics of a soldier. A wicked gipsy beneath her lolls on a bank of green-springing grass, half hidden by a large rose-bush. There are other groups scattered about, all enjoying themselves in ways becoming the place and party, quite as much as those we have particularly described. But these we do not choose to intrude upon :—we shall therefore say a very few words on the landscape, and then, offering a few critical remarks on the whole, conclude this our second Sentimentality.

The happy set have chosen their spot uncommonly well. They are completely embowered in a

natural saloon, composed of sturdy thick-leaved elms, and slender acacias waving their feathery transparent tops in a gently-gliding air, just sufficiently strong to bend their young, yellow-green shoots. In one corner runs a clear, cold stream, paved with gravel and silver sand, and full of shining pebbles, flinging a hundred hues against the dancing sunbeams; while violets trail their leafy nets over the thick, soft dark-green grass on the edges.

(There are a hundred such delightful nooks about *Box-Hill*, within a quarter of an hour's walk from the little inn at its foot — perfect *terræ incognitæ* to the cockney visitors, who would think themselves utterly lost if they attempted to penetrate any of these apparently inextricably-tangled *bosquets*.)

The entrance to this luxurious recess is through a short, narrow, arcade of mulberry trees, meeting at the top; terminated by the two elms composing the pillars of the swing.—Looking through the opening, we lose the little path behind the angle of a hedge-row, after it has made a few zig-zags; and the prospect is closed by some clumps of trees, with a range of light-blue hills peeping over their tops. We are absolutely intoxicated with the bare idea of this warm net; and feel how truly soothing it is, even in imagination, to escape from our gray and watery sky without doors to any such "sunny spot of *greenery*" as the present.—

A land of trees, which reaching round about,
In shady blessing stretched their old arms out:

With spots of sunny opening, and with nooks,
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.
* * * * * *
And all about, the birds kept leafy house,
And sung, and sparkled in and out the boughs,
And all above, a lovely sky of blue
Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through ;
* * * * * *
Places of nestling green, for poets made,
Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,
The slender trunks, to inward peeping sight,
Throng'd in dark pillars up the gold green light.

Rimini, p. 67.

It was at first our intention to favour our readers with a few technical criticisms concerning *impasto, scumbling,* and *glazing,* &c. &c. for which we are eminently qualified—(for be it known with all due reverence, we possess the "*art pratique,*" as well as "*theoretique,*" of painting); but our head now absolutely turns at the very thought of plunging into a bath of drying oil and turpentine, after the crystal well just mentioned :—so that, begging leave to assure all *Dilletanti and Cognoscenti,* that the chiaroscuro is well conducted, the different substances well discriminated, and that the swinging girl comes in a tender demi-tint against the sky, with warm reflexes, we shall bid our patient reader, or readers, a very good night: and high time it is, for the oil in the lamp is *nearly* exhausted, and the wine, in the flask, *quite.*—

Thine, Dear Reader,
And Your's, Mr. Editor,
JANUS WEATHERCOCK.

P.S. No. 1. We quite forgot a fop in the corner, with a satin cloak dragging on the ground; his back turned upon two fair Mischiefs, and thinking of nothing in the world but tuning his guitar; to support which, while he tightens a string with one hand and tries it with the other, he has planted his coxcombical foot, in a truly alarming way, on the edge of the full wine basket, which actually tilts up under the weight!! How can people *be* so inattentive!! One of the neglected *Damosels* seems to entertain for him and his works a spirited and proper contempt.

N.B. We beseech our readers not to run mad after M. Lancret's works at large. He is, in general, but a feeble imitator of the charming Watteau's *manner*, with as little of his *substance* as can be well imagined.—The "Repas Italien," is a miraculous exception.

P.S. No. 2. Rubens has painted several pictures of these sort of subjects. One of them is the famous "Garden of love," known by the splendid and somewhat scarce print by Bolswert.

It is wonderfully rich in stiff rose-coloured satins, marble porticoes, "with ivy and the gadding vine o'ergrown," brazen fountains, sparkling jewels, whirring "foules small," laces, little dogs, velvet hats, flowers, and feathers. But it wants *gout*.—The Flemish fair have an utter incapacity of feeling that tingling sense of delicate pleasure, so racily extended by the Frenchman over his thin-skinned Italian Brunettes.

Our favourite Stothard—"*et tu, Brute!*" has treated us with two or three crudely-coloured

things, which he means to be gay, and to that end he has done his utmost with his raw patent yellows, Antwerp blues, cold purples, violent rose-pinks, and verdigrease greens. But it won't do. Mr. Marshall, of Aldermary Churchyard, beats him hollow with respect to fine colours, after all. There is not a grain of vivacity in one of his figures, at least of Italian vivacity. They are only good little English boys and girls in masquerade. Indeed, latterly Stothard never condescends to make out a set of features at all. The only spirit his figures have, lies entirely in their attitudes, which have really a good deal of nature, —(we are only speaking of his imitations of Watteau, in more homely subjects he is unrivalled) —that is, they are elegant portraitures of flaxen-headed boys and girls, uninitiated in the mysteries of fashionable boarding-schools. And, truly, the sight of their innocent recreations is very touching to an amiable mind, and would be so to us, were they so intended; but, unfortunately, Mr. Stothard fancies, that, in their "simple cheeks sincere," he has embodied the souls of the "noble and amorous dames" in Boccacio, or the Queen of Navarre's licentious "Heptameron!" Taken in that point of view, they present nothing but the lamentable spectacle of mawkish do-me-good insipidity.

The fact is, that Stothard has not the slightest knowledge of the manners of what are called the higher classes, or any power of seizing those grand characteristic national traits, by which the inhabitants of the south are so vitally distinguished from those of the north.

SENTIMENTALITIES ON THE FINE ARTS;[1]

By Janus Weathercock, Esq.

(To be continued when he is in the Humour.)

No. III.

[And now a thousand sorts of painted birds began to chirp in the trees, and, in their different delightfull tones, it seemed they bad good morrow, and saluted the fresh Aurora, that now discouered the beauty of her face, thorow the gates and bay-windowes of the east, shaking from her lockes an infinite number of liquid pearles, bathing their hearbes in her sweet liquor, that it seemed they also sprouted, and rained white and small pearles; the willowes did distill their sauoury *manna*, the fountaines laughed, the brookes murmured, the woods were cheered, and the fields were enriched with her coming.—*Shelton's Don Quixote, Part the Second*, p. 85. 4to. London. 1620.

And with these words he inserted a thousand other *impertinences*, all after the very same manner.—*Ibid. Part the First*, p. 10.]

"What is it to be about this month!" said I to myself, mending my pen for the twentieth time, and then twisting it pettishly round and round in the tangling cotton of my ink. "I have been looking over, or overlooking, twenty or thirty folios, more or less, for the last ten minutes, and I might as well have been reading election speeches all the while: not a single pleasant subject presents itself!"

My irritable skin began to tingle dreadfully at

[1 "London Magazine," April, 1820.]

the thought of so much valuable time wasted. I looked up imploringly at a large bronze and laurelled bust of Apollo, which stood high over the folding doors of the library in which I was sitting; and methought the god loured frowningly! It was much like the look with which, at the moment of his judgment, he regarded the worthy Midas. At this instant a slight twittering called my attention to the window; I had forgotten to give my pet Robin (a fine, fat, saucy fellow) his breakfast of crumbs. With great alacrity *we* rose, laid aside our misused pen, procured a bit of soft bread, and sallied forth upon the broad lawn (N.B. We were in the country.) Our scarlet-breasted pensioner hopped fearlessly after the gentle Janus, along the smooth-rolled gravel walk, cocking his pert head on one side, and fixing his diamond, black eye earnestly on

> His daily dole which erst the MAN supplied,
> Now all too long denied.
>
> *Somewhere in Southey.*

The sun shone out, warm and broadly the crackling Holly hedges glittered in the laughing shower of splendour, like a line of cuirassiers with their polished breastplates. The crocus just began to push forward its orange top into light, from its close green shell—the snowdrop bent down modestly its elegant and lady-like head, away from my rude, amorous gaze—the polyanthus glowed in its cold bed of earth, like a solitary picture of Giorgione, on the dark oaken panels

of an ancient, dreary, Gothic gallery—while the fragile lilacs began softly to spread forth their limber shoots. The short, tender grass,

> ——————— glowing,
> Just as from a gentle mowing,
> Asking a fair foot to press
> On its springy mossiness,

was covered with *marguerites*,—"such that men callen *daisies* in our town," thick as the stars on a summer's night; and, as I slowly advanced, a thousand dewdrops, almost imperceptible on close inspection, threw up their dazzling long rays against my eyes, changing their colours, and twinkling in and out, like fiery diamond-sparks set round an eastern emerald. *Bobby* had now finished his innocent meal, and strongly and clearly sung forth his gratitude from the inside of a large isolated thorn (a great favourite of his) which was just commencing to throw off its garb of brown. The harsh caw of the busy rooks came pleasantly mellowed from a high, dusky grove of elms, at some distance off; and, at intervals, was heard the voice of a boy scaring away the birds from the newly-sown seeds. The blue depths were the colour of the darkest ultramarine; not a cloud streaked the calm æther; only, round the horizon's edge, streamed a light, warm, film of misty vapour, against which the near village, with its ancient stone church, shewed sharply out with blinding whiteness. I thought of Wordsworth's "*Lines written in March.*"

"The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plough-boy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!"

It was indeed a glorious day!—All things seemed to feel rejoicingly the first approach of Spring;

There was a blessing in the air,
Which seemed a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My dog rolled, with awkward joy, upon the sweet smelling turf: the birds dotted unseen, with light rustle, about the thick clumps of evergreens; or, with quick angular motion, visibly darted from bough to bough of the yet bare fruit trees. My spirit danced with the dancing breeze,

——— every common sight to me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light.

From the high ground on which I stood, I could see the sheep lying about the fields, like the huge white stones fallen from a mouldering ruin, basking with calm delight in "fiery Titan's persant beames." I felt a sharp longing to be with them.—"We cannot write to day," said I; for though

> On Bookés for to rede I me delite
>
> * * * * * *
>
> So hertily, that there is gamé none,
> That fro my bookés maketh me to gone,
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Yet certain when I hear the foulés sing,
> And that the flourès ginnen for to spring
> Farewel my boke!

(We will not conclude with the old bard, "and my *devocion*," for, at such times, ours pours upon us with a gush "as strong as a mountain river.") So, whistling the dog, we turned quickly towards the house, resolving to take hat, gloves, and cane, and to *fetch* a magnanimous walk.

As I approached the stone steps, *I was aware* (as the old romances have it) of coming feet over the slippery oil-cloth; and, issuing from the glass door, was seen the long-desired face of my respected friend Hyppolito.[1] About half a dozen hearty handshakings, exciting concussions all over our respective bodies sufficient to have ruptured the stays of a dozen dandies, being performed, we re-

[1] See Dibdin's Bibliographical Decameron, although really one ought to beg pardon for quoting so priggish a performance.

entered the library; where, finding my visitor had journeyed twelve miles on foot since a very early breakfast, I proposed to him to take *something*, as it is emphatically called. His assent being given in a remarkably sweet and ready manner, I forthwith caused the contents of the larder to be paraded upon a stout table by the side of a roaring fire, in due form; and, in the twinkling of a lady's eye, a pair of knives and forks were imbrued up to the hilts in the partridge-flavoured gravy of a vast veal and ham pye, baked in an unfathomable *red* dish (a whimsey of ours) guarded on the one side by a peck loaf *home-baked*, on the other by a fine ripe *Stilton*, and the whole amiably harmonized by a *running* accompaniment of home-brewed ale,—pale, amber-coloured, foaming,—contained in a capacious brown stone-jug, silver tipped. Soon was the fair smug face of the luncheon-tray changed—the lily, lavender-smelling cloth was covered with splinters of the Patê's stout outworks —upper and under crusts were cut sheer away from their parent loaf by the "griding" blade—quicksands of salt, and quagmires of mustard obscured the radiant colours of Spodes' loveliest plates—while Parker's heavy crystal goblets, late so dry and bright

> Splendour diffusing, as the various bow
> Fixed by Saturnian Jove in showery clouds,
> A sign to mortal man—

and reflecting all things in fairy mirrours,—reeked with the froth-beads' bubbly trails.

> When neither hunger more, nor thirst remained
> Unsatisfied,

Hyppolito, letting fall his weapons with iron clash, and pushing away from him, in disdain, his empty glass, turned round with cordial smile to the deserted fire; when, having comfortably arranged one leg over the other, and, with elbows leaning on the arms of the chair, carefully brought the finger's ends of his right hand into exact juxtaposition with the corresponding ones of his left, "thus he spoke." "What illustrious obscure shall now be illuminated by the piercing beams of thy discrimination? What gem of price shall now be drawn up from the stifling depths of the dull lake of neglect, and brandished by thy tantalizing hand before the longing eyes of the pleased, yet bewildered readers, of Baldwin's Magazine?—Say—canst thou tell?" "Indeed I can't!" said I, with a desponding shrug. My friend relinquished his gravity, and his attitude at the same time. "Have you lost your senses?" cried he, with eager astonished mien—"or have you sustained a more irreparable misfortune, the loss of your (I dread to name it) your—BONASONI?"

At that magic word, I bounded from my unsympathising chair, which fell helplessly backwards with dead lump, kicking up its awkward sprawling legs like an overturned turtle; wrung Hyppolito's hands with so extatic a gripe, that he fairly bellowed; while cataracts of incoherent sounds, intended for manifestations of gratitude, tumbled from my mouth with ruinous haste.

"You'll *dine* here to day? you'll *sleep* here to night? Nay! you *shall*—you *must*—I'll hit off my article *now*.—This *instant!*—*Red Hot!*—Take a book! and you shall correct it in the evening—amuse yourself, my dear Sir!—my dear *friend!* Good lack-a-daisy! that I should forget my *darling* Bonasoni!"

This was absolute fact:—the unfortunate Italian lay, hidden and smothered, under a mountain of folios and portfolios, like "Pelion on Ossa piled." To release the hand of my now wickedly smiling friend—with a supernatural, or connoisseur strength, to extract the long-lost one from his dark abode; to flourish him aloft with triumphant swing; to spread him out broadly, in bland serenity, on the grey-clothed table,—was but the work of a moment; another second saw me, with headlong haste, splashing away the ink in a hideous scrawl over the satiny surface of my Bath Post.

As many of our amiable readers may not even be aware of the existence of such a man as Julio Bonasoni,[1] be it known "qu'il étoit peintre, des-

[1] In these times, when he who can cut the clearest stroke on a copper-plate, or dot out the softest shadow, and not he who makes the purest outline, is the best engraver; when those who write essays on prints prefer the French school to the Italian, and find fault with Marc Antonio, it may be deemed hazardous to point out to public notice, engravings, most of which have neither the merit of clear strokes, fine effect, or finishing to recommend them; many of which are ill drawn; where the landscapes are almost always bad, and where all are, in one point or other, defective. But since what is here written is only intended for *real artists*, or those

sinateur, et graveur de Bologne. Il apprit les principes de l'art chez *Laurent Sabbatini*, et choisit *Marc Antoine* pour modèle dans la gravure. On ne sait ni le date de sa naissance, ni celle de sa mort. Plusieurs de ses estampes sont marquées d'une année dont la plus ancienne est celle de 1581, et la plus recente celle de 1574; on peut donc conclure que Bonasoni est né vers l'an 1510, et qu'il est mort vers 1580."—*Bartsch. Le Peintre Graveur*, p. 103. vol. 15.

To this extremely gratifying piece of intelligence may be added, that he possessed a classical, elegant, and poetical imagination: his style is composed from the Antique and Parmegianino, with (pretty generally) a judicious and discriminative eye to the peculiarities of individual models.

The grace, purity, and sensibility of his women, are as much to be courted, as the fat effeminacy of his men is to be avoided. Nothing ever was more characteristically touched than his flesh; nothing ever more slightly huddled over than his scrambling back grounds, harsh skies, and scare-crow trees, introduced only to help the harmonious dispositions of *lines;* in which grand and weighty branch of the art he has never been surpassed by any engraver, of any age or country. Some plates,

who study and understand the art, there is less to be apprehended from censure, as I am sure of *their* thanks who value compositions *only* in proportion as they contain *fine ideas*, or are executed with perfect knowledge of composition.—*Cumberland's Anecdotes of Julio Bonasoni.* p. 26. 8vo. London. 1793.

however must be exempted from this sweeping censure, among which is that selected for the present luminous exposition.

No. 99, *Bartsch. vol.* 15, *p.* 138.

The radiant sun's divine renown diffuse,
* * * * * * *
Who (his horse mounting) gives both mortals light
And all th' immortals. Even to horror bright
A blaze burns from his golden burgonet ;
Which to behold exceeds the sharpest set
Of any eyes intention : beams so clear
It always pours abroad. The glorious cheer
Of his far-shining face, up to his crown,
Casts circular radiance that comes streaming down
About his temples ; * * * *
* * * * * * *
About his bosom flows so fine a weed
* * * * * * *
* * * beneath whose deep folds fly
His masculine horses round about the sky.
Singer's Chapman.

The precise intention of Julio, in this bloomy composition, has never been discovered. The *organ* necessary to unravel the intricate allegories esteemed by the Italians of that age so "*moche delectáble,*" not being, unfortunately, sufficiently developed in our cranium, we shall content ourselves with giving vent to a short unaffected effusion of that pleasure which always possesses us whenever we catch a glance of this poetical print.

The plain is composed of a field of clear-streaming waters, rippling, with hushing murmur, round a nest of light, long-drooping grass and flowers, which "floats the floods among," and has served all the humid night as a couch for two "faire creatures," who have come there we know not how, lying like birds of calm on the charmed wave. There is something fine, something positively supernatural, in the tranquillity of these

> Glorious "phantoms of delight,"
> Rising up in shower of morning light.

They are absolute flesh and blood, and draw living breath, yet they look unreal from their singular location; brought by no boat over the moist sea, to a place where there is no trace of man's abode. We feel as if they presently would take flight, and spring away, armed twined in arm, with smiling eyes, lifted on a buoyant current of air. But we will be steady.—On the left hand the SUN, "Heaven's far darter!"—"fresh washed in lofty Ocean's waves," blanching with his broad spreading beams the iron-coloured sky, drives magnificently on his dazzling chariot,

> Steering 'twixt shining worlds his rushing course,

attended by winged Time on crutches. The person of the god exhales unspeakable splendours: he is hidden through excess of light.—His easy attitude betokens power; he sits superior, and the chariot flies, as his high-breasted horses, "maned all with curl'd flames," paw upwards against the occident,

with space-devouring strides.—By them eight white soft-sliding hours, their amaranthine hair wreathed in plaits, ride with surgy velocity on a trail of volleying clouds, which resemble, in shape and colour, the smoke-globes blown from the mouth of a cannon.—

Return we now to the reedy banks of our islet. The level rays have wakened the mysterious lovers from their bed of lilies. The man, cloudily raising himself on his heavy sleep-numbed arms, regards the unwelcome light with a reproachful air; while the fair creature at his side, with gently-parted lips, bends down her dove-like eyes—

> ——————— The whiles her lovely face
> The flashing blood with blushing did inflame.
> *Spenser.*

Barry Cornwall hath well described her—

> Mild is my love as the summer air,
> And her cheek (her eyes half closing)
> Now rests on her full-blown bosom fair,
> Like Languor on Love reposing.

Behind this gentle pair stands a child, drawing away the shadowing veil from the Elfin nymph's fragrant head: his white silky hair hangs in bunchy clusters,—

> ——— And two sharp winged sheares
> Decked with divers plumes, like painted jayes,
> Were fixed at his back to cut his ayery wayes.—
> *Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

A few shrubs spread their palmy fans round the back of this ouzy lair; and there the brittle flag-

iris springs proudly to form a canopy, with its nodding stalk, for the long tressed heads of the newly-married ones: nor does it require but a small stretch of fancy to imagine that one feels the wholesome wind blowing fresh through the watery grass, yellow with daffodils.—We look upon it as quite impossible to convey any adequate idea of the perfect halo of feminine modesty and loveliness which enriches Bonasoni's tasteful personification of waking shamefacedness. None but a man of the most exquisite sensibility could, with such a few lines, have produced such a figure.—Only the upper part of her body is awake, and even that droops with a slumbery weakness. Her tender feet, and fair ancles, are yet extended in a beautiful helplessness, on a white sweep of lawn drapery. We may be perhaps a little "*fantastique*," but the manner in which Phœbus and his train pour along in bland silence, in the midst of a ferment of intolerable lustres, seems to us perfectly miraculous.

> ———— How fast they wheel away
> Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,
> But they are silent;—still they roll along
> Immeasureably distant;—and the vault,
> Built round by those white clouds,—enormous clouds,—
> Still deepens its unfathomable depth.
> *Wordsworth's Poems*, vol. I. p. 302.

The spirit of morning freshness has shaken, from his winnowing vans, a shower of spicy rains all over the terrestrial part of this print: and neither the colours of Claude, nor Turner, could give us a

better idea of the wet dabbled greenness of the odoriferous herb.—This captivating engraving is one of the very best of Bonasoni's works,[1] both for design and execution; still it will appear to the uninitiated, at the first glance, a very queer thing.[2]—

Fine impressions of "Le lever du soleil," *représenté d'une maniere poetique* (as M. Bartsch calls it) are very very scarce, "TRES *rare.*" However if the bold, not-to-be-daunted amateur will "*go to the price,*" as the little shopkeepers say, (generally from 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* to 5*l.* 5*s.* according to its state)[3] he may *perchance* meet with one at Woodburne's or Colnaghi's.—

[1] It is a great favourite with Mr. Cumberland, for says he, "in that sweet composition, we see grouping equal to the Antique, the grace that Guido afterwards adopted, just proportions, a flowing outline, sweet expression, character, finely adapted strokes of the graver,———— and lastly, a poetical composition that might have excited envy in Julio Romano.—P. 36.

[2] We think we know one bard, an ardent admirer of nature, animate and inanimate, yet no lover of underbred, colloquial, city vulgarisms; in short, a *genuine* descendant from the Elizabethan stock, who will thank us, for introducing this elegant stranger to him, (if indeed they are not already acquainted). Should our choice gain the mede of *his* approbation, we should not heed a jot the blind gabbling of a million of cold-matter-of-fact critics, or soi-disant artists; fellows, whose veins are filled with mud, instead of lymph: and who, reeking with the nauseous fumes of tobacco and porter, bark, and bray, at those elevated specimens of art, the pure beauties of which, their own coarse and sordid habits hinder them from penetrating.

[3] What it would fetch with a three-inch margin we cannot calculate!!

"On lit à la droite d'en bas : "IVLIO BONASONI INVENTORE." Et le monogramme du graveur," (which our Printer says he can't contrive). *Note particularly*, "On à des épreuves retouchées et *fort* mauvaises, qui portent cette addresse :—*Si stampano da Gio. Jacomo Rossi in Roma alla Pace.*" *Bartsch*, vol. 15. p. 139.

Having got so far without ever drawing bit, I laid down my pen; and, after various attempts, succeeded in detracting the attention of my friend from a dingy, little book, well garnished with thumb marks, entituled. "*An Excellent Narration of the delectable Marriage of Cupid and Psyches', by S. M. Gent. London; printed by W. Raikes, and are to be sold at the sign of the Catte and Baggepipes, on London Bridge*, 1593."[1] "Well," said I, after subjecting him to the operation of hearing my MS. read. "Well, what do you think of it? Will it do?" "Oh! excellently well! very *good* —very *fair*—*very* fair *indeed!* only—but—a—a" —"But what?" interrupted I, frightened to death at his objection-foreboding "but"—"Why — it strikes me—though I myself am fully sensible to the lavish beauty and nature of your rural descriptions (here I made a very low and grateful bow) nay—you *know* that I delight in them, else why should I have privately printed an Edition of Fenelon's *Deux Dialogues sur la Peinture, la totalité de laquelle n'est que de* CENT EXEMPLAIRES?"

(Here I was forced to break in upon Hyppolito's fervid eloquence, for fear that he would plung deeper and deeper into an enthusiastic enumeration of all such reading as was never read).

[1 No such book, of course, exists.]

"Well," said he, recovering himself, "where was I? Oh! ah! It strikes me, as I said before, that your highly commendable, but *extreme*, fondness for the green-wood shade may subject you to several unsavoury jests from flashy witlings, and it may be they will bestow upon thee, in their attempts at quizzing, the nick-name of, *Peter Pastoral!*—Upon *thee*, my friend! Thee, the-every-place-with-gusto-enjoying Janus! but that perhaps thou heedest not."—"Not a rush," said I; but *that* was a bounce! I put my hands abjectly into my pockets and walked heavily to the window. The laughing sun was vanished—

> The clouds were blackening,
> The storms were threatening,
> And ever the forest made a moan;
> Billows were breaking,
> Poor *Janus*' heart aching, &c., &c.

And so indeed it did. The wind, suddenly rising, ran through the dry, clattering branches of the trees with such a

> ——————romble and a swough,
> As though the storm should bresten every bough.

A darkness came over every thing, like a sweep from the weighty wing of some unknown power. Hyppolito and I stood for some time silently watching the gloomy scene.—"It is really awful," said he, "I never felt *so completely* as *now* the beauty of Virgil's

> Terra tremit fugêre, feræ et mortalia corda
> Per gentes humilis stravit pavor—

This night at noon day reminds me of *Rembrandt's Crucifixion*—"You are fated to do me good,"[1] replied I. I know of nothing that will conclude my article better, and act as a greater contrast to what I have already scribbled, except it be that sublime vision of a dissolving world, Poussin's Deluge! and that I believe is tolerably well known by means of Laurent's clever print.—No! Rembrandt is the MAN, "the man for *me*." The diabolical damping scruple which you just threw in, and yon heavy sky, have together filled me with such black thoughts, that I am quite in

[1] By G—, I love you, Mr. Cock, (said Sir Godfrey Kneller to Cock the Auctioneer), and I will do you *good;* but you must do something for me too, Mr. Cock: one hand can wash the face, but two hands wash one another.—Pope, *apud Spence's Anecdotes*, edited by S. W. Singer, Esq. p. 181. A book *full of amusement, (and to a reflecting man) of instruction*, in which is concealed, under a flowery veil of airy gossipping, plenty of solid food for those who love to speculate on the hearts of men.—In these polished times, a man's real character is seldom to be got at from the general tenour of his conduct. The laws of the land, and the laws of society, have, together, the effect of rubbing down smooth, nearly all those prominent points of the disposition, those landmarks of the mind, which separate one individual from another. A slight word, a look, an exclamation, will often let the seemingly careless auditor, deeply into the secret. This anecdote, and the one above it in the work, which we have not room to quote, give us a better idea of the Knight's disposition than could be gathered from a hundred dull quartos. There is a beautiful story of the Duke of Montague's kindness and care of remarkably ugly or worn out domestic animals, horses, cows, dogs, &c. *because no one else would love them.*

the right frame of mind for writing a description of this heart-quelling print—Lo! here it is.—Let me alone a *little* while, and I shall have finished my task———

"*The Crucifixion.*" Rembrandt fecit. *The Three Crosses.* Daulby, No. 80.

My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood,
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;
There doth my soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatick fit.
Milton's Passion.

This may not be the best of all works of art, but it is the most wonderful production of the imagination we ever beheld. In that intensity of feeling which embowels itself in the inmost depths of its subject, it goes as far beyond the *Transfiguration* of Raffaëlle, as in correctness of drawing, classical purity, and *individual* expression it falls short of it. Among the thousands of prints that we have seen, we *never* have met with any thing so solemn, so grand, so præternatural, so *bewildering*. —There is not a feature, or limb made out in it—they are only hinted at obscurely, as if the painter had not dared to contemplate the vision of those mysterious agonies, which he seems (to us) to have had offered to the eye of his fancy rather through the agency of some potent *spirit*, than by the

usual process incident to the mind of man. It was never the work of study, but a sudden shining light, an opening, "an intuition, passing the dark condition of blind humanity!" The longer we look at it, the deeper its terrors grow. There is nothing in it of Rembrandt's usual concentrated flash: but, watery lights stream down, like the waning moon seen dimly behind clouds when chilling rains fall strait through the air—Another atmosphere, clammy, and putrefying, has been created for the actors in this bloody tragedy, through which they move like phantoms, "doing unearthly deeds!" Another fragment hangs low, over their sacrilegious heads—gross—palpable—murky—like a fixed ceiling.—

> Hell's dunnest gloom, or night unlustrous, dark,
> Of every planet reft, and pall'd in clouds,
> Did never spread before the sight a veil
> In thickness like that fog——— *Dante.*

The hardened manner in which His enemies throng in hideous dumbness, to work their evil will, is completely conveyed to the spectator of this fearful exhalation (we cannot call it *print*) of Rembrandt's brain; of which, with awe and reverence, we shall attempt a description.

The three Crosses are ranged directly in front, at the end of a long vista, in a very novel, and sublime manner—(The first time we saw this sketch, it seemed to us as though a curtain had been suddenly drawn up, and discovered the ghastly, torture-stretched body of Christ elevated

on a high stage). On the left rise knolls and banks, composed of the dreadful soil of Golgotha; for *stones*, slippery skulls! for *dust*, white mouldered bones! reeking with the noisome steam of unburied *putrefactions; flowerless, shrubless, treeless!* —Over these, trample the iron-hooffed horses of the Roman guard. The right of the pass is closed-in with a huge dead wall, under whose shadow, are couched, in grand obscurity, the feeble, voiceless mother; the faithful seed of Zebedeus; him whom Jesus loved; and all His followers from the shores of Galilee.—Darkness—sooty portentous darkness —shrouds the whole scene; only above the accursed wood, as if through a horrid rift in the murky ceiling, a rainy deluge, "sleety-flaw, discoloured water"—streams down amain, spreading a griesly spectral light, even more horrible than that palpable night. Already the Earth pants thick and fast! The darkened Cross trembles! The winds are dropt—The air is stagnant—A muttering rumble growls underneath their feet, and some of that miserable crowd begin to fly down the hill. The horses snuff the coming terrors, and become unmanageable through fear. The moment rapidly approaches, when, nearly torn asunder by His own weight, fainting with loss of blood, which now runs in narrower rivulets from his slit veins, his temples and breast drowned in sweat, and his black tongue parched with the fiery death-fever,—Jesus cried "I THIRST." The deadly vinegar is elevated to him.

> This scarcely tasted, his pale lips once more
> He opens, and now louder than before
> Cried "All his finished—
> To thee, O Heavenly Father! I commend
> My parting soul."
>
> *Sandys's Christ's Passion.*

His head sinks, and the Sacred Corpse "swings senseless of the Cross."—A sheet of vermillion flame shoots sheer through the air, and vanishes: the rocks of Carmel, and Lebanon cleave asunder; the sea rolls on high from the sands its black weltering waves. Earth yawns, and the graves give up their dwellers. The dead and the living are mingled together in unnatural conjunction, and hurry through the Holy City. New Prodigies await them there—The Veil of the Temple—the unpierceable *Veil!* is *rent asunder from top to bottom;* and that dreaded recess, containing the Hebrew mysteries,—the fatal Ark—with the tables, and seven-branched Candelabrum—is disclosed, by the light of unearthly flames, to the God-deserted multitude!

Rembrandt never *painted* this sketch; and he was quite right. It might have delighted the cold connoisseur, and have brought 3,000 guineas at Christie's; but to the accomplished Artist and Poet (such a man as Fuseli for instance), it would have lost nearly all its charms, in losing that perplexing veil of indistinctness which affords such ample range wherein the doubting imagination may speculate.—At present it is like a thing from another world. A dark gulf is betwixt us.—It is not tangible by the body. We can only approach it in the spirit.

NOTICES OF THE FINE ARTS.[1]

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

Antonio Lœti (Corregio) pinx.—Francisco Rosaspina, sculptor.—This picture is truly of the spirit, spiritual.—Corregio's mind must have been full to saturation, of the honey-dew of Christianity, when he gave birth to this mysterious conception.—A holy love swims over the surface of the deep, dead sea of grief, in which every object is immerged,—like the floating mist-wreaths with which Ossian clothes his ghosts. The women dissolve in the very "*luxury of woe.*"

This design is the precise antipodes to that fine one of Caracci (so beautifully engraved by Roullet) on the same subject. It wants nearly every thing which Annibale's possesses. It is defective in correctness of outline, careless in anatomy; neither heads nor hands, are laboriously painted up from tawny Jew clothesmen and lady models from the academy;—and, to top all, the colouring is little more than chiaroscuro. (This last circumstance, indeed, has rendered it easier for the engraver to transpose the whole beauty of the original into the sweet print before us.)—What is it, then, that so amply compensates for these grievous omissions; and which sweeps away its rival before it, in the

[1 "London Magazine," February, 1820.]

estimation of every *poetieal* mind, supported as it is, by studied drapery, extremities drawn with the utmost precision, vigour of execution, fine colour, and (in the Print), the most delicate, and scientific tooling ?

The first glance at it will enable us to answer—*sentiment !*—the one thing wanting in Caracci's.

It is time now to give some account of the composition.

The body of Jesus, extended on the ground, is partly supported on the knees of his fainting mother, who, with collapsed limbs, almost as lifeless as the cold corpse (whose dying features have settled into an expression, breathing forth peace to all mankind), reclines, in the utter exhaustion of grief, on the bosom of a female, who appears to lack pity for herself in bewailing the loss of the desolate mother. Sunk on the ground before the God of her adoration, lies the wretched Magdalen; with disordered hair, clasped hands, quivering mouth, and eyes blinded with tears.

Another female, hidden in great part; one solitary man descending from the cross; rocks and trees, which entirely close the back-ground, and are but dimly seen through a warm twilight, compose the simple, but deep materials, of this luxuriously poetical engraving.

But few impressions of this charming work of Rosaspina have reached this country. The one from which this very inadequate description is taken, hangs neglected in a dark corner of Colnaghi's little inner room.

JANUS'S JUMBLE:[1]

ENTERLACED WITH HYS IOURNEY TO TOWN;

Whereunto is annexed a delectable discourse of hys visite to the Exhibition, and to Covent-Garden theatre:

With sundrie other most absolute criticisms; very fit for young Courtiers to peruse, and Coy Dames to remember.

Eat, Friend, and break your fast with this froth, till dinner-time.—*Don Quixote.*

The sweet season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
The Nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The Turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs:
The Hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The Buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes fleet with new-repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallōw pursueth the flies smàle;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flower's bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays,—*but yet my toil begins.*

Lord Surrey.

CHAP. I.

On my Journey to Town;—on the Month of May;—on my Breakfast;—and on Public Taste in the Fine Arts.

"THERE is something rotten in the state of Denmark," yelled we, with the voice of a Chickasaw Indian, as, whirling open the glass door, with a

[1 "London Magazine, June, 1820.]

spin that threatened the safety of every pane in it, and committing its closure to the winds of heaven, we plunged recklessly amidst that assemblage of amateur Chimney Sweepers, and cognoscenti Bakers' Boys, which usually blockades the windows of Messrs. ——, the famous printsellers. The crowd saw that we were mad, and gave way.

Early in the morning, we had driven over from our temporary tenement (some thirteen miles and a half from London,) for the express purpose of ascertaining the actual advancement made in Taste. This we proposed chiefly to do, by inquiring whether some of those thick massive piles or bales, containing the noblest inventions of the old masters, which have slumbered so deeply within the dark arches of Messrs. ——'s cellars and warehouses, ever since their first arrival from Italy, or France,—lying in state, hung with rotten cobweb valances and fringes, richly powdered with dust, and smoke-blacks,—whether they had not "burst their bands of sleep asunder," at the "rattling peal" of the gong, struck by our master hand in that Dom-Daniel of the Belles Lettres and Fine Arts, Baldwin's Magazine? We are not vain—not at all—but we hoped much from the effects of this our warning to all Amateurs, however widely "scattered" the world o'er," to concentrate their forces, and, unfurling the banners of Michael Angelo, Raffaëllo, and Titian, to oppose, even unto the death, the onward march of that barbarous horde of Vandals and Pictorial *Radicals*, who now sweep broadly along, like a rising spring-tide, bear-

ing down the meek lank head of the Italian muse. Has not their inundation covered the land, "even that it stinks," with a medley fry of monsters, generated in the foggy, matter-of-fact, money-getting clime of Batavia?—And could it then be supposed, that our appeal to the tasteful would be made in vain?—Buoyed up with rich fancies, we dashed merrily along, passing every thing on the road; our hearts dancing within us, and the springs of our Gig bounding under us, "as a steed that knows its rider;" while in the bright blue sky we built up proud palaces, and domes, and pyramids, and towers, with "spires, and pinnacles, that glittered ever."—

> ——————Stupendous walls,
> And towers that touched the stars, and halls
> Pillared with whitest marble, whence
> Palace on lofty palace sprung;
> And over all rich gardens hung,
> Where, amongst silver waterfalls,
> Cedars and spice-trees, and green bowers,
> And sweet winds playing with all the flowers
> Of Persia and of Araby,
> Walked——

the ruddy wood-loving Genius of ancient English mirth, leading in his strong hand a slender Nymph "like some fair marble carved by Phidias' hand." Shadowed by myrtle boughs, she floated onwards, exhaling from every limb, at every motion, the classical elegance and refinement of antique Greece, like a precious perfume.

But, now, methought, we stole along
Through halls of more voluptuous glory,
Than ever lived in Teian song,
Or wantoned in Milesian story!
And girls were there, whose very eyes
Seem'd almost to exhale in sighs;
Whose every little ringlet thrill'd,
As if with soul and passion fill'd?

Tom Moore.

The golden age was to return—"*redeunt saturnia regna*"—and that honoured Tree of *high Romance*, which, blasted by the scathing frown of Cromwell and the Puritans, is only now slowly beginning to recover, was once again to shake its green head in the wind, and shower plenteously its refreshing dewy blossoms over all the thirsty fields of Albion, the White Isle—[1]

And all this wondrous change was to be achieved, solely and wholly by the *lucem ex tenebris extrahens* hand of Janus Weathercock, in the county of Middlesex, Esq.—Ye smile,—I see you,—ye profane ones:—all the while ye are the fools, not I; for I have on my side the assertion of an ancient—which is always a *settler* for the moderns—an assertion, too, which we never recollect to have heard even questioned,—that

[1] We can find nothing concerning this huge Tree, though we have carefully examined Roger Bacon, Bede, Geoffry of Monmouth, Gildas, Froissart, Camden, &c., &c. The only thing that comes at all near it, is the Ash of *Ygdrosil*, in the Edda of Sæmundus.—*Note by James Jackass, Esq., F.S.A.*

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes[1]
Emollet mores nec sinit esse feros.

But it was not merely the vision of future refinement in the public mind that caused our heyday blood to course up and down our veins with such lusty wantonness: No—it was May! it was May! "The sweet season," "the savourous time," —the month of love and jollity, when every thing grows gay,—

When the nightingale sings, in the damp cool leaves,
A blissful song to all young hearts—

and the malicious cuckoo "mocks married men" with his two ominous notes:—

When little wrens but newly fledge,
First from their nests hop up and down the hedge,
And then from bough to bough climb up a tree
* * * * * * *
So, flushing from one spray unto another,
Get to the top, and then emboldened fly.

What a hard-hearted muck-worm must he be who does not feel this delicious part of the year tingle along his nerves like sparkling champagne. Yet alas! such there are in London, that great Babylon, who wallow and glory in the filth of their own styes.

Said Guyon, see the mind of beastly man
That hath so soon forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began.

[1] *Ingenuas artes*, we translate, *The science of Print Collecting.*

These "blind mouths" know not what it is to offer up a fervent prayer, in the clear face of heaven, to him whose beautiful works surround us; while the dews of the morning descend blandly, as if they were a visible answer, assuring that the breathings of a sincere and simple heart are never rejected by the Great Father of all.—On giving it a second thought, we are sure that more than half of our splendid day-dream to the *season* did belong; for what man, or woman either, of the least sensibility, would not feel reinvigorated, nay created again anew, as it were, by the western breeze—the odoriferous breath of spring, blowing briskly in his or her face, clearing the eyes, and causing to gulp down whole draughts of freshness, bracing and stimulating as soda water! The motley blossoms of the orchard-trees flew over us, as we whisked rapidly along green lanes, between high hedges of the sweet hawthorn and the elegant wild briar,—while the sight of their banks, soft with thick young grass, and "cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head," invited us, with dumb, but most potent eloquence, to alight and take a roll.—"To take a *roll!*" This is the best idea, after all, that we can give of the overwhelming beauty of the landscape; yet only think, propriety and decorum-loving reader, of Janus, that austere, sour, solid critic and philosopher—the sheet-anchor of the LONDON—rolling under a hedge, like a little boy or a cow!!! Suppose we had been caught in the fact by the Editor or any of the proprietors! The *actual* thing—*res ipsissima*—(what a pity it is

that we have no such fine, ultra-absolute, vehemently-insisting word in our language)—would be better than these horrible imaginings, which cause the knap of our coat[1] to stand up on end, all the wrong way! Nevertheless, having a strict regard to truth, we must own that once (when nobody saw us) we *did* stop *Contributor* (our chaise-horse, gentle reader), in his swinging trot, and, leaving our vehicular machine, *did* smother our face in a watery bed of cowslips, wet with May-dews. This was our only offence, except lingering to take one peep betwixt the hazels, at the dark blue scenery, richly studded with elmy farms, villas, parks, plantations of firs, churches, towns, &c. broken into a hundred little hills, forming, on the whole, but one grand, sweeping, hollow curve, of fifty miles extent; through part of which ran a considerable stream, coming down from the hills "full stiff, and bold;"

[1] Surely Janus would have been justified in using a plural noun, thereby rendering his concord correct. There is adequate authority for describing one man as wearing three, four, or more coats at once. In a very curious trial, we recollect that one gentleman was indicted for assault and battery, inasmuch as that he threw, or caused to be thrown, a glass of Toddy over the person of another gentleman, thereby spoiling

> The cloathes that he had on, and thereon,
> To wit,—twelve coats! and twelve surtouts!!
> Twelve pantaloons!!! twelve pair of boots!!!!

And so on to a vast amount.—*A Professional Friend.*

> Clere was the water, and as cold
> As any well is, sooth to say.

Lord Buckhurst, in his induction to the legend of the Duke of Buckingham, gives, as one of his characteristics of *misery*, that,

> He drank the running stream, his cup the bare
> Of his palm closed * * *

This is great authority—notwithstanding and in open defiance of which, we took (after the manner of the burley clerk of Copmanhurst) five copious draughts, out of the above-mentioned extempore cup,—from a little brook, clear as a diamond, which ran gurgling and whistling over a hard bed of shining peebles:—then hastily drawing on our gloves, and arranging our white reins judgmatically, we rose, with vigorous spring, into our seat, "like feathered Mercury;"—cut three excentric circles—(in the *air*—for neither Contributor, nor his master, will stand whip—both being apt to kick)—with our light thong, made all for show—and set off at a rate which, in less than an hour, landed us safely at George's, just as the clock was on the stroke of nine. The humane will be pleased to hear, that we met with no accidents or obstacles on the road, save one dung-cart in a narrow lane, and three turnpikes.

Our early arrival seemed to put the whole house in confusion:—the word was, with some little ado, passed to the head waiter—a very steady, respectable, active, obliging man, who knows our ways—

and who quickly made his appearance, with many smiling greetings, somewhat between joy and surprise. "We have travelled fourteen miles," said we, "without any *breakfast*."

"*Indeed*, sir," ejaculated he,—"what shall we get ready?"

"Why, nothing particular," answered we,—stroking our chin slowly, with a dubious, meditating air,—"any thing will do—just a little chocolate, (make it thick—will ye?) a cup of good gunpowder —not too strong, for our nerves are RATHER weak, *or so*—a little scraped beef, and a few radishes—and—and—a—any cold meat that you may have in the house—ham, or beef, or a devilled kidney, *or so*—some eggs of course, and—that will do! Yet, stay!—hem! bring me a *leetle* glass of cogniac with the breakfast, for the *east* wind (the breeze was *westerly*, as we said before) has got into our[1]

[1] Mr. Weathercock is licentiously singular in his plurals, varying them singularly, or with the singular, as he pleases. Sometimes he is *we*, and sometimes *I*; giving thereby reason to suspect that he intends to throw ridicule on *us*; which (if we were once sure of it) we would resent, by rendering him impersonal for the rest of his life. The privileges of an Editor in his own Magazine, like those of a king in his own territory, are not to be slighted with impunity. But we just now recollect that Ministers have been committing, as a blunder, an irreverence similar to that which Mr. Weathercock perpetrates as a freak. The King's last speech is calculated to afford to the ill-disposed ground for questioning whether his Majesty be single or double. The cockney who called for "*coffee* for *tea*, and *two* for *one*,"—might adduce these improper irregularities of style, as affording him countenance in his strange confusion of terms.—*Editor.*

stomachs—and—and—(mutteringly) our nerves are rather weak, *or so.*"

"Yes, sir."

"And, WAITER! (*calling at the top of our mellow voice.*) A bottle of Soda-water, just to amuse ourselves with, till all is ready."

No sooner said than done,—and in a very short time we had made a pretty good clearance. Then feeling ourselves considerably refreshed, we tarried not, but set out *instantèr* on our critical journey; first of all giving cautious notice to Mr. Curt, that we should probably take an early dinner at five o'clock. Briskly walked we down the Haymarket, swinging our cane with a kind of insolent confidence—and whistling, humming, and singing (alternately) our old favourite air, "*Non Più andrai,*" we wheeled on our centre to the left, obliqued to the right, and then were greeted by the tinkle of Messrs. ——'s door-bell, and the sharp bark of the print collector's terrier,[1] who, on our near approach, gave us a gracious wriggle of recognition. The room was, as usual, crowded[2] with beauty and fashion. English marchionesses, foreign princes,—knights, dames, squires of high degree (at Cambridge) and damozels. Feeling that,

[1] This faithful animal holds much the same kind of place with amateurs of Raffaelle Morghens, as Mr. Payne's crooked-tailed cat does with Bibliomaniacs.

[2] Janus *here* betrays himself. We had *before* suspected that the story of his *early* arrival in town was all a fudge. Messrs. ————'s full levee is about three o'clock.—*I. I. F. S. A.*

under existing circumstances, our chance of attention was as a corn of salt to the Continent of lost Greenland,—we gathered up the floating flappets of our frock, and adventured to pass edgeways between a rich cluster of living flowers—"a tulip bed," as Wieland, in his *Oberon*, calls a bevy of lovely girls—to the quiet end of the shop. This, treading as gingerly as a cat among china, we atchieved; doing no damage in our passage, save drawing away, unperceived, a Brussels lace veil from the shoulder of a young lady, on the rowel of our long brass spur (we were once a cornet in the yeomanry). Speedily, however, was it disengaged, and presented, in our peculiar manner, (something between the suavity of the accomplished dilletante and the martial grace of the dragoon)—to the charming owner, who flashed forth a smile of thanks which thrilled to our very marrow. Being now snugly seated in a corner, we began, "*erectis auribus*," to suck in the exclamations, indicating the tasteful desires of the noble throng:—but O, Buonarotti! what cruel pains assailed us, when such enquiries as the following smote crushingly on our tympanum. "When will your plate of the Princess Charlotte be out?" "Have you received any more of Carlo Vernet's Horses, Mr. ——— ?" "What is the price of Isabey's Congress?"—"Is n't there a new portrait of that dear man, Lord S——— ?" lisped out an affected little golden-haired coquette. "Will you have the goodness to let me look at some of the lith — — — lath—the stone-drawings, I mean" said

a nice lad, an officer in the guards.—"Pray, sir, haven't you got some pictures of stage coaches?" said a jolly red-faced squire, with neat silver spurs and top-boots.—Mr. ——— smiled.—"Is this possible?" whispered we to him, as he passed close to us, in order to get at Fuller's Sporting Miseries to regale the boiled-gooseberry eyes of Nimrod. "By the beard of Apollo!" said I—(he has one in Pass's frontispiece to Chapman's hymns) "my mind misgives me concerning Marc Antonio and Bonasoni." At the mention of these dear names, Mr. ——— drooped his head, and preserved a most speaking silence. The horrid truth broke on our mind at once. Not an *old* Italian print had seen the day for two months; and *my* Article—my last delicious *Sentimentality*, had been wasted on "beasts who wanted discourse of reason!" My head—I mean our head—turned;—we clapt on our hat furiously, the hinder part before, bored ruthlessly through the crowd,—trampling on lap-dogs, and carrying away canes, parasols, and umbrellas, while our spurs clank'd dreadful,—swept down "Dodwell's beautiful Views in Greece," and rushed into the street uttering, or rather howling, the sentence placed at the head of this Chapter.—How long this fit, this awful visitation, lasted, we are not prepared to say; the first thing we recollect was hearing Mr. Bohté softly and soothingly breathing into our ear,—"We have sold 150 copies of *Retch's* Faust within this last two months, and we have sent to Germany for 150 more!" This instantly brought me to my * *

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

"Has FUSELI any pictures there, then?" said we—"He has, Sir," quoth Mr. Bohté *
* * * * *
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* * * * *
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CHAP II.[1]

ON THE EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

While lingering at the bottom of that heart-breaking staircase, mustering up resolution to climb, some one elbowed us rather rudely (this is the usual way in novels) we turned fiercely round —and who should it be but Jonas Wagtail, Esq. *our* "Mr. Fine Arts."

"Good morrow to you Mr. Weathercock, how do you do, this * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * —and returned sick-hearted, weary, hot, dusty, with a confounded head-ache to Coventry-street.

[1] These incoherences and chasms afflict us (the Editor) sorely. The extraordinary author has either not written, or forgotten to transmit, the continuation of his conversa-

CHAP. III.

THE THEATRES.

Here, resting from our labours, we gave ourselves up, "elbows, and knees, and all," to the black bile—cursing the artists, and the arts, and patrons, and the British Institution, and the impracticable public! From this mood of mental atrocity we were awakened to a proper sense of our humanity by the kind enquiries of the waiter concerning our dinner,—at the same time that he presented us with the old Times, as better than the New.—"What is it to-night," said I, glancing up and down the second page for the Theatrical advertisements, with screwed up-searching eye?—"Anything you please, Sir," replicated the *waitère*, —who, hearing us speak, and not being well able to make out what we said, imagined, (not unwisely) that it had some reference to the viands. "Oh! Henri Quatre,"—mumbled we,—"The Carte? Yes, Sir," quod the officious man (he has picked up a little French since the peace), catching a fragment of a sound, and handing us the interminable bill of fare. A sudden thought struck us.—"Send down

tion with Mr. Bohté, and almost the whole of his chapter on the exhibition. We can only therefore make out, that the conversation in question suggested the visit to Somerset House, and that the visit to Somerset House suggested notices of the pictures,—which if we can get hold of in any decent time, shall be crammed in wherever we may be able to find room—either under the head Fine Arts, or the more appropriate one of *Commercial Report.—Editor.*

to the stables, and tell them I sha'nt want Contributor[1] to night—I must have a bed *here*—and—some stewed eels—take care for *God's-sake* that *it is well aired!*—Some macaroni—an oyster *pâté* or two,—a basin and some soap and water,—some veal cutlets *en papillote*—a bottle of sauterne—and—call me a coach at ten minutes before seven—*precisely*, mind!" "Pass we awhile the dinner hour unsung," as Mr. Gillies says (with the exception of one word) in his charming imitation of Beattie's Minstrel—Childe Alarique. The dinner was *of course* good, and the sauterne excellent. The Jarvey jolts Janus jumblingly over the stones; the well-known yells of *buy a bill o'the play* crack the drums of our ears,—and lo! the lofty doric columns of Covent Garden rise magnificently up against our eyes:—and now, respected Editor! as we are rather before our time, allow us, 'ere we leave the natural light of Heaven to bury ourselves in an atmosphere of lamp-oil, gas, and foggy breaths, to throw out a few random hints on the manner in which the Drama is treated in your "highly respectable Miscellany," as the phrase is.

In the first place, we must utter an obvious truism, that the criticisms in this department are *transcendently* superior in discrimination, gusto, raciness, poetical feeling, and power of language, to any that statedly appear in the other periodicals—and we should deem lightly of that man's judgment, who should lightly deem of them. Having premised so much, I shall now proceed to lay

[1] The name of Wainewright's horse.

down another, (to me at least) self-evident proposition, viz. that this is the age of vulgarity! We have no such thing now-a-days, as what was termed a fine gentleman! we can't even manage it on the stage. Mr. Kemble, in Leon, was the last. Mr. Elliston always seems to us in such parts (Dorincourt to wit) to have a coxcombical consciousness in his ease which causes it to amount to stiffness. Mr. Young both on and off the stage is a *perfect* gentleman, but still *he*, even *he*, is not exactly the *fine* one. Mr. Jones, in Lord Trinket, is a tolerable *fop* of the old school; but that won't do. Nevertheless his diamond buckles, his elegantly cut coats, his ruffles of point lace, his white satin breeches, and cut-steel watch-chain, are wonderfully refreshing. Upon the whole Mr. Charles Kemble comes the nearest to the *beau ideal* of a gentleman, of any actor we at present possess; his commanding figure and easy elegant attitudes go a great way of themselves. Nothing can exceed the beautiful action of his hands, when engaged in level dialogue. Then he is the last of the Kembles—*Ultimus Romanorum*—he is the brother of Coriolanus and Queen Katharine;—but we are running riot and awry. We say that in former times it was the custom for every youth, "not of churl's blood," to fashion his behaviour in some measure (without ostentation) after that of one of the gallant *preux chevaliers* of the *heroic* romances (as they were called), which constituted the principal fashionable reading of the day. All the knights, whether Persians, Medes,

or Macedonians, in the *Cassandra*, are absolute fine gentlemen. What a number of accomplishments and trades went of old to the formation of a man of fashion—now alas! how few. The tailor and stay-maker are all-sufficient, saving that, here and there, some *fanciful* "juvenal" calls in the aid of Messrs. Carter, Holt, and Joshua Hudson!!! Gallantry to the ladies, too, is now an unknown thing; but that is chiefly their own fault: how can one bow down one's stately masculine head, before *unstately*, hump-backed giglots, scrimply arrayed in two guineas' worth of trumpery British muslin, or a scrap of Spitalfields silk at seven and four pence per yard? We gabble about the improvement in the style of female attire, but what, in the name of Queen Briolania, have we to compete with the blazing splendour of the dames in the Luxembourg, or (barring the length of the waist) with the French whole lengths of the charming Montespan or the lovely young Mademoiselle Fontanges?—"But, master Janus, how is all this to the purpose?" Briefly thus. It appears to us that the time requireth not the hand of genius to give it a gusto for the tastes and feelings of what are called the lower orders,—rather the reverse! We want more macaroni and champagne; less boxing and bull beef. Now, Mr. Drama[1] of the LONDON seems determined to show his readers that his stomach is hearty—that he can relish bread and cheese, and porter, which certainly are very fine things in the country, and—when we can get nothing else—and

[1] Hazlitt.]

so far, all this is very well. But surely, in the centre of fashion, we might be now and then indulged with more elegant fare,—something that would suit better with the diamond rings on our fingers, the antique cameos in our breast-pins, our cambric pocket-handkerchief breathing forth Attargul, our pale lemon-coloured kid gloves! some chicken fricaseed white for instance; a bottle of Hock or Moselle, and a glass of Maraschino.[1] We *might* hear *more* about the opera and the opera dancers; and *something* of the unaffected lady-like air of Miss Brunton (bewitching creature!). By what

[1] Our friend and Correspondent Janus is here entering on ground where "angels might fear to tread:"—and he, notwithstanding his occasional devoutness, is not as yet *quite* an angel. May he be long preserved from becoming one—for the benefit of the "Domdaniel of the Belles-Lettres." It cannot be said of him that he is "too good for earth," so we wish to keep him amongst us.—But to return:—Janus, an irregular writer, here enters into contention with one of our regular writers:—this is as bad as if a skirmisher were to turn about and fire on his own battalion. We certainly do not think this proper; but as we have reason to believe that "our Mr. Drama" does not read "our Magazine," we allow the objectionable passages to stand. For ourselves, we never go either to the large or the small theatres, nor ever drink either Porter or Hock; nor ever eat either cheese or chickens fricaseed white: we are therefore perfectly impartial—("Mr. Drama" would probably say *incapable*) in this business: and our opinion is, judging from hearsay, that the age may take lessons of gentility from the Cobourg and the Miss Dennets,—particularly when they introduce quotations from Spenser—quite as effectually as from the Opera and the Opera Dancers, Covent-garden, and even Macready himself.—*Editor L. M.*

strange obliquity, too, does Mr. Drama persevere with unabated constancy in his patronage of three little unformed girls,—notable favourites with the gallery and the *Whitechapel orders*, with which the boxes at Covent-garden were last season so lavishly crammed? He takes "a pleasant stroll up to Sadler's Wells,"—(a place we have heard of)—enters—,—enjoys "the Monastery and the Fate of Calas,"—lauds one Mister Stansby the manager,—and finally revisits the pure glimpses of the moon, with his cloathes *kivered* with fragments of gnawed gingerbread, and rendered unwearable by the steams of gin, quids, and aniseseed; thus paying pretty dearly for his freak. He affects a liking for *Tatnam*-court-road, rather than for Albemarle-street. He pretends a dislike for lords in the abstract, and would have us imagine that he preferred the noisy rebels in the gallery. He makes honourable mention of a certain Miss Valency who, our hairdresser informs us, is a bouncing Columbine at "*Ashlays* or some of *them* places." He entertains serious thoughts of the Royal Cobourg Theatre—which we find, by reference to the picture of London, is situated in the borough of Southwark!—faugh!—and he gives us a breathing picture (after the manner of Brower) of his disappointment there.—He profaneth Spenser to rhapsodize Miss E. Dennet, Harlequin's wife! He wilfully keepeth silent his recollections of Madame Leon, and the sylph-like Milanie—the syren with "the foot of fire:"—but there we hold him excused, for verily it would be flat blasphemy against "Le

Diou de danse,"[1] to introduce these ladies into such bad company. All these things, and more, he doth, because in the wantonness and exuberance of his genius (which is undoubted) he dares do much. He hath also sins of omission, which we shall briefly notice under sixty-three heads. *Imprimis*—in the first place,—he utterly neglects the wigs of the actors and the ringlets of the actresses: he correcteth not Mr. Abbot's erroneous sash-tying in Captain H. Macintyre: and he allows dear Miss Stephens to wear for the *whole* evening, without *ever drying* it, the same gauze French bonnet, wet with the salt sea spray, in which she had weathered the driving storm on Fairport Craggs! Second: he—but it strikes seven, by Jupiter! Allow me, dear Editor, to flatter *myself* that I have, in the most *delicate* manner, insinuated my weighty reasons for becoming supplementary, and without more ado to rush into the theatre.

Seated—fiddlers also—Mr. Ware taps the mahogany three times with his trenchant fiddlestick; away thunder the gongs and kettle drums; broad blares the spreading note of the trumpet. The Eolus-cheeked trombone player, with hurried energy, shoots forward his sliding tube half across the stage, cracking the benches with its tearing blast. The miserable Viola, tortured by a ruthless fellow with staring hair, elevated bushy eyebrows, sharply plaited forehead, set teeth, and clenched stringy hands, grunts and whizzes, and

[1] Gascon French—so given by Grimm in imitation of Vestris.

groans, till its agony goes to the backbone of every feeling person; and the violins shriek, and the little drums crash, as when, in the forests of Morven, the lightnings rend a thousand oaks.—In the momentary breaches of the storm, the wail of the horn and the tinkling twang of the harp arise mistily. Then again the cloud of harmony grows thicker; the gong redoubles its thunders dread,—"the eyelids of mortals drop at the weight of the stroke"—

> Fain would *Janus* have kept them fast,
> But open they start, at the crack of the blast.
> *Somewhere in Southey.*

The cut glass chandelier twinkles and quivers each particular pendant; while distinctly, in the midst of this furious tempest, is heard the *bow* of the leader, riding triumphantly over the roaring wild ocean of sounds.

This is a very accurate, and not in the least hyperbolical, description of Mr. Bishop's overture to *Henri Quatre;* and we do not blame him at all, considering the wretched taste of the audiences for whom he writes:—audiences who *encore* such nauseous trash as "Love among the Roses," "the Victory," and "Abercromby," &c. with maniac delight, while they draw back into stupid insensibility, when Duruset sings so simply, feelingly, and at the same time scientifically, Burns's exquisite words—

> O, my love is like the red, red rose
> That's newly sprung in June;
> O, my love is like the melody,
> That's sweetly played in tune.

But Mr. Bishop *can* do better things. The *largo* movement, at the opening of his overture to *Cymon*, is one of the most expressive, beautiful things we ever met with: it is like Moschus' elegy on the death of Bion,

> Moan with me, moan, ye woods!
> * * * *
> Weep on the waters, ye Strymonian swans.

The *pastorale* breathes of Sicilian corn-fields; and the whole together is well worthy of Arne's music to the songs. Neither is this the sole buttress to Bishop's fame: we could instance others but time and Mr. Jocrisse forbid. Our learned brother gave no account of the plot of this piece last month, because he hopes all his readers will go to see it. We shall imitate his highly-to-be-lauded ensample, because, by the time we are *out*, all our readers will doubtless have followed his recommendation—notwithstanding which we have a good deal to say on other parts of the piece. The play was a pretty play—a *very* pretty play; and the players played their parts well, as our readers know. The scenery, with the exception (if we recollect right) of a prison, was all new, and very well painted:[1] the music was indifferently good: the worst things Mr. Bishop does are better, and have more spunk about them, than the best of the hashes of our other stage *composers*—as they are

[1] Allow us here to express a wish, that Mr. Havell would publish a good coloured aquatint of the first Scene in Act II. painted by Grieve, representing "a Terrace in a Garden at Meudon."

justly nominated in two or three senses. The jokes are chiefly old, approved favourites, and therefore were well received. "There is something convenient in the use of Facetiæ, that have been already tried, and moulded into shape, and properly dressed and ornamented: all is safe, and all is easy." Mr. Morton found it so, no doubt. But the costume—"ah, there's the rub!" We must begin a new paragraph.

The costume, we say, of the principal characters, —with two excellent exceptions, Macready and Egerton,—was very far from being the thing—and this failure is to us utterly incomprehensible, for we had conceived (foolishly perhaps) that it might as well have been right, as wrong;—the more especially as Rubens's Luxembourg Gallery is *rather* a come-at-able book, and the dresses therein are tolerably applicable, since they happen to be those of Henri Quatre, Sully, Sillery, &c. Howbeit, the prodigious antiquarian knowledge of the manager, Mr. Fawcett—or of Mr. Farley, "the magistrate of melodramas,"—or of whoever got up this affair,— has been wanting at the pinch, and one of the fatal consequences of this ignorance of Rubens and the Luxembourg was, that the worthy gentleman, who enacted M. le Duc de Crillon was habited in *milk white*, with Austrian spangled pantaloons—(much such another preposterous piece of absurdity as that into which the correctly-classical Mr. Kemble was wont to fall, when he misrepresented the outward man of the iron-clad Hotspur). The aforesaid gentleman, we further observed, had

guarded his shins with a pair of buff-morocco silver-tasseled hessians, which smelt strongly of the 18th Hussars! Our *chere petite* Brunton and that interesting personification of the ancient English *mauvaise honte*, Miss Stephens, looked exactly like the last coloured fashions in the Belle Assemblée: —and here we cannot let slip the opportunity of seriously advising Miss B. to get rid of her present *friseur:* he is (and we have had an eye to him for some time past) a miserable, unimprovable *bète.* Miss Tree (Louison) would, perhaps, have passed muster in one of those troops of Savoyards, which now infest the streets about town—but then she has *such* beautiful ancles! We wish that her stockings had been *white* instead of *blue.* We feel as if cold water were poured down our back, at the sight of that colour in ladies' hose. The females, however, seem to have the right of custom for invariably dressing out of character: Mrs. Bunn *alone*—"the heroine of the stately neck and long winding locks"—affects *some* sort of correctness: whether this is due to herself or the manager, we neither know nor care. The name only of Mr. Emery is enough to convince every one acquainted with his chaste (though *Cockneys* think it *outré*) personification of English rusticity, that his Moustache was like any thing in the world but a fiery French veteran; and, in saying this, we mean nothing disrespectful towards his strong abilities. Mr. Drama,—in the luscious plenitude of his good humour—says that Fawcett was at home in General D'Aumont; now, we rather existimated,

that he felt himself at home in C. Garden Theatre —he discharged his functions in such a doubtful, promiscuous sort of a manner; with his tongue on the stage, and his mind in the property room; one eye in the boxes counting the individuals who had *not* free admissions and orders; and the other twisted towards "the flys," misdoubting much the due alacrity of the scene shifters. His robe of authority, too, was rather civil, burgomasterish, than bellicose, military. Mr. Liston,—yet what *can* we say of him, but—*that he must do even that which liketh him most.* If Mr. Charles Kemble will doff his cap, which is a very pretty one, and assume a broad-brimmed hat, shadowed thick with tumbling white feathers, and get a new pair of boots—(his friend Macready, who well understands all this sort of thing, will show him the model) —and just attend a *leetle* more correctly to his ruff, he may make up his mind that he is actually and *bonâ fide—Eugene de Biron*—that imp of fame. —It goes to our hearts, however, to alter any article about Mr. K.'s person, for his noble cavalier-like deportment renders graceful all that he wears. —Of Mr. Abbot we have only to say, that he looked very *un*like a French officer of the time of the "*League*," and very like a comely English squire, with his large, well-curled, handsome, lady-loved, British whiskers, and no-mustachios. There is great need of a radical reform about this gentleman's neck-cloths. These enormous, whalebone-stiffened cravats are like the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act; they completely deprive their

victims of freedom of speech. We have now done with vituperative criticisms; at which happy consummation we are right joyful, for we love Covent Garden and its actors with a perfect love. To many people our remarks may appear trifling;—and they will exclaim, "What does it signify, if the dresses are not quite right?" Yet these are they who make a great merit of Sir Walter Scott's proper attention to the minutiæ of dress and furniture, and who would have laughed long and loudly, had Reginald Front de Bœuf carried a smelling-bottle[1] in his waistcoat pocket—or Bois Guilbert pulled out a fragrant cambric handkerchief to wipe away the death sweat from his brow, in his last dreadful colloquy with Rebecca at the stake. Whatever is worth doing at *all*, is worth doing *well*. If deviations from the genuine models are *occasionally* to be allowed, how difficult it will be to draw the line of defence against the inroads of laziness and anachronismatic licentiousness. As for Mr. Canning's joke of the simultaneous congress of Hector of Troy and old Frederic's Prussian Grenadiers,—of M. C. Dentatus and the Knights Templar—it would become quite a dead letter. Then recollect, Dear Managers, that your tailors and tailoresses will *charge* no more for moving the shears to the dexter hand, instead of the sinister:—besides, if all these arguments fail to affect ye, we have yet another, and an overwhelming one—*Your absurdities hurt our eyes*, and those of a good

[1] As Miss Porter's Sir William Wallace does.

many other people of Taste and Fashion!—Many of the stiff brocades, and measure-defying waists, of the ladies in the illuminated copies of Froissart and Monstrelet, &c.—and in the paintings of Giorgione, Titian, Paris Bordone, Paolo Veronese, Rubens, Vandyke, Watteau, &c., will, doubtless, require some modification—and the *manner* of doing it may be learnt very easily from Mr. Westall's illustrations of Scott's Poems and Novels. But that no possible ground of neglect may remain, We, Weathercock, hereby offer Mr. Fawcett the full benefit of our pictorial powers solely for the love we bear his house.—Miss Brunton (of whose speaking countenance, two or three hundred expressions are now sparkling round us, firing us to write a Romance of pure Chivalry, rather than a grim, dry dissertation on sword-belts and Palmers' staves) and "*The Stephens,*" in particular, may depend on the most prompt attention. They have only to send us a note, *without* enclosing a fee, addressed to "Janus Weathercock, Esq.—care of Mr. Triphook, 23, Old Bond-street," and they will receive, in the course of three days at farthest, the necessary drawings, as accurately finished as the series of "Merveilleuses" by Horace Vernet and Lanté.—After all, greater attention prevails now than formerly to that important branch of the Histrionic Art, scenical illusion; and a good deal of this has arisen from the unsolicited exertions of private individuals. The admirers of Mr. Kean's generally correct attire owe much to the Anti-

quarian research, and graphic powers of Mr. U——,[1] who has so often lent him his kind assistance.

Explicit Janus's Jumble.

JANUS WEATHERCOCK'S DIALOGUE ON THE EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.[2]

[This is the Dialogue which ought to have been inserted in Mr. Weathercock's Jumble. In consequence of offering a handsome reward for its recovery, it has been transmitted to us by the waiter at George's—and we make haste to give it place, on the principle of "better late than never."—*Ed. L.M.*]

Jan. A truce to compliments, good Mr. Wagtail; and tell me what gaud that is, facing us, in the best place in the room. At this distance it looks like one of Hilton's ornamental designs?

Jon. You are quite right, Sir! and a very clever thing it is esteemed by the best judges; yet, to my poor thinking, there is something wrong about the general colour, and the legs of Venus have a weak appearance, as if Hilton had not known exactly what he was about.

[1] [Mr. E. V. Utterson.] The literary world is indebted to the same gentleman for the republication of some curious pieces of early English poetry;—and, if report speaks truth, they must thank his lady for a clever fragment in that interesting little volume "Tales of the Dead."

[2] London Magazine, June, 1820.

Jan. The shadows of the flesh are rich and true but the lights are utterly raw and false. Hide some of them with your hand, and the picture instantly becomes harmonious: he had better look, not a little, at the Marquis of Stafford's Diana and Acteon by Titian; he seems falling into such an odious mannerism, both in drawing and colour. A work of this kind, which has not the least pretension to poetical feeling (for he has completely missed Spenser's idea,

> Soon as she Venus saw *behinde her backe,*
> She was ashamed to be so loose surprised—)

ought to be finished with the most scrupulous attention to the mechanical branches of the art; surface, truth of local tints, and diversity of texture,—to give it a claim even to the vacuum over one's hall-chimney! That's an excellent likeness of Sir William Grant! Lawrence has caught the character very well.

Jon. Yes, Sir; but here is another by Phillips which *I* prefer; there's more *nature* in it.

Jan. In the colouring I grant you, but not in the expression. Mr. P. is a great master of colour, considered as a chaste reflection of nature in a cool, clear day-light; his handling too is free, without ostentation or manner: (look at that head of Brougham! it is not canvass, but flesh;)—yet he is far behind Sir Thomas in that subtle method of relieving his sitters from all consciousness of observation, so that they give themselves up to him in their weakness, with their most

cherished, familiar, study-fire-side attitudes: and this does not (I think) arise from any incapacity in the former artist, but rather from a dissimilarity of temperament. Both have penetration and acuteness, both are well conversant with the highest circles, both possess a large share of very general information. Both of them love their art (though perhaps Phillips has the greatest activity;) and the manners of each are equally those of polished gentlemen:—yet, under the most *suave* surface, the President's rival conceals unconsciously a noble stream of proud English sincerity, which will not suffer him, even for the sake of his art, to stoop to the little vanities and weaknesses, which sometimes freckle the gravest minds. Whatever reputation, as an artist, he may lose with the public from this circumstance, will be rendered back to him sevenfold in the genuine respect of those few who have the *honour* of his friendship. We say *honour;* for, from the bottom of our heart, we join with Pope, "an honest man's the noblest work of God!"—Ha! there's Lady Selina Meade! very tasty indeed! without the least truth of colour, though! The throats of Sir Thomas's women always look as if they were rubbed over with pearl-paint. Yet, still, nobody else could do them so well; but where is this famous *Reading the Will*, of Wilkie's, that is so much talked about, Mr. Wagtail?

Jon. Here, Mr. Weathercock; here it hangs, fully deserving of all that I have written about it in nine folio pages.

Jan. Oh! if that's the case, I won't perplex your judgment by any of my prophane criticisms; you know I've no great affection for these subjects, and—

Jon. But, my dear Sir, allow me to point out some of the mer———

Jan. I know what you would say, Mr. Wagtail; but pray don't waste your lights upon me.—Point out to Mr. W. that they don't write wills on parchment; that they don't affix blue stamps on paper, and finally, that they don't stamp wills before they are proved.[1] Spare your words! You can't convince me—I *wont* be convinced. I am a staunch adorer of the Antique, and the Florentine and Roman Schools, and loath and detest coat-and-waistcoat pieces, and Crabbe's Poems. Don't imagine, my dear Sir, (seeing Mr. W. looking blue and glum) that I depreciate the wonderful powers of your favourite. I was only letting loose my venom against the *style.* Nobody admires Wilkie half so much, taken as an exception. I've *proofs* of his "Blind Fiddler" and "Rent Day." It's fact! I have *indeed!* Only it offends me to the soul, to see a parcel of chuckleheaded Papas, doting Mammas, and chalk-and-charcoal-faced Misses, neglecting that beautiful eccentricity of Turner's yonder in the mahogany frame, and crowding and squeezing, and riding upon one another's backs to get a sight—not of the faces

[1] The French critics have found out, that Shakspeare has clapped Bohemia on the sea-shore; and Schlegel has told the French critics what is the exact value of such criticism.—*Editor L. M.*

of the folks hearing the Will, but of the brass clasps of the strong box wherein was deposited the Will.—What! has Howard taken it into his head to paint *History?* Sad! Sad! terribly tame indeed! Why dos'n't he cleave to Pleiades, Fairies

> Who tumble in the fountain's spray,
> And in the lunar rainbows play;—

and Undines dancing on the margin of the curved sea. What's next?

Jon. Oh, Mr. Weathercock, you are a *strange* man! But look here, Sir; here's a rich little bit by Jackson, and admirable likenesses; it is a "Committee of Taste."

Jan. Holden at the Thatched House—a single glance shows it!

Jon. No, Mr. Weath———

Jan. I understand you, my dear Sir; but let's get on, for I begin to be confoundedly tired. That's a fine head of Canova, but—Oh, excellent, excellent! Superbe! Oh, this is Liston *himself*—"I must laugh a little," as Leon says—and, now I've done, who is it by?

Jon. Jackson *again*—He is getting on fast; his colouring is very juicy and glowing, yet I think he is too close an imitator of Sir Joshua; I still prefer Phillips, or Owen.

Jan. Quite right, Mr. Wagtail! You've a fine eye, Sir—a fine, pure taste—*Mais, sacristie!* What a delicious creature! What an eye! flashing a thousand things in a volley, with its long,

dark, dewy lashes:—what a graceful flexure of the arms, what glowing lips, and pearly teeth! How exquisitely she has dressed her hair! That voluptuous bend of the body is maddening! My senses are lost in the full folds of that rich, black-satin gown; and my heart faints at the idea of those lovely Parisian slippers! This is surely by Horace Vernet, or Chalons? No Englishman ever dressed a woman with such gusto. Her frock becomes her face, and her face becomes her frock, and both are—what are they, Mr. Wagtail?

Jon. Why—(*in a would-if-I-could-find-a-fault sort of tone, with his mouth twisted all askew.*)

Jan. Why—Mr. Wagtail! *Why*, you are *not* going to blaspheme! If the colouring *is* rather crude, if the touch *is* heavy, and the artist unskilled in the practice of oil painting—if there *is* bad surface, muddled lights, opaque shadows, and a deficiency in all the cursed trumpery in which you connoisseurs delight—look in Susanna's face, and you'll forget them all!—But come away, Mr. Wagtail, you are a man of straw, of stone, of *any* thing.—Ha! *Comme c'est drôle!* good! good! 'pon my soul! (Drunken Barnaby, 196) I did not think Etty had half so much fun in him—What a singular low key he has kept it in; but still it is well-toned, and painted with a strong, firm, spirited hand.—Ho! ho! this is Mr. Turner's Rome, is it? Well now, what do you think of it? It appears to me that the foreground is not half finished: it will take three bladders of *ivory black* and a gallipot of *asphaltum*, before it will advance from its

modest retirement in the back-ground—but I think I see *something* roguish in the turn of your eye; I believe you have written *nine pages* on that too! eh?

Jon. Why (smiling) I have done indeed some little———

Jan. Enough! my good Sir, let us pass on to Fuseli's Ariadne—But what, in the name of Rubens! Has Stothard taken to imitate the colours and flourish of *Brummagem tea-boards?*

Jon. It would seem so indeed: besides, this is nothing but a copy, slightly altered from a former design, engraved by your favourite Bromley.

Jan. Still it is very lovely. I must positively let him japan a board for my sister.

Jon. Look, Mr. Weathercock, here is the Professor's grand idea of the Cretan Cave! What youthful fire glows in this Octogenarian's soul. Yet, methinks, there is something extravagant in the action of Ariadne!

Jan. Ah, Mr. Wagtail! I said before that you were a man of stone! That some of Fuseli's postures appear strained, I am very free to confess; yet we should be careful how we condemn; the fault may be in *us*, who have not the same power of delivering our minds, at will, from the restraints which the rules of polished society and tight breeches have placed on the expression of the passions. And it is to be observed that this great genius generally selects his subjects from the traditions of early barbarous times, when men freely obeyed the fierce impulses of their nature,

when their passions were undisguised and naked as their forms.

Is it to be supposed, that the strong-tossing, white arms of Chriemhild, the future wife of Attila the Hun (the Etzel of the Nibelunglay) were tied down by the shoulder-straps of Mrs. Bell's corsets, or the full stride of her vengeance repressed by the graceful trammels of D'Egville ?—But I must stop myself—for I could hold forth, "from morn 'till dewy eve," on this theme, and shall probably soon give you an article on it: therefore I shall only now add, that those of ardent imaginations *alone* are competent to judge either the merits, or defects of the epic style: men who can lay aside, as a robe, the prejudices of age and country—"who can go out of themselves to inform other existences," like the Persian Dervise; and whose grasp of intellect is sufficiently wide to contain the idea of man, taken not as a *species*, but as the *genus*. —Now let us resume our criticism on the picture. For my part *I* think Fuseli has most *truly* given the overwhelming power of Eros, in the attitude of Minos' daughter, "straining out and downwards," over the cold, green wall into the dim cave. What a passionate longing to join her love (a demi-god already to her,) is there!—"What an impotence to stay!" The Athenian's lips still glow with that parting kiss, which poured fresh strength through his shoulders—when, issuing from the remotest chambers, the Minotaur speeds along the intricacies of that mysterious den, and, cleaving the air with his roar, bursts out upon the vaulted area. "But

the hour is come, and the man;" and as, secure of victory, he ramps forwards with ponderous hoofs on his supposed victim, the jagged iron club of Theseus falls with hideous swing on his brutish visage, smashing the bone.[1] Out from his nostrils spout fire and smoke, and spattering blood, and brains. The Hero's throttling hand is in his throat, his knee is at his chest. But *one* stroke more, and the monstrous carcase plunges down, sounding on the sand—convulsively spurning the air with bestial legs, as he wallows in sable blood.—This is all there, surely, Mr. Wagtail?

Jon. It is indeed! besides, there is a good deal of mechanical merit about it (though that pink mantle is dirtily painted). The chiaroscuro has great pathos, and the figure of Theseus is grandly drawn. That light which streams on Ariadne's white robe is absolute day, and the whole together is broad and harmonious.

Jan. Very good, Mr. Wagtail! I begin to be reconciled to you again: but (*yawns*) are there any more pictures worth looking at? for really the heat and gabble of this mob, are giving me a vile headache.

Jon. Well, Sir, we have'nt much more to do: we'll soon finish this room, and run round the school of painting.—Just glance your eye into the Ante-Room! There's a Meleager and Atalanta by one of the Bones, which somehow reminds one of Titian, especially in the landscape.

[1] In fact, he knocked his face off!!!—J. J.

Jan. It does so—but let us admire Etty's Coral Finder. It is admirably painted. How boldly the clouds are dashed in!—The dark sapphire shore, crowned with myrtle woods and temples, is quite Venetian! To be sure the person of Venus is only a portrait of Mrs. O——, the academy model; but then there is no affectation of *ideal grace* about it, as in those *namby-pamby* wenches by Hilton. It's honest and downright.

Jon. Yes! and the flesh is in a very beautiful tone of colour,—and what a pulpy, marrowy touch he has!—but here are several more that you must see.—Here's a most capital landscape, by Constable, which deserves very great attention, and this is Fuseli's Incantation, in which you will find——

Jan. Plenty of food for an entire day's recreation, which I intend to devote to it, and to the Cathedral scene yonder.

Jon. Ah! I am afraid you will find much to blame *there.*—It is too much "in king Cambyses's vein."

Jan. You have never read the Nibelung song—*I have;* and, though I agree with you as to the demerits of *this,* compared with the artist's *former* works, yet I assure you its defects lie quite in an opposite direction:—its rotten part is the apathy in which Fuseli has clothed Gunter, and the old Sigmund. But of this more anon.—Who is this *Missey* with the brick-dust cheeks, and staring dead eyes, like black beads?

Jon. That is your dear Miss Stephens, by Shee!

Jan. You're mistaken, Mr. Wagtail! look at your catalogue again, Sir! It is not *she*, by ——

Jon. Ha! ha! ha! very well! you're a wag, Mr. Weathercock. But pass by that ill-arranged, ill-coloured, unfeeling, misrepresentation of a Horse and the Duke of Wellington, by Hayter, and indulge yourself in a —— there's Lord Grey, by Phillips!—Laugh at the blasphemous rage of the Boy in Sharp's Sunday Morning.—The Girl rubbing the Urchin's Nose all against the grain, is the finest abstraction of smiling, deliberate cruelty, or rather of stony insensibility, that I ever saw; but it is most unpleasantly coloured, and the wench's crimson gown is very bad. There are more of Stothard's charming, mannered crudities from Boccacio; but they are only enlarged repetitions of those dear little ornaments for Mr. Rogers's cabinet, which he exhibited last year. Nevertheless, I wish they were mine:—but I see you are very impatient—I won't detain you any longer here! You've probably seen that brilliant nosegay, the group of the Misses Lyell, by Phillips—Those smooth battle pieces are by Cooper, your aversion! That's Mulready's Wolf and Lamb—yonder's Abernethy by the President.—

The infant Archduchess will make a conspicuous figure in my article:—and now, Sir, lend me your attention one moment in the Painting school. What think you of the Hangers[1] who placed such an abomination as Hayter's Duke of Wellington in the principal, and such a solid bit of nature as

[1] Farrington, Smirke, and Hilton.

this Storm Retiring, by Phillips, *in a corner* of the secondary room? Yet stay, Sir, bridle in your generous wrath awhile, till I have done—What shall be done to the Council, who suffered such a piece of frippery as that Venus, Iris, and Mars, to remain in the Academy five seconds after they had nosed its entrance?—(310, Hayter.) But you look pale, Mr. Weathercock! you are *ill.*

Jan. I am indeed, Sir. My mind has received a severe shock already this morning: and now the sight of that unhap——(*points towards the Mars and Venus*)—Good morning, Mr. Wagtail!—*and here Janus without farther ceremony suddenly faced about—staggered through the pitying crowd of ladies, gained the head of the staircase, and* * * *

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.[1]

This is likely to be a sort of rambling article,—quite chitty-chatty and off-hand;—the best sort of leading article, perhaps, after all, now there are so many *Magazines* at work all over the island.

Blackw. Mag.

O, imitatores, servum pecus; ut mihi sæpe
Bilem, sæpe jocum, vestri movere tumultus.

Id. apud Hor.

Quos (to wit, the aforesaid Imitatatores, Magazines, and Co.) Ego! *Id. apud Virg.*

The Trumpeter, taking the ears of the company with a stout oath, entered upon his story as follows.

From a MS. Tale.

Puffing is our decided aversion—chiefly from certain notions we entertain of self-respect—and not a little from the antipathy which stirs within us to the cuffs we might be called upon to endure in conflict with that shadow of the mighty dead, which is oft-times seen, by night, haunting the scenes about Tilbury Fort. Yet truth, we are told, is a fine thing and will prevail;—to give it "all breath," therefore, is no puff in the evil sense; and we *may* assert,—without fear of smiles, or dread of contradiction—that there are "some good hands" among our contributors;—which if any

[1 Ascribed on conjecture to Wainewright. London Magazine, June, 1820.]

one of our readers doubt, after a due perusal of our numbers, why, then,—as our peer-poet has it, we are sorry for him and ourselves too. For our own parts, a most perfect agreement in this respect with some few thousands of our countrymen has put us in such good humour, that we should be for issuing, hereby a direct Edict of editorial eulogy, but for those confounded initials, "of blackest midnight born," whose very birth and essence are mystery. To one who has not shrouded himself in the filmy veil of a misleading letter,—we mean the gentleman who introduced us, in our early day, to the sylvan muse of JOHN CLARE, we are assured that many a gentle reader joins us in sentiments of thanks. In letters which make up a name like his, there is something tangible;—some groundwork, as it were, for eulogy, which one vainly seeks in the meagreness of A. B. or Q. or X Y Z.[1]—And, in good truth, there is yet another (to say nothing just at present of our double-faced dealer in "SENTIMENTALITIES"), who has vouchsafed to us both his "patronymic and sponsorial appellations:"—we mean BONMOT,—that queer fellow Bonmot who, by fixing his name without disguise to one of his things in our First, has enabled us to stretch out the right-hand of fellowship in full assurance of identity, and to say,—we desire more of your acquaintance, good master Egomet! Since his bouncing introduction of HIMSELF, we have grown

[1 De Quincey wrote in the London Magazine under the initials X Y Z.]

familiar-*ish* together;—and, truth to say, he is *the* strangest medley, *the* maddest wag it was ever our fate to cope withal! It is not known in what a variety of shapes he has been figuring away through our pages. Every thing by fits, and nothing long, he changes about—not with the phases of the moon, but the minutes on the clock; —and one revolving hour shall find him critic, fidler, poet, and buffoon. *He cannot last long.* We are something like adepts in diagnostics, and repeat that he cannot last long. The *materiel* must wear out with the friction of such violent changes. Who can be wise, frolicsome, temperate, furious, tragical, comical, helter-skelter—one thing down and another come on,—in a moment, without damage? No man! And yet such is Bonmot; —though he certainly does afford *one* specimen of immutability in that perfectly semper-identical display of idiosyncratic *egotism* which runs through and leavens all his varieties. *Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, unus est* BONMOT,— *si non sit* BONMOT, *mutus erit:* and we are much mistaken if this system of self-centering does not speedily throw every rival of the same stock into the shade. Nay, we should not be at all surprised to find the very folly itself starting at the hyperbolical reflection of its own image, and retiring abashed, with all its trumpery, into that limbo of vanity, from whence it first came to visit us, "not a blessing but a curse."

* * * *

After giving "local habitation" to the above wise saw, we laid down our pen,—and, what with a sort of mental gossipping on our friend's oddities, and what with other matters that floated across our mind, we were getting into that state of thinking, in which reverie begins to encroach upon the confines of drowsiness,—while, according to that description of gloomy presentiment so finely touched off in *Ivanhoe*, we were experiencing the indefinable consciousness of a coming evil darkening upon our mind like a cloud on a sunny landscape — When, — thump! rat, tat, thump, thump! a thundering knock at the door:—we love to be particular in these matters:—our own rap, for instance, borrows its tone from the first bar in the overture to *Lodoiska*)—It was a knock, us thought, familiar to our ears, and, accordingly, who should burst in upon our solitude, but the identical BONMOT. In an instant all was storm! He was every thing, and everything was he! He trips in with the air of a dancing master, kicks up a dust by clearing the middle of our room of books, which were lying about in all the delightful confusion—the very *lucidus ordo* of an author's room; and, instead of discoursing upon the old Pyrrhic, or the Romaic, insists upon giving our gravity (*nolens volens*), a lesson in the last new quadrille, fresh from Almacks!

Well, dancing over, down he sat; and, putting on the rigid brow of an Aristarchus, "come," said he, "now for something serious;"—with that, slapdashing into the thickest of any question that

started itself,—PHILOSOPHY, MORALS, METAPHYSICS, BOTANY, COOKERY, were all dispatched in no time: now he was up, now he was down: now Saturn had the ascendant, now Mercury:—but, as it is more difficult to say what he did *not* attack, than what he did, let it suffice that very few of the ANAS or OLOGIES escaped; no, not even theology, nor (*maugre* all the wise heads of Auld Reekie) *Boxiana* itself. In the latter science, indeed, he satisfied our doubt as to the precise meaning of *putting a head into Chancery* by a practical lesson, which most sensibly assured us that he had it at his fingers' ends. He had no sooner done with gymnastics than, as if willing to allow us what he denied himself—a moment's breathing time—he began shouting at the top of a voice, which seemed the very soul of social mirth and good-fellowship, the first of "*Plumpy Bacchus:*"—then, his countenance suddenly subsiding into sadness, he flung himself into a tragedy attitude, and fell to reciting some verses which he assured us he had *dreamt* the night before: they were "ON DEATH," and, sure, never were lines more grave-like and dolorous! There was, of course, the raven flapping his ominous wing against the window of the death-chamber; there were hatchments that rattled, and black banners that waved in the sullen blast of a wintry eve. But death itself could not tame him, for, in an instant, diving into his pocket, as if nothing was too trifling for the curious grasp of his mind, he fished up a *musical snuff-box*, and, setting it to the liveliest of all lively French airs, he

began to accompany the strain on a *Jew's harp*—an instrument he had just bought, and of which, he said, he had made himself a proficient by a lesson taken as he came along. The tune, however, proved too long for the quips and cranks of our friend's disposition; for, before it had gone through half its measure of pigmy sweetness, he thrust the box into his pocket; and then his fancy seemed mightily tickled at the tiny, smothered sounds of the imprisoned musician's voice, as it struggled out through the mufflings of bandanas and broad-cloth. At this, the alembic of his mind soon dropped forth *Tasso* and *Ferrara;*—and then, with a gradation rather less Zenith than Nadir than usual, he began to spout, "*Eternal spirit of the chainless mind, brightest in dungeons, Liberty, art thou.*" He was about six lines on when he stopped short—"ha! true, that reminds me of MY NEW BOOK; here it is! Just going to publish." So, unrolling a small manuscript which he held in his hand, he read in a tone of elation and display,

"A CENTURY OF GOOD THINGS;

Or,

Thoughts of

EGOMET BONMOT, ESQ.

Striking,—eh? But, come, I'll read you a bit, and, first of all, (list, list, oh, list!) *to* a list of title-pages; for, as I dispatch each one of my hundred

good things in two pages and a half, or so—distinct title-pages (with vignettes, you know), will help to give my book a bulk as respectable as its contents are important. Now gather and surmise."

THOUGHTS.—ON SONNET-WRITING; with a choice collection of skeletons for young beginners; being an improvement upon the principle of the French *Bouts-rimés;* by Egomet Bonmot.

THOUGHTS.—NUGÆ ANTEDILUVIANÆ, with the *Ophic* and *Simia-cercopithecan* controversy;—or Snake versus Ape, and Monkey versus both; the whole illustrated with specimens of the weapons used in the conflict, collected on the spot; by Egomet Bonmot.

THOUGHTS.—ON WIT AND HUMOUR: the distinctive differences of each shown by examples drawn from the works of Egomet Bonmot.

THOUGHTS.—ON THE PROPHECIES OF THE CUMÆAN SIBYL; proving by irrefragable argument, that the entire meaning of the six rolls, originally burnt for want of a purchaser, has been discovered by Egomet Bonmot.

Thoughts.—On the Authority of the Brut, wherein our national descent is satisfactorily traced from the great-grandson of Æneas; and, thence, conclusions drawn in favour of Catholic Emancipation; by Egomet Bonmot.

"Now, *I* am one of that stock, said he, resting a moment; my family-name, left untouched by the Saxons, became BONMOT at the Norman conquest.

Before that time it was Awdyl-braidd; a name (or one very like it) borrowed by Taliesin, to shed the lustre of its bright associations on his Oracle of Varieties. But, allons!"

THOUGHTS.—More particularly on MYSELF; by Egomet Bonmot.

THOUGHTS.—On certain tendencies to the abolition of the SLAVE-TRADE, in the extraction of Sugar, for home consumption, from the Irish Lalla-root. It is the peculiar property of this root to sustain so little injury from pressure, as to be immediately after in a fit state for the absorption of fresh saccharine matter. By Egomet Bonmot.

THOUGHTS.—On the tragedy of "PLAYWRIGHTS VERSUS POETS," now performing nightly at the Theatres Royal, in solemn silence; with a natural digression to the evils of a paper currency, and hints for the resumption of cash payments: the whole to conclude with specimens of a true tragic and comic style, in a series of scenes; written by Egomet Bonmot.

THOUGHTS.—On our treatment of BURNS, contrasted with the mode pursued by the *Scandinavians* with regard to their SKALDS: the result altogether in favour of the hyperborean method. With an appendix, containing ideas on the most approved means of smothering the fire of genius in a whisky-still: and a treatise on the *Art of Punning;* the examples taken from the stores of Egomet Bonmot.

THOUGHTS.—On PROLEGOMENOUS VARIETIES; with a collection of prefaces, prologues, *et cetera*, ready adapted for any poem, tragedy, comedy, opera, or farce, that has been, is now being, or shall hereafter be written, *in sæcula sæculorum;* by Egomet Bonmot.

How long he might have gone on at this rate, and whether he would have given over till the end of the "century," heaven only knows: but at this moment, the *devil* (what a relief!) rapped at the door with a proof, and thus gave a new turn to our *thoughtful* friend's fancy. "Apropos, room for ME of course in your next." Then out he lugged, from an inside pocket, a huge packet filled, as we imagined from his present mood, with all that was pleasant and sprightly,—fit for the goddess frank and free, she ycleped Euphrosyne. "Sprightly!" echoed Bonmot: "Euphrosyne! bless your laughter-loving soul, (*our* laughter-loving soul! no such thing; *grave*, my dear sir—very grave (making two distinct syllables of the word vē-ry)—sensible and sedate: fun is very well in its way, but, to reverse the old saying, Apollo's bow must not be always *un*bent: you must therefore absolutely print these—let me see how many, sheets?—one, two, three, um—um—eleven—only eleven sheets of REMARKS—made by a dear and bosom friend of mine upon a drama taken by another dear and bosom friend of mine, but with manifold most judicious alterations, from a very curious Dutch work, written by Mynher Hatteraik," (nearly

related, we believe, to Dirk of that name) "but not yet known in this country. There, there it is; and there also (laying his own volume upon our writing desk) there's my collection of choice thoughts; you may offer it to your friend BALDWIN —'twill finish his fortune. Good morning, I am almost too late: engaged to meet some *prime coves* of the fancy at twelve; then to the Fives Court; *must* be at the Royal Institution by half-past two; take my twentieth peep at Haydon's Picture in my way back; letters to Belzoni till five; dinner *chez moi* with the little philosopher and the doctor at six; don our azure hose for the Lady Cerulea Lazuli's *Conversazione*, at half-past nine; opera, —applaud Milanie, and sup with the Corinthians in St. James's-square at two Sunday morning:— good bye,—hope to see you at church to-morrow, if up in time,—or meet ye at Sir Joseph's at night; —good bye,—won't forget my hundred good things? Pray print my friend's remarks:—and" exit Bonmot!

Was there ever such a creature! But now for his friend, and his friend's friend, let us see what heaven has sent us.—"*Remarks on Jan Hatteraik's obstreperous tragedy, called* DONNER AND BLITZEN, *with citations from a manuscript English drama founded thereon, but with sundry alterations and manifest improvements.*"—*Noscitur à sociis!* This is *certainly* a friend of Bonmot's; so we'll try what can be done by some abridgments in the threatened number of "grave, sensible and sedate sheets."

* * * * *

But here we find ourselves in a dilemma :—our pen has been scratching on (Editor's-like) at such a rate, that we have not room enough left for the said sheets, nor even for their abridgment. We must absolutely give up the insertion this month; for never be it said that we of *The London* were the first to set the pernicious example to our brethren of giving up the space occupied by a single paragraph of our own for the most sparkling production of another. No, no, that would indeed be heresy. Another month we'll see what can be done.

It just now happens to strike us that Addison says somewhere, (at least, we think 'tis Addison; but our "chitty-chatty" mood takes away the inclination to get up and look: therefore Addison says somewhere) that a lady seldom writes her real sentiments till she comes to her *Postscript.* Now it may be the same, for aught we know, in the case before us; so with a hop, skip and a jump (like Milton's devil when, high o'erleaping all bound, he scorned to touch with his feet the lovely freshness of the verdurous banks of paradise) we find ourselves passing over a thousand beauties, and at once pitching in upon a postscript, appended to the remarks in question. 'Tis a note from Bonmot, in which he gives us to understand that, besides critiques on most subjects under the sun, he has in his possession a very voluminous collection of matter, fit for furnishing up articles

quite as good as the foregoing (criticism that was to be) even till doomsday:—that he has by him large bundles of *such* riddles, charades, and rebuses, as might throw the most legitimate descendants of Œdipus into the jaws of the sphinx; to say nothing of whole *Albums* filled with *Bijouterie* in the various settings of ode, elegy, sonnet, epigram, &c. In answer to all which promise, we shall not fail to impress upon him that there will be ample space and verge enough in these our monthly columns to "air his jewels," whenever he pleases: so that the public (that is to say *our* public) may judge to what riches their support of our magazine will infallibly lead! What *can* be more delicious than being amused till doomsday with every subject under the sun? What a ransack of treasures! Another Boccaccio, with a thousand days instead of ten, were a mere drop in the ocean to such draughts of "potable gold."

Corollary.

And now, reader of MINE; wert thou admitted, for a moment, within the veil of mystery among the puppets of a magazine, thou would'st learn, that it is not an *unknown* thing for authors to criticise *their own works;* wherefore I, Egomet Bonmot, Esq. do agnise, as the offspring of mine own proper quill, every atom, prose and poetry, drama and criticism, wisdom and witticism, which thou hast now been reading with so much delight. I make this revelation for the sake of candour, not

as a wonder; for hath not my letter in January's magazine, which also gave thee pleasure, already intimated that, be the subject what it may, of whatever character, whether tragical or farcical, editorial or contributorial, like Plautus or Seneca —*Tros Tyriusve*—or, as Liston says, with his own whimsical and unimitated look of conscious absurdity, "short cut or long,"—to ME 'tis all the same?

Furthermore and finally, I hereby record my sincere conviction that, had the preceding pages been no less poetical than they are purely fictitious, the Stagyrite himself would have hailed me as his fellow. There is to be seen in them the requisite *beginning, middle,* and *end;* yea, what is even more Aristotle than Aristotle, these three important divisions are, one and all, congruously amalgamated with the very perfection of *unity:* my sole object, from first to last, having been to lay open the most approved method of treating that NOBLE SCIENCE, described by the two syllables, which stand at the very thresh-hold of this article (pray look back; you will find them there), making up the same word which has been echoing throughout, and with which I shall now very consistently conclude, namely—PUFFING!

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N.B. Dispatched, by the highflyer, from my lodging in the hotel d'Ubique, No. 1, Ruelle Quiz, Tarbe, Gascony, where I am just now for the benefit of *the air,* this —— day of ——

E. B.

MR. WEATHERCOCK'S PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE,[1]

INTENDED FOR THE PUBLIC EYE.

George's Coffee House, Tuesday, 8th August, 1820.

Dear, respected, and respectable Editor!—

I am quite ashamed of myself—almost afraid to look you in the face, even through a sheet of paper. However, though I have not lately given you any of the valuable exhalations from my own sense-box, yet my exertions to procure crack-contributors have been nearly as zealously unremitting as your own. What do you think of "the Merry-conceited Bricklayer," by the by?—He is a capital belles lettres scholar, although a member of the Roxburghe-Club. Make him tip you an article on the old Italian romancers and poets, or the lays of the Provençal Troubadours and *Diseurs:* or, if you desiderate an elegant version of "*La Pucelle qui abevra le Polain,*"—or an erudite disquisition on the formation of the "*Langue Romanse vulgaire,*"—he is your man. Talking of articles, my learned friend Dr. Tobias Ruddicombe, M.D. is, at my earnest entreaty, casting a tremendous piece of ordnance,—*an eighty-eight pounder!* which he proposeth to fire off in your next. It is an account of an ancient, newly discovered, illuminated manuscript, which has to name Jerusalem the Emana-

[1 London Magazine, Sept. 1820.]

tion of the Giant Albion!!!" It contains a good deal anent one "*Los*" who, it appears, is now, and hath been from the creation, the *sole* and fourfold dominator of the celebrated city of *Golgonooza!* The doctor assures me that the redemption of mankind hangs on the universal diffusion of the doctrines broached in this MS.—But, however, that is'nt the subject of this *scrinium*, scroll, or scrawl, or whatever you may call it. You see I date from George's; but I can't pay my respects to you, *padrone mio!* because *we*, that is Ned L**** and I—(I'm staying with Ned—we toddled up to town this morning from Hampton-Court in his yellow concern with the three roans and the pye-bald), are going back again to night. Well! I've had a look over the fine arts of this country, meaning the new embellished publications—and have sent you the titles of three or four which merit attention.

1. *Chantry's Peak Scenery, 4to. Parts I. and II.*—The plates are lightly and rather prettily etched (*engraved* they call it) by the Cooks (with the exception of one poor view of Haddon Hall by Greig, and the cross in Bakewell Church yard by I. le Keux) but they have no repose or breadth—all is wiry and frittered. Chantry, as might be expected from one whose branch of art solely regards form, has not the slightest notion of massing his lights, and supporting them as in nature with broad shadows: all the praise we can give them therefore is, that they are very well for a sculptor—one of the best is "a rustic bridge in Monsal dale" by George Cook——

2. *The Southern Coast, No. X.* 4*to. engraved by the Cooks.* The three *large* views are *after* TURNER, *the only man of real genius in landscape now existing!* That's praise enough for them. I am very glad that this beautiful work has got into the hands of Messrs. Rodwell and Martin, as it will experience less of that lazy delay which has hitherto characterized all its *livraisons*:—though the non-progressive position maintained by *The Provincial Antiquities of Scotland*, after all *Our* encouragement is rather a case in point against my hopes. These same liberal publishers are getting out a number of highly interesting topographical books, viz. Dodwell's *Greece*, with coloured illustrations in folio—Major Cockburn's *Views of Mount Cenis and the Simplon*, two distinct works drawn on stone by Hulmandel and Harding—I would advise you to buy them, as I have done.———

Capt. Battye's *Paris*, 4*to. and* 8*vo.* though worse drawn and engraved than Nash's (being brought into light by the *Heathean factory*) is nevertheless, I am afraid, a prettier book. Why this is I cannot tell—but so it is. The view of Paris from the tomb of Père la Chaise, in Nash's, by Middiman and John Pye, is very exquisite. Don't you think so? Hakewill's *Italy* improves every number. Turner's *Turin from the Superga* is magnificent! and "*Nemi*, navell'd in the spreading woods," by Middiman, after the last-mentioned painter, is enchantingly soothing. It is perfectly Virgilian.—Stothard's *Illustrations of Tales of my Landlord, six plates*, 8*vo, engraved by J. Heath*, are pretty simple compositions, full of *nature* in the

invention, and full of *manner* in the execution: added to which, he has completely failed in giving a tangible shape to the mental pictures of the poet. Madge Wildfire, dragging along Jeannie Deans, is a portentous misconception. The man who, *ere while*, for tasteful composition, unaffected grace, and power of telling a story, ranked second to none but Raffaelle, is *now*, woe the while! sunk into a besotted imitation of Rubens[1] and Watteau. Rouse thyself, Stothard! thou good old man! and assert thy former fame! There are some copies advertised from the famous outlines to Goethe's *Faust* by Retsch (of which if you want any, now is your time. Bohté has a 100 just come from the Custom House, 60 of which are bespoke). How is it that Mr. Moses the etcher takes it into his head, in engraving from antique pictures and vazes, to fancy that he improves the originals by substituting for their wonderfully harmonious, though apparently careless, lines his own stiff drawing? Let him look at Millengen's faithful valuable book (*Vases Grecs*, 1813), be humble and amend. As to these copies, they affectedly alter the peculiar fashion of Faust's *unmentionables;* and at the same time, in the witch-feast on the Harz mountains, bring many things, "nice but vicious," into light, which were properly left in mystic dimness by the German artist.——Do you know Turner's "*Liber Studiorum*," oblong folio, engraved

[1] On whose real colour he is no more capable of laying hold, than on the grandeur of Michael Angelo.

by that excellent mezzotinto scraper Reynolds? If you do, why have you not made it popular by a notice from your own hand? If you don't—lose no time; but, on my authority, (you can't have a better) set to your lips the sounding alchemy, and proclaim its worth to the four winds of heaven. You may give a flourish also for William Daniell's chaste and beautiful aquatints in his *Coasting Tour*—the third volume containing views in *the Isles*, possesses extreme interest and merit combined. They tell me that Stothard has made some fresh designs from that ever-charming book *Robinson Crusoe*. I have nothing more in the way of news, except that I have picked up a fine copy of Bocchius's *Emblems* (you ken the charming things by Bonasoni)—first edition, Bologna, 1555—capital condition, in blue French morocco by De Rome—for whom I still retain some small inkling of affection in spite of the anathemas of the Rev. T. F. Dibdin:—also a new horse[1] (Barbary sire and Arabian dam), with whose education I occupy nearly all my mornings; though I have considerable doubts whether I shall push it beyond the *military manège*. However, I wish you would return my Duke of Newcastle.[2]

Dutifully yours, dear Editor,

Bevil Seymour—

'Pshaw! I mean,

JANUS WEATHERCOCK.

[1 Mr. Weathercock's CONTRIBUTOR.]

[2 The well-known treatise on Horsemanship by the Duke.]

P.S.—There was a benefit for Harmer at the Fives Court this morning, but I could'nt attend. I've just this moment received an express from a friend, which says—"I went to the Fives Court in the expectation of a *prime treat;* but it was most wretchedly attended by *lads of the fancy, knowing swells,* &c. and the *pugilistic nobs* were fewer in number than I ever remember to have seen before. To make the matter worse, they had a row *inter se*; and Tom Belcher was the only man amongst them who would *set-to.* His *bout* with Harmer was the best out of seven. The others were a mere display of *the roughest ruffianism.* Altogether it was *a complete do.*"

Addition.—The Editor[1] of the late edition of Chapman's Hymns of Homer has omitted, in his preface, one circumstance in their favour—viz., that they are in general prodigiously close versions. The opening of the hymn to Pan is nearly word for word with the original. The compound "*amorous of noise,*" as applied to the hairy God, Englishes φιλόκροτον very poetically: likewise the description of Neptune's preparation for battle, in the 13 Iliad, beginning Αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὄρεος κατεβήσατο παιπαλόεντος, &c. down to χαλκεος ἄξων. is both exact and splendid, but the fine idea of Ægæ shaking "*with his dread entrie,*" is Chapman's own entirely: Pope is full of sound and fury, and means nothing.

[1 Mr. S. W. Singer.]

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION. [1]

[We have made a little free with the following article from one of our most estimable correspondents; but a man who makes so free with others, must consider a little liberty with himself allowable:—besides, he is too exuberant not to spare something, and too lively not to forgive much.—Ed. L. M.]

> Be niggards of advice, on no pretence,
> For the worst avarice is—want of sense.—

My money paid—my book bought—here goes for the "feast of Belshazar."—Sir, you must wait a full hour—it is the fashion, and surrounded three deep with the *exquisites* of criticism.—Alas! poor Sterne, 'tis well thou art in thy grave—the cant thou hatedst most is here triumphant.—Alas! poor Belshazar—upon one wall thou sawest thy fate, and here thou art upon another enduring thy purgatory! Well, sir, "I can wait."—But I also am both a painter and a critic.—"The dog must have his day."—Are there no other pictures? Oh, yes, sir, there are 305 of them: and one—two—three—eight pieces of masonry under the title 'Sculpture.' Wouldst thou more of them? Well, then—landscape predominates;—not (with a few worthy exceptions to be hereafter noticed) the landscape of Tiziano, of Mola, Salvator, of the Poussins, Claude, Rubens, Elsheimer, Rembrandt,

[1 Ascribed to Wainewright on conjecture. London Magazine, April, 1821.]

Wilson, and Turner; but that kind of landscape which is entirely occupied by the tame delineation of a given spot: an enumeration of hill and dale, clumps of trees, shrubs, water, meadows, cottages, and houses; what is commonly called a *View*, little more than topography, a kind of pictorial map-work; in which rainbows, showers, mists, halos, large beams shooting through rifted clouds, storms, starlight, all the most valued materials of the real painter, are not.—"*Fulham Church from the West!*" "*A Mill!*" with a supplementary, careful, and needful notice, that it is "FROM NATURE." "*A study from Nature,*" (a pigstye!) mercy on us! Who taught thee, colour-abuser! to blaspheme the *mighty* goddess, by attributing to her the sordid contrivances of man? "Oh, I would have such fellows whipped! 'Pray you, avoid it!'—*Hamlet.* 'Amen!' But go on"—Game, dead and alive. Animals of all sorts. Birds of all feathers. Beasts of all bristle. Noah's Ark disembogued! Pidcock at large! The dry bones of the preserves in the Leverian collection alive again! Adam and Eve's Courtiers! Buffon, Audebert and Le Vaillant, framed and glazed without the descriptions. Seriously this class is too full. We can eat partridge often; *mais toujours perdrix!* "The proverb is somewhat musty."—There is a glut of puppies and rats, sheep and dung-hills. "Nay, look at Edwin Landseer's *Seizure of a Boar* (220); it is full of life and action! What a nerve-tearing screech he sets up, as the dog's white teeth break through the gristle

of his ear! I think (though I confess that I am no judge) that it equals Snyders."—You are mistaken. It does not, and cannot, even in execution; the colouring is weak—tone and harmony wanting, and in choice of subject holds the same distance from Snyders, as Brauwer does from Rubens—Then, where lies the pleasure of seeing an innocent animal tortured? The wild Boar of the Fleming is an awful brute, ferocious, blood-delighting. One makes up one's mind that he is an aggressor—and the nervy-knee'd dogs are ministers of justice. He is a savage yager, *Sylvanus*, a wild woodman unsympathetic with man, an affecter of gnarled forests; but this miserable swine is cockney, tame, suburban—the property of Poor Widow Hill, who keeps the little green shop at the corner, and would beget greater pity for his tattered auricular, if his filth and stench did not produce disgust. As it is, I long to horsewhip the young rascals (they'll come to the gallows) who have tarred on the "twa curs." I don't envy the heart of him who can dwell on the needless sufferings and death agonies of helpless animals, without any apparent purpose, but that of gain, or drawing worthless praise of his manual dexterity. Probably Mr. Landseer will favour us with the picture of a *dog tearing out the bowels of a strong cat*, the affectionate pet of some venerable adult, who would not kill a spider. I know such a one who, without any conventicle cant, reverences her God too much to maltreat or despise the apparently meanest of his all-praise-exceeding works. I was

told the other day of a living artist who, when a child was run over by a cart before its own loved home, and the bankrupt mother stood rigid as stone, staring with maniac agony on her crushed darling, calmly and deliberately gazed on her 'to study the expression,' as he called it!! I care not to know his name. My friend assured me, on his honour, that he did not belong to the Academy (I never imagined that he did); but let me take this opportunity to assure him that, as a man, I hold him in the most sovereign contempt, not to say detestation! Now to something pleasant: give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary! Here is a pretty fragrant Landscape by Miss Landseer, "A painted Ode to Evening" (10), which has, in the chiaroscuro, something of my favourite Stothard about it. I should like to hang it up in my little study very much; where, in fancy, I would lie passively, *lentus in umbrâ*, under that cool canopy of leaves, and see the kine pass slowly homeward through the twilight, and smell their sweet breath, and hear the distant clank of the sheep bell; and mark, chaste Eve!

> Thy dewy fingers draw
> The gradual dusky veil.[1]

[1] This beautiful hymn of Collins makes, in my opinion, the nearest approach possible to the cadence and measure of Horace's ode 'Ad Fontem Blandusium.' I wish Mr. Elton would essay it, and let us have it in the next number. Once already he has translated it in an equal number of lines with great success. (See his elegant work "Specimens, &c.") These volumes are sufficiently obscure (Mr.

There is a Portrait next to it (11, Cupid) by Jackson, the imitator of Sir Joshua. I can't say I see any thing in it but some rich colour, which is not in its neighbour, "The Importunate Author," by Newton (12): the latter, by-the-bye, has great merit in its line; the expressions are true and humourous, the costume correct and well arranged, the back ground appropriate and walk-inviting;

Elton having offended some college pedant by his just strictures on the Æneid) to induce me to transcribe it entire, not doubting the reader's hearty thanks. It is, as he perceives, extremely poetical; and the unlearned (no disrespect is intended by this phrase) may assure himself that it is abundantly faithful. He cannot do better than get the book, as I have the more he drinks of its pure waters, the greater will be his thirst :—

Oh Blandusia's fount! more clear
  Than glass; oh, worthy luscious wine
And sprinkled flowers; let dawn appear,
  A goat shall then be thine.

With budding horns his forehead teems,
  And love and battle tempt his pride;
In vain :—his blood with scarlet streams
  Shall stain thy ice-cold tide.

The dog-star's flaming hours descend
  Unfelt; and o'er thy limpid pool
Stray flocks, and plough-worn oxen bend,
  To breathe thy lovely cool.

Thou too shalt roll ennobled waves,
  While the green oak inspires my theme,
That canopies the rocky caves,
  Whence leaps thy babbling stream.

the attitude of the patron is simple, and yet elegant; and his whole appearance is not unlike to Charles Kemble in Count D'Anglade,[1] though the dress of the former is red and the latter black, if I remember rightly; but it is five years ago. I have seen Farley put on exactly the eager anxiety of the big-wigged poet. Now we have some pictures by Wilkie, nothing particular, saving the character of importance and self-appreciation in the Highland Piper, blowing the *mort;*" and the prodigious pleased astonishment of the child in arms behind him.

(16). Hebe. Sir W. Beechey. A picture which must grieve his judicious friends, while it gratifies his unjust maligners.

(20). W. Linton.—The Landing of the Trojans in Delos. This is a sweet classical composition of that fast-improving Landscape-Painter. It is evidently an imitation from the style of Claude, as reflected by Turner, and would have been better had Mr. L. trusted to his own eyes, instead of those of the last mentioned great genius. *Second* hand is bad! What must third hand be? Nature first, Claude second, Turner third. Added to which, Turner has great, dashing faults, which would sink an ordinary artist. Like Fuseli, therefore, he is a most unfit model. The foreground of this scene is well and genially *designed*, but most weakly and ungenially *coloured*. Glaze it richly up with ivory black and a little lake, and you

[1] In the Melo-Drama of the Portfolio.

will have something far nearer Gelée. I can't do justice to Mr. Stephanoff's inventions, which I believe have a good deal of merit; for his *touch* always comes across me like the relish of magnesia. It is so meagre and chalky; he wants fatness and marrow. "*The painful Bite*" (33). Mr. T. Ward adds to the good opinion I entertained of this artist's talents. The expression of the curly puppy licking his bleeding foot, divided betwixt pain and a liquorish itch again to adventure *the rat* (I *believe* it is) in the cage, is well caught. Vincent's "*Dutch Fair on Yarmouth Beach*," (36) deserves a good substantial notice. I am sorry I have not time to do it. He must accept my excuses and sincere wishes for his success. The purchaser of this gay, yet chaste, painting would not repent his bargain.—I thought of treating Mrs. Geo. Anesly (39, an "*Italian Flower Stall*,") as an amateur; but she is too strong to require it; therefore let me hint, that she is getting a little mannered in the colouring of her female heads. Variety in her living models is the best caustic to eat away the rotten part. Mr. I. Crome has an enviable "*Heath Scene near Norwich*," in which the student may see how much a subtle observation of the elements, in their wild moods, does for a most uninteresting flat. *This view* is not at all like a mere topographical delineation. It assumes a much higher station. Gandy has a fine classical *composition* (43), "*A Landing Place to the Temple of Victory*," in a singular taste of colour. He should study this handmaid to design a little more.

"*A Farm Yard,*" by I. Ward, R.A. (47) is of course admirably handled. No man has greater power of pencil; which would shew out more shiningly, if freed from the gyves, with which a desire of imitating Rubens fetters it. If I might venture to advise such a master of colours, I would hint that the sky is rather out of harmony with the general warm tone of the part terrestrial; the ramifications of the boughs, in the back ground, are "*marvellously crooked;*" they are quite caricatures. I must hurry on, otherwise I would compliment more at large (52) "*the Horse, Cur, and Shepherd's Dog* (*vide* Gay's *Fables*), Mr. T. Ward. The different expressions are very vivid, and the story completely told. The guardian of the flocks is a perfect philosopher, a Socrates. Mrs. Terry has a pretty *Recollection of Edinburgh.* "Her own sweet" (an old epithet for *auld reekie*) native town —and Mr. Samuel, an agreeable, unpretending view, from an agreeable spot, "*King's Weston place,*" (I know it well) *at the Junction of the Avon with the Severn.*" Three sides of the first room are done.—Well, if the architect had stopped here; but, unfortunately for me, he fancied a fourth; and cruel artists have covered it with their brain-and-hand-labours.

Corragio then! Gee up, old dobbin! Lo! he pricks up his ears at the sight of those vigorous dogs in the turnip field. (67. "*Pointers, to ho!*" Ed. Landseer.) They are indeed well drawn, full of vitality and acuteness: but they demand strength of chiaroscuro tone, appropriately coloured

backgrounds, to give them value: and I don't think that their hinder quarters are very characteristically touched; the surface is rather satinny than "*crinite*," and the whole picture wants solidity and breadth. "*The Lion disturbed at his Repast*" (78, by the same) labours under a similar ignorance of the art of *making up the picture*. The lion's head is sadly deficient in nobility; and the snake reminds me too much of a large eel. Sound knowledge of anatomy is displayed in the nervous, sinewy paws of the savage; and his furry coat and coarse mane are ably touched. The antelope, as far as execution goes, deserves praise; but its large glazing eye, blood-shotten with agony, and the gore-choaked mouth, so lately fragrant with the dewy herb, presents to the healthy eye not "an image of legitimate terror, but of frigid horror." Stark has two very superior landscapes, (69 and 76); but eulogy of mine is vain, after the approval of that able judge, Thos. Phillips, Esq., R.A., who has given the highest proof of his admiration by purchasing "*The Grove Scene*," (76.)

I would fain now say something about Martin's ***Feast*** but it is impossible to see it at present; for a mob of fancied connoisseurs, the sounding dogmatism of whose remarks is equitably balanced by their emptiness and folly—so have the goodness to cast your eyes up on the right of it here! That is a very tasteful, gentle thing, is it not, very pleasingly coloured without affectation? (74. *Composition from a description of Pœstum.*) The inventor, Arnald, A.R.A. has lately made some

most interesting and clever views on the Rhine and Meuse (published, I think, by Messrs. Rodwell and Martin, or Hurst and Robinson); and I gladly take this opportunity of recommending strenuously the work of an industrious, improving, sterling artist. I had thought to have given it a more detailed notice before this; but I will not neglect it long. I am at present dreadfully in arrear with regard to embellished publications,[1] and I feel myself bound to make an apology for such neglect to their respective proprietors; for, in my opinion, he who has any power, however small, of commending obscure merit to due honour, and does it not, commits an act of injustice. His exertions, it is true, *may* not contribute to "the creature-comforts" of the object of his care; but is genuine, unbought sympathy, and a knowledge that its powers are appreciated, nothing to the sensitive mind? Does not judicious uninterested praise flow softly, like honey-dew, on the lacerated heart of the poet and artist, drowning past slights and difficulties in Lethe's dull lake? Say no longer, then, mental sluggard, that *thou* can'st profit nothing. Patient, spurned genius, if thy wrestlings on its behalf with worldlings do not achieve every thing, still they may do much. They may preserve it from the fate of Kirke White and that shining meteor, John Keats.

[1] In the mean while, let me counsel the admirer of beautiful scenery to purchase W. Westall's cheap and faithful *Views of the Lakes*. Three numbers, folio.

They may keep its bright flame burning clear to the last.

Mr. Barrett's *Wood Scene with Cattle* (91) is poetical, reposing, and very obnoxious to the following neglected picturesque lines by Mr. Leigh Hunt.

—— O shady spots of ground
What calmness ye strike round,
Hushing the soul as if with hand on lips !
And are ye seen then but of animal eyes,
Prone, or side-looking with a blank surmise ?

* * * * * *

O ye, whom ancient wisdom, in its graces,
Made guardians of these places ;

* * * * * *

You finer people of the earth,
Nymphs of all names, and woodland Geniuses,
I see you, here and there, among the trees,

* * * * * *

This hum in air, which the still ear perceives,
Is your unquarrelling voice among the leaves.
And now I find, whose are the laughs and stirrings
That make the delicate birds dart so in whisks and whirrings.

There are the fair-limbed Dryads, who love nooks
In the dry depth of oaks,
Or feel the air in groves, or pull green dresses
For their glad heads in rooty wildernesses,
Or on the golden turf, o'er the dark lines,
Which the sun makes when he declines,
Bend their white dances in and out the pines.

* * * * * *

Too far for me to see, the Limniad takes
Her pleasure in the lakes.
She, that with hills about her, loves to be
At once at home and at her liberty.
Far off I fancy, 'twixt their bowery isles,
Her and her sisters playing their sweet wiles
About a boat, which one of them sits in
And will not let them win;
Till comes a sudden gust, and parts them with new smiles.

Nor can I see the lightsome-footed maids,
The Oreads, that frequent the lifted mountains;
Though by the Muse's help I still might shew,
How some go leaping by the laughing fountains
Down the touched crags; and some o'er deep ravines
Sit listening to the talking streams below;
And some in sloping glades
Of pines lie musing ——— [1]

I break the tenth commandment when I luxuriate on the sight of this rich landscape, so I will tear myself away.

The Interior of a Cottage (99), S. W. Reynolds, is quite a minikin Rembrandt. This gentleman has several other very clever bits.

Cupid and Psyche (109), Etty. This artist's study and practice have been intense, and out of all proportion to the results. Power of pencil, agreeable surface, firmness of touch, pulp, and a systematic plan of colour may be acquired, and these he has: but that transcribing the common limbs of the Academy model will not instil into the mind images of beauty, dignity and high pathos, nor servile copies from the antique create invention, he is an instructive living proof. The

[1] *Foliage*, 1818, p. vi—xiii.

heads of Amor and Psyche would be vulgar if they were not mawkish, and disarm critical severity by meek imbecility. The drawing is feeble, the handling and colouring of the figures shadowy; and [they] consort ill with the common unraised humanity of their forms, which are little better than Albert Durer's famous *Adam and Eve*, only more fleshy, gristly, or rather woolly. Yet, with all these defects, the painting has great merit in its class, which is what Vasari calls the *ornamental:* the silver clouds invite by their pillowy fleeciness and sunny warmth—and there is quite a touch of poetry in the gorgeous colour of Cupid's pinions:

> Celestial plumes! That not like mortal hairs
> Fall off or change.————
>
> Cary's *Dante.*

The best picture of Etty's for invention and expression that ever I saw, was his *Drunken Barnaby.* I trust he has sold his *Hercules and the Man of Calydon*, as well as his *Pandora;* if, however, this last brilliant sketch remains in his *atelier*, and its price would come within my limited means, I should like to have it. Christmas's *Puss in Danger* (108) is a very terrific thing. The grim demon of a bull-dog, who interrupts the cat in her unhallowed dalliance with the rat, has some analogy in my fancy with Lanciotto, Lord of Rimini, scaring *the Lovers* from their forbidden delight. It will make a kind of companion to Fuseli's celebrated picture, now I believe at Liverpool.

I begin to find myself overstepping my Editor-

prescribed limits (*I* am not the Editor—I wish I was), and I must intreat those gentlemen, who may imagine they are slighted, to consider the brevity of my notices as occasioned, not by their want of merit, but my want of space. And first, if I was sufficiently grateful for the pleasure I received from Mr. Willes's delicious *Landscape-composition from* the Electra *of Sophocles* (114), I should fill three pages. As it is, all I can say is, that its sweet remembrance will, I trust, bear me not infrequent from the yellow bricks of St. James's to the wild shores of inhospitable Tauris, lashed by "the savourie brine." Gandy's *Landscape composition from Collins's Third Eclogue* (142) is full of fancy, beauty, and singularity. I like his drawings far better than his oil pictures. I grieve that I can only *name* Hofland's *River Usk* (163) and young Landseer's capital picture of *the Rival Candidates* (two dogs contending for a stick thrown into the water by some shepherd boys). Mrs. Carpenter's *Italian Peasant Girl* manifests a very gentle taste and sweet feeling for beauty—a great scarcity in this exhibition. I can safely say the same for my favourite De Wint's *Ambleside Mill* (168). There seems now a little opening to Martin's Picture, and I am expected to say something about that which has created so great an interest. If I have time, I will return to Hilton's *Penelope and Ulysses*, though it is as well for him that I should not; for at present I must say that his powers are in a state of stagnation. "O Ebony! O Gold!" as Theocritus says on a different occa-

sion, here is *the Black Frame* and its gull-gathering contents!—I must request the compositor for a new paragraph.

So!—Well, how! Shall I speak out, or not? "Aye! it is *sold*, you see, and to a brother artist, Collins, R. A!!"—Bravo! That's fine! it warms the heart, and gives the lie nobly to those fellows, reputation's blow-flies, who buzz about with festering whispers of the envy of rivals. "But what of the picture?" Frankly then, it does not please me, if considered as an embodying of the passage in Daniel.—Martin succeeds best when every thing is left to his own imagination; which circumstance alone is no mean proof of his talents. —His *Adam and Eve* thrust through the rocky wall of Eden (a landscape-composition) was heart-quelling and sublime; but the "blasted heath," in his *Macbeth*, was completely missed. It had none of that vast, illimitable-black-level barrenness which stamps on the mind such a chilling image of bleakness and desolation, mingled with curdling awe; but, on the contrary, was cut up into a thousand littlenesses, which peremptorily arrested the sweep of the eye. Some of the hollows looked like gravel pits;—there were bare patches whence turf had been cut for Mr. Any-Body's Garden; and, bating the mountains and lake which seemed very much ashamed of themselves, it put me in mind of Hampstead Heath in the winter. Neither did the sky make any amends;—it was fidgetted, tattered, fantastic, and petty: when it should have been massy, simple in

its forms, sulphurous, thunder-charged, louring, and ominous. The tone was feeble and without *gusto*, the colouring weak, chalky, inappropriate, and the figures both in conception and execution —ludicrous, only that one grieved to see a clever man so mistaking his powers. Notwithstanding these objections, one little alteration would have rendered it an extraordinary production, viz.— simply eracing the figures from the canvas, and the misnomer of "*Macbeth, and the Weird Sisters,*" from the catalogue: leaving the spectator to assign to it what sentiment seemed most just. His "*Sadak*" (exhibited some years ago) was a true offspring of legitimate terror; but excited little or no attention. *Joshua* had very great merit. I never saw his *Sack of Babylon;* but I was satisfied of its general demerits by a panegyric on it, written, I was told, by a Flower Painter, who teaches at an "Establishment for Young Ladies!" Is it not dreadful to think that an artist's bread may hang on the fiat of such necessarily unskilled, incompetent, and generally uneducated folks, with their little confined notions of art? I have always been a warm, and, I trust, judicious advocate of Martin's fair fame, and never till this present have I either written or spoken one word detracting therefrom; but the mischievous, hyperbolic trumpetings of his friends (not one of them, I verily believe, values him half so truly as myself) have forced from me the foregoing observations; and if the ensuing shall prove equally distasteful to him, he must lay the sin to their account, not

to mine. I shall not go about to describe it,—that has been done to satiety in all the public prints;—suffice it to say, that the whole scene seems to me rather a theatrical pageant—a presentment of unknown fire works before a barbaric Prince (a king of Ashantee for instance), of which the old black figure standing on the table, like a speaker at *the Freemason's*, is showman—than the arena of a real courage-blasting portent. There is too much bustle, noise, hubbub and screaming, for any real supernatural awe. It is either common affrightment or mere simulation. The groups are only groups in the last scene of a melo-drama. These gaudy minions have self-possession enough to hurry and scamper, as if from a mad ox or dog. Belshazar himself stands in an imposing attitude firm on his legs; but what says our weighty, majestic translation of Daniel. "Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him so that *the joints of his loins were loosed; and his knees smote one against the other.*" Has Mr. Martin any thing in his whole picture, which harmonizes with this noble passage? Does it not at once render his women Bartlemy dolls, and men, wire-strung puppets? Now let us consider the *tone* (*colour* Martin never had, and it would be useless to upbraid him with the want). His *forte* lies quite another way; which is a knack of including a multiplicity of small parts, animate or inanimate, in some enormous area, natural or artificial. The tone then is most decidedly inappropriate and unfeeling; more befitting a gala passing

off pleasantly, than the scene of a soul-chilling prodigy. Instead of dimness, a bloodless pallor, a mental blight visible, as it were, to the corporeal senses (often seen in the magic visions of Van Ryn and Fuseli), ornaments of gold, crowns, and circlets, losing their richness, emeralds and rubies their colour and glow, and diamonds their sparkle —instead of this, I say, which would have shown the genuine poet, the possessor of "that power which draws all things to one which makes things *animate and inanimate, take one colour*, and serve to one effect:"—instead of this, Ophir has poured forth her gold, and "the farthermost steep of India" its jewels, to blaze out with their most dazzling effulgence in the very face of the fiery warning; mating themselves with the sunbeams, mocking the watery moon. Mr. Martin may even now mend all this much, by embrowning the foreground with a solemn, dusky glaze, through whose mysterious veil his laboured *argentry* may "gleam without shining." Better still would it be for him, if he could make up his mind to paint out all his little abortions, and renounce the ambition of becoming an historical painter; for which his professional education has in no ways qualified him, as his futile attempts on the human figure lamentably show. There is something more: the prophet says, "In the same hour came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote!" Did not Mr. Martin see that the omission of this circumstance was fatal to his power of conveying the story? Can he fancy that

his illuminated range of windows (meant for the dreadful MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN) renders it evident? A foolish suggestion, I am told, is hazarded in the Literary Gazette, viz. that *none saw the hand* but the king; but, granting this, what has it to do with the spectator of the picture? The poet can let you know, that there was an invisible hand; but the painter, who works with very different materials, must show it, or let the story alone. The Bible says, that the Satraps were astonied at the king. This chain of terror is exactly similar to the idea in Poussin's landscape, with the man who catches fear from the countenance of the woman at the spring, without beholding the object of her horror. This mode of treating Belshazar's vision would have a grand and impressive effect: not indeed novel, being adopted by Shakspeare into his Banquet scene with the ghost in *Macbeth*.

The magicians and soothsayers may be supposed to see the awful letters through the powers always poetically admitted to them.

> Chaldea's seers were good
> * * * *
> And Babel's men of age
> Are wise and deep in lore.

I have now done with finding fault; an odious task at all times: it curseth doubly, the finder and the find*ee*. If these honestly-meant strictures meet the eye of Mr. Martin, let him consider me not as a discourager, but as one who earnestly

wishes to guide his genius into a safer track to the temple of honour. I wished to have indulged myself in descanting on the accuracy of his perspective powers and the shadowy beauty of his distance; but, gentle reader, "my pen is at the bottom of the page," as Beppo says, and I dare be sworn thou art glad of it. Be it so; the critic must be criticised; but be thy judgment pronounced in the same spirit in which mine has; for be assured of it, pleasure has waited on my praise, and sorrow mingled with my censure.—"Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur," as the blue and brimstone cover on the back of the Edinburgh Review has it; but still, though as a judge I must pass sentence, my heart often weeps while I pronounce it: the hill of fame is steep and rugged, and foul befall the wretch who would unnecessarily encumber the child of genius, as he toils up its acclivity!

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.[1]

HERE BEGYNNETH A TEDIOUS, BRIEF TRACTATE ON

Ye Exhibition,

ENAMELLED WITH SUNDRIE STRAUNGE CONCEITES VERY PLEASAUNT TO REDE.

If my prologue tedious seem,
Or the rest too long they deem,
Let them know my love they win,
Though they go, ere I begin,
Just as if they should attend me
Till the last, and then commend me.
For I will, for no man's pleasure,
Change a syllable ; .....
Neither, for their praises, add
Aught to mend what they think bad;
Pedants shall not tie my phrase
To our antique author's ways,
Since it never was my fashion,
To make work of recreation.
This, or something like it, is in George Wither.

I HAVE a great notion that this article should have been written last month. "Aye! marry, should it, Mr. F. A.! that's already proved; and it will go nigh to be suspected so, shortly. Was not the late weather bad enough for the quivering nerves of your patients (prefix a syllable, friend! go on!) without enacting the Cyclops, hanging over them with hand uncertain where to choose, whetting your teeth with horrid delight, swallow-

[1 London Magazine, July, 1821.]

ing up the fattest with the eye of your œsophagus for a whole month together? Go to! thou art a naughty invisible, an unpunctual mystery!" "Nay! gracious Fractioso! I am always true as a toledo to the appointed day." "Yea, but it may be that, with the worthy Mr. Ramsden, thou dost sometimes err a little in the month." "Good! *you burn*, as the children say at *Hoodman blind*." Now, to proceed: I detest two parts out of the three, into which every discourse naturally divides itself: viz. the beginning and the end—and, again, of these two abominations, the latter is with me in the worst odour. To begin is a great exertion. I have made many attempts to jump over this seed or root, as it were, of an article, and have essayed to commence in the middle, as the Irish say; but with no success; and I find nothing so proper, as a nice, short, paradoxical sentence, after the theory of my old Scotch usher and the practice of our Mr. Table Talk.[1] This sentence induces another of greater length, wherein the plot thickens; a third completes the climax of obscurity, and forms commonly at once a paragraph and a proëm. By this time, hand and pen are warmed, ideas and ink flow freely, and hurry skurry on we go, "over park, over pale, through bush, through briar," struggle toughly up the hills, swoop triumphantly down the dales, and dash through the hissing torrent, with the heart of Achilles, or William of Deloraine, and with the eagle-conquering speed of Bürger's ghostly heavy dragoon! But now, as we approach the goal (the ninth folio of foolscap), dark fears

[1 Hazlitt.]

come across me, how to arrest my flaming course. Now I do envy Lieut. Hatchway's anchorage in the clover field, nay, even the son of Kehama, for whose landing Mr. Southey has provided as effectually, if not quite so pleasantly:—

> On—on they roll,—rapt headlong they roll on,—
> * * * * * *
> On—on they roll, and now, with shivering shock
> Are dashed against the rock that girds the pole,
> Down from his shatter'd mail the unhappy soul
> Is dropt—ten thousand thousand fathoms down,
> Till in an ice-rift 'mid the eternal snow,
> Foul Arvalan is stopt.

There was a *stop*, my countrymen!

But the Editor's trumpet sounds *Halt!* my pen is *bonâ fide* pulled up into line; this manœuvre, however, being performed on the fore legs, instead of the haunches, the master is in danger of tasting the grass, three feet beyond the nose of his steed.

I trusted, by this time, to have got upon my subject, as the composers say, but my will backs as obstinately as a cat,[1] and this arises from my incapability of fashionable feelings. For

> When the flowers are appearing
> In the blythe month of May;

and the smooth-shaven elastic lawns are smothered with lilacs and laburnams; when

[1] I assure the ignorant in domestic natural history, that this simile is as eminently proper for its truth, as any thing in the Chian, and, to the best of my belief, equally novel.

——— the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas ;

and the early birds shake away the moisture from the young twigs, in a "roarie" shower: then must I away from the suffocating streets and the dusty trees in the Park to the odorous pheasant-haunted groves of * * *, with its birch-covered steeps and bashful stream: and let the "monster London laugh at me," as Cowley says, it shall find it a hard task to draw me voluntarily back again. At this season, I change my nature, and feel most intimately the connexion between the animal and vegetable world—nay, more than half of me to the latter doth belong; water is as necessary as air:—
—a soaking shower re-invigorates me, and washes away the black vapours of the brain—my winter-likings and town enjoyments slide out of place, and seem to me great vanity and dross—even my selection of books must harmonize with the time of year. Homer loses considerably with me, and is postponed to the Georgics:—I can read a little of Wordsworth's *Excursion*, most of his *White Doe*, and many of his *Miscellaneous Poems*. Browne's pastorals find favour, and the song of the Nibelungen is laid aside. I have an utter distaste for Pope, and a most marvellous clinging to Chaucer's fragrant lusty descriptions of May scenery.[1] I wear out the boards of an Isaac Walton, with his *pious chansons*, every summer,

[1] See his *Flower and Leaf*, *Complaint of the Black Knight*, &c. &c.

and thumb the Fairy Queen most notably. (How can any poetical mind find it tedious?) With books like these, I can trifle away the summer hours, not without opportunities of benefiting others—the contemplative life preferring to the active; esteeming it, with old Chapman, "much more manly and sacred, in harmless and pious study, to sit till I sink into my grave, than to shine in our vain-glorious bubbles and impieties."

I said a little way back, that my tastes and likings seemed changed at this time. During the drizzlings of November and February, and the east winds of March, I enter with great gusto into the amusements of town. I see all new exhibitions; hear all new singers; frequent the sacred Argyll, the Cyder Cellar, the Opera, Long's, Colnaghi's, and the *Coal-hole*. I pore over Finiguerra's and Marc Antonios; rummage carefully the catalogue of Messrs. * * * and * * * *[1] &c. for old *bokes*, read one or two new ones, write articles, and inspect one magazine (the London), three reviews, one Sunday paper, and six weekly ditto. The Fine Arts *now* more especially sway me; and if the fit did not have an end, I should be in a fair way to go mad with enthusiasm. When I am seated on a comfortable Ottoman, under the light of my lamp, with a friend or two of congenial habits, having my books before me in their mahogany sanctuary crowned with some casts,

[1 Probably Payne and Foss. The latter was one of his trustees.]

full-sized, from antique busts and vases, statues round me, and the perfume of greenhouse plants from the ante-room;—when pictures regale my eyes; and the full sound of the harp and piano, with sweet voices from the inner room, my ears; when my tables groan with the weight of volumes of Raffaëlle, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Poussin, Parmegiano, Giulio, &c. &c. and the massive portfolio cases open wide their doors, disclosing yet fresh treasures within; then do I riot in immeasurable delight—I am great as Sardanapalus —I hold Sir Epicure Mammon in contempt—I am a concentration of all the Sultans in the Arabian Nights. Everything and every body seem *coleur de rose!* the coffee is exquisitely fragrant; the salver and spoons become gilt, the Worcester china, the rarest oriental. My interesting young friend * * * is Menelaus' Helen—and the Maraschino, flaming and dancing in its crystal bounds, becomes Nepenthes. But great pleasure is as troublesome as pain; and unable to fix calmly, I wander restlessly from the Delphic Sybil of M. Angelo to the Pietro Martire of Tiziano—from the Iö of Coreggio, to the admirable Ecce Homo of Rembrandt, from the weighty stanzas of the Vatican, to the fiery gallery of the Luxembourg—and from the voluptuous reveries and terrific dreams of Fuseli to the chaste monastic scenes of La Sœur, or the simple innocence of Bonasoni, not having admiration enough wherewithal to admire.

All this flies before the swallow. I babble of green fields, and run to them, while town gaiety is

at its height. I lose all relish for artificial existence: criticisms loathing, abjuring theatres, French dishes, French wines, and French fashions: rejecting ornament: scorning all gems:

> Save what the dewy morn
> Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
> Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass.
> *Wotton* or *Raleigh*

And when quietly bosomed in my cottage with the lady of my heart, I view the bright rim of the moon rising above the dark bosky screens on the steeps high above me, I would not exchange the distant bark of the dog for the full tones of Charles Young or Macready; the fresh odours wafted through my casement (guiltless of stained glass), for the Persian perfumes of Lady *****, nor the faint roar of the unseen water-mill, for the dulcet voices of sweet Kate, our Salmon, nor even Camporese; and much less for that of Madam Marinone or Signor de Begni. Rossini I care not much for; Beethoven moves me not; Paër hath but little power, and even Mozart—but no! amid this scenery his "*magic flute*" breathes more wildly, and "*Ah perdona*" pierces the heart with a still deeper pang of harmonious love. I have been watching the frolics of the lambs all day, and at night regret not the slender elegance of Milanie, the voluptuous agility of Noblet, nor the astonishing ease and precision of Fanny Bias! Pictures and prints affect me but little, excepting those of Claude, Rubens, Poussin, Ruysdael, Wilson, Turner,

Collins, the drawings of W. Daniel and De Wint, or the etchings of Waterloo, Vivares, Kolbe,[1] G. and W. Cooke, not forgetting the faithful aquatintas of W. Westall. Nested serene in this cool *greenery*, I am contented to sit unknown to fame and its concomitant detraction; coveting nothing so little as the task of writing an article on the Exhibition, with its unsavoury associations of heat and smother.

Nevertheless, here I am in London; have been twice to Somerset House; and now I must flourish my goose feather. What a miserable wretch is he who hath the practice of painting; and how doubly miserable to be obliged to show it in criticisms! Instead of placidly admiring, like the happy ignorant in these matters, the pictures which please him, he worries himself and others to death about some error in perspective, some weakness in drawing, a slight deficiency in keeping, or some unhappiness in the touch or surface, which no one else in the world can see but himself. I myself am as bigoted to all this delightful trumpery as anybody ever was; yet I loathe writing on it; still it must be done. I *must show* my science, or the *scavans* will deem me incapable, and my reputation as a judge is blasted. Others, again, will call it

[1] An admirable German artist, whose style of touching gnarled oaks age-mossed, and fore-grounds in general, surpasses the English even in a greater degree than they in their turn excel the French. If the reader doubt this, let him walk to Colnaghi's or Molteno's, and compare Kolbe's etchings with the Lithography of Mr. Hofland.

"affectations," and my popularity goes out like the snuff of a rushlight. This is Scylla and Charybdis. I shall accommodate my style to both parties and the respective pictures.

I must be allowed another objection or two. In noticing the works of contemporaries, it is difficult, if not impossible, for the honestest mind to separate prejudices from genuine opinions. I would cut off my forefinger (of the left hand) to be impartial, yet I never can satisfy myself that I am so. With several of our greatest artists I have the honour to be acquainted, and love sees no faults.—If I remark on the apparent deficiencies of * * * or * * * *, it is not that these deficiencies are offensive to me; but I have a morbid sensitiveness for their fame, which leads me to look with the eyes of the hard and inimical, so to prevent their unfeeling and brutal sneers.

Things that spring up under my nose dazzle me. I must look at them through Time's Telescope. Elia complains that to him the merit of a MS. poem is uncertain;—"*print*," as he excellently says, "settles it."—Fifty years' toning does the same thing to a picture. It is very possible, that Sir Thomas Lawrence and Phillips, and Owen, are as good in their way as Vandyke (and they have certainly less affectation). Wilkie may be better than Teniers, and Westall be as much the originator of a style as Coreggio. I really believe our posterity will think so; but in the mean time I am dubious and uncomfortable. I have not the most distant notion of the re-

lative merits of Claude and Turner, and am truly mystified by Stothard and Fuseli. The tremendous *Vision of the Lazar House*, by the latter, is a perfect staggerer, whether we regard the vigorous conception, the scientific composition, the daring locking together of the principal group, the harmonious colour, the grandeur of the drawing, the propriety of the tone, the breadth of chiaroscuro, or the successful impetuosity of his raging pencil.

If the reader anticipates a detailed account of the pictures in general, or even of those which he may deem the most prominent, he will be disappointed. Even if he should find me rather discussing the characteristic features of the artist's mind, than the immediate emanation of it before us, he must look to my motto, and be content; if not, let him turn to the Literary Gazette, or the Morning Herald, or any thing else he likes better. The great reason for being general instead of particular, is, that my memory is not retentive enough to carry away the pictures from Somerset House, home; there are too many of them: one drives out the other—all balance is lost. It is a scramble, where big Ben and tufty Tamburlane are sure to have the best of it. A Lord Mayor or Alderman in his gown will knock me down six cabinet Stothards. A bay horse, with a pea-green back ground, slays the guilty Eriphile over again. William Daniel is suffocated with the smell of a monstrous cabbage *from nature*, and a whole-length Knight of the Bath or military hero

in vermillion, shall trample into oblivion twenty heads by Phillips and Owen, the noble pair of friendly rivals. All this battling for popularity muddles my brains, and I sit down to my work without any precise ideas of what I am going to say. I can hold forth for an hour on Titian or Parmegiano, or Primaticcio; and will draw out off-hand, very correctly, the *Creation of Adam* by M. Angelo, the *Abraham and Isaac* of Vecelli, the *St. Girolamo* of Mazzuolo, or Raffaëllo's *Judgment of Paris;* nay, for Mr. Weathercock's favourite Rembrandt, I could dash it out in chiaroscuro blindfold, because I am gloating on the engravings from these masters all day long. I think I can do nearly as much for several pictures in the last year's exhibition; but the present is about as an agreeable confusion to me as Ariosto on the first perusal. But to begin in good earnest. Lo! here is that useful member of the Academy, Samuel Stronger, with his gracious nod—there, dark under the stream of light, rests Alcides (of whom some Newton in anatomy found out the other day that the muscles were more charged and exaggerated than his own pitiful models); and before me winds the stair, with ladies ascending and descending, like the Angels in Jacob's dream. "With your leave, good Sir, Madam, or Miss, I will halt on the first floor, and enter the Library."

Let us look at 1080, by Gandy. It is an imitation of Piranesi's *Capriccios*, consisting of various friezes and pieces of plate, and is very fanciful but wants keeping, solidity and breadth, in the

chiaroscuro: for this class of subjects demands the greatest attention to mechanicals. I would just as soon have this artist's *Mount of Judgment*, which he exhibited several years agone, as Martin's *Belshazar;* and there was an invention still farther back (by the same hand, I believe), which struck me very much—*the Interior of the Temple of Jupiter at Elis*, as described by Pausanias. I'll follow you into the Antique Academy, if you please, where we have a great curiosity, the first paper sketch ever publicly exhibited by Fuseli (530), *The Deliverance of Prometheus*, a grand composition; as which of the professor's is not? I never saw anything finer than the startled eagle, "the winged hound of Jove," heaving his ruffled plumes over the enduring Titan. An abyss yawns between him and the deliverer, who rises on the opposite peak bearing his deep-roaring bow. The round moon shines out broadly without a cloud on the ghastly scenery, whose blank desolation is unbroken by a shrub, a stump, a weed, or even a pebble. There is not an unnecessary or extraneous particle about this conception; as its parts are simple, so its whole is tremendous. This is the way to imitate and rival M. Angelo; by investigating his principles, and daringly acting on them; not pursuing the course of Pellegrino Tibaldi,[1] by copying the peculiarities of his design,

[1] I have not forgotten "that wonder of foreshortening, of conglobation and eccentricity," the *Elpenor on the Architrave* (Οδύσσ. κ. 552. Ἐλπήνωρ δέ τις ἐσκε νέωτατος, &c.); nor

or pilfering an attitude beyond the strength of the plagiarist to manage. I wish the room had been farther enriched by this inexhaustible inventor's *Prometheus Vinctus*, or *Achilles' Vision of Heaven*, with the corpse of the dusky Memnon in the foreground; or his large drawing of *Siegfried and the Linden-worm*—as it is, the admirers of genius must be contented. I hear he is now busily painting his *Lycidas* on a large scale ("What time the grey-fly winds his sultry horn") by commission: also *the first appearance of Undine in the Cottage of Ulrich.* Sir T. Lawrence, who already is the possessor of his voluptuous *Expectation, The Brunhild and Gunther*, and *Chriemhild weeping over the Body of Siegfried in the Cathedral at Worms*, has purchased the *Hero and Leander*, which composition a little resembles the rapturous embrace of Adam and Eve after the transgression, known by the large print of Mr. Haughton, the able miniature painter. The expression, however, of the *Sestian maid* is far more intense, and is in its way second to no picture I ever saw. The colouring I do not like; but the character of the wild sea is capitally seized—you may fairly hear

Polyphemus groping at the entrance of his cave, "who is truly, in the conception of the whole and in the detail of the parts, a self-invented being: a form than which M. Angelo himself never conceived one of savage energy, provoked by sufferings and revenge, with expression, attitude, and limbs more in unison." The same being, waking under the agony of the burning wimble, is energetic, if not original; but, in his *Ulysses and Circe*, I find nothing but posture.

the wind roaring round the tower. I would give a trifle for a feeling transcript of the priestess' head.—No. 559, *North Country Mails at the Peacock, Islington*, is a singular example of what may be done without the commonest notion of light and shade. No. 583 is a frame containing four views by Mr. Daniel for his *Coasting Voyage:* a beautifully accurate and chaste work. The enamels of Bone, R.A. and Muss are too well appreciated to require notice here; but I cannot pass by the charming female portraits (812 and 869), by the king of miniature painters, A. F. Chalon, R.A. without expressing my admiration of their freshness, beauty, ease, animation, harmony, and masterly execution. This gentleman is not merely the first in his profession, but nobody comes near him by full six degrees of merit. Nevertheless, the heads of Robertson, Haughton, Newton, and Hayter, are very clever; and there is a young lady, Miss L. Sharp, who promises to become shortly (if she be not already) a most formidable rival to these gentlemen. Be so good, my kind reader, to look at her half length of dear *Miss M. Tree* (who has been very ill, poor soul!) *in Viola* (868). Miss Eliza Reynolds, too, seems getting on rapidly, in every sense of the word:—and there are two pretty oil pictures by H. Corbould (494), and A. Perigal (499).

My business is not with the obvious and palpable, but with the neglected or misunderstood; for which reason I shall say little or nothing on portrait, cattle, familiar landscape, or what we

term common life—which subjects I find every body comprehends better than myself. There should be two of us—one for "Ercles' vein," and the other for the *gusto* of Holland. I never read above eighteen pages of Mr. Crabbe's poems; and having no touch of humour or simple nature about me, cannot relish above four or five of Mr. Wilkie's pictures, of which I have the prints. (*The Rent Day*, I esteem chiefly.) I look at them coldly; and instead of setting myself, as every critic should do, to discover intellectual beauties, I boggle at his colour. This is my fault, not his; and I love to hear him praised by a competent judge heartily—yes, i'faith, heartily. Mulready's *Careless Messenger* (134), which I have heard abused, hits my fancy stronger than either 131 or 37 by his great rival. I really *feel* this picture; which shows as much subtlety in expression, and is more painterlike, than the far-famed *blind fiddler!* The moiety of the kneeling boy's eye is worth a whole Jew's eye—so is the culprit's right hand. I could say a monstrous deal about the tall gawky lad leaning primly against the wall; and show every thing the painter intended *not* to show in his face; but there are many other pictures I must attend to.

We are now in the great room, reader, where, if you have no objection, we will sit down behind this gay party, who seem to be dealing about their remarks as freely as you and I do. "Whose is that?" "Fuseli's."—"La! What a frightful thing! I hate his fancies of fairies and spirits and

nonsense. One can't understand them." (Speak for yourself, miss!) "It's foolish to paint things which nobody ever saw, for how is one to know whether they're right? Isn't it, Mr. D——?" "Ha, ha! Very good indeed—'pon my life, you're very severe!"—What a pity that Fuseli should not have known all this earlier in life, that he might have abjured Oberon, and painted portraits of ladies and—joint stools. M. Angelo, Raffaëllo, Giulio, &c. were equally ignorant, or they never would have deluged us with such absurdities as angels, cherubim, gods, nymphs, satyrs, and tritons, creations just as ideal as the sylphs and satans of Fuseli; only a few hundred years have reconciled us to them. This is sickening stuff, yet it is as common as air. Stothard, whose taste of design is the antipodes of the fiery Keeper, meets with just as much misapprehension and contempt. For one person who talks of the juicy Hilton, we have ten who rave about Edwin Landseer and Captain Jones. The elegant Westall and the classical Howard are not much better off: and the spirited illustrator of Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, and Dante is forgotten before the bust of Turnerelli, or the ineffable fopperies of the effeminate Canova.

A little while ago some of the periodicals made a stir about Thorsvaldsen. I turned over a large volume of careful prints after the basso-relievos or alto-relievos of this sculptor, without meeting anything like an original thought or striking attitude. The whole series was cold, commonplace, and plagiaristic. Our countrymen are bitten, as they

were in Queen Bess's time, with a rage for every thing foreign: they go to Paris and purchase ephemeral lithography, indecent miniatures, wretched eye-cutting Napoleon medals, laborious brassy unartist-like prints by Desnoyers; to Antwerp, and gather mock Rubenses; and at Rome they contract by the gross for counterfeit cameos, modern antiques, oil pictures by M. Angelo (who never painted but *one* in his life), copies from M. Antonio, and thirty-times-retouched impressions of the *Last Supper* and *Transfiguration* of Morghen and the *Vatican Stanzas* of Volpato. These people come home and fancy themselves patrons of the Arts! So they are, but not of the *Fine Arts.*

I don't know that there is any thing new to be said on the portraits of Phillips and Owen; every body who has eyes or understanding knows that they are excellent. I wish Mr. Jackson, who is fond of imitation, would for once and for ever imitate these two gentlemen, by getting down from Sir Joshua's horse, and mounting one of his own: it is an awkward thing to ride on the tail, and not a little dangerous. At present he is fighting under false colours, as it were; and we are quite in the dark as to his natural style, unless (which Titian and Sir Thomas Lawrence forbid) *Macready in Macbeth* is a specimen of it. Mr. J. will excuse my remarks if he sees them, which is not likely; but really his portrait of the venerable Northcote is so good that it is a great pity it is not better.

I should not have been so officious as to mention the beautiful works of the President, if (as I

am told) several of the Grub-street critics had not presumed to criticise his *Lord Londonderry* in a most ignorant style. I will venture to say, that drapery never was more scientifically nor more gracefully arranged than the proud robes of the Marquis; and any one acquainted with the practice of art knows this to be the test of taste: the attitude is noble, and the drawing correct. What, in the name of fortune, would these pretenders have? Can any one of them tell? I trow, not. His *Princess Charlotte* has been long known by the delicate and masterly crayon drawing in Colnaghi's inner room; besides which, we are daily expecting the final proof from the burin of Mr. Golding. The expression of this ill-fated lady's eyes is exquisite—it is poetry—it looks like a dissolving air of Mozart—it is Lord Byron's idea, "the mind, the music breathing from her face," painted. I write this from the recollection of the drawing, which is my first love.

Lady L. Lambton is a perfect vision—a thing for a Nympholept to madden on—and is at the same time quite as like as necessary. Northcote's *Burial of the Princes in the Tower* (22) is his best work, and that in which he seems to have gone most beyond his ordinary level. The print by Skelton renders this fine thing well known. He has another historical subject (217), *The Marriage of Richard Duke of York to the Lady Anne Mowbray*, (1477).

The little *Watts Russels* (271), by Phillips, is a composition of great labour in the making up:

the coat of the dwarf poney is painted with singular felicity and richness of colour; so is the peacock's starry train. *The Murder of the Primate Sharp*, attended with such circumstances of cold-blooded cruelty, is hardly a subject for recital, except in history. The novelist has avoided it in a most masterly manner in his *Old Mortality;* but Mr. Allan was not so squeamish, and has dragged out the *daughter* to witness the horrid death-struggles of her silver-haired father. But while I condemn Mr. Allan's choice of a subject, his general execution of it has my warm and sincere commendation. Howard's *Sabrina* (62) seems to want more action and energy. It is surely altogether a little heavy, and does not, in my opinion, come up to his picture from another moment of the same story, exhibited at the British Institution a year or two ago. It is a pity that this last is not engraved; it would be extremely popular, both at home and abroad His *Titania*, curled amidst a world of virgin lilies, while her nymph-like elves roll round in giddy wheel under the wide moon's watery beams, was a lovely picture, and deserved greater commemoration than it received in a vignette to Ballantyne's Shakspeare. The story of his *Diomede and Cressida*, in the same book, is completely told, and the expressions are at once tasteful and true.

Thomson's *Bed-time* (77) is elegant and domestic: this gentleman's females are always very amiable and womanly—soft and dependent without tameness, gentle without insipidity, and warm with-

out immodesty. In hitting this delicate mark, he excels even Stothard, whose girls sometimes "smell most grievously of bread and butter," and degrade simplicity into inanity. A *Scene in Borrowdale*, by Collins (87) is very soothing and picturesque, but seems a little more like Gainsborough's than the artist's *natural* style; perhaps he will take this for a compliment—I don't mean it for one. He has a most delicious *Morning on the Kentish Coast* (154), which I verily believe keeps the Exhibition sweet and fresh! This picture is genuine landscape and accurate topography. It is the offspring of taste, feeling and skill, not of mere industry and servile transcription.

Miss Landseer's *View on the Grounds of Felix Hall, Essex* (112) is very well worth any one's attention; and there is one of the queerest little pictures, in respect to colour, by Stothard, that you ever saw (109): *Sancho relates to Don Quixote the famous visionary Interview with Dulcinea.* It was very prettily engraved in a small size by Raimbach for Mr. Sharp of Piccadilly who, unfortunately for me, does not retain a single impression. If any very charitable reader, who may possess Mr. S.'s edition of the *Spanish Don*, would have the kindness to cut out the four frontispieces, and send them directed to "Cornelius van Vinkbooms, care of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey," I shall be duly thankful (always provided they be not retouched); as I am, and have been for some time, making a collection of engravings from Stothard, and have not

at present more than 800; among which, however, are Mr. Weathercock's favourite series from *Robinson Crusoe*, by Medland! The smooth, spiritless, modern repetitions, with the name of Charles Heath, in Cadell's edition, I had, but have since turned them out.

Now look up to the top of the room, and tell me if the man who composed *Lysander, Hermia, and Puck*, (27, Singleton,) ought not to paint a thousand times better, and without such superabundance of *manner and flimsiness?* One year's occasional study from the antique, from the life, and from Ludovico Caracci, would restore all.

That is a very splendid picture of the modest Mr. Hilton's (*Nature blowing bubbles*); but I don't see why a fine plump young woman, lying under the shade of ardent sunflowers, on the sandy margin of a splashing fountain, and idly busied in bubbling water through a reed, should be dignified with the abstract title of Nature. However, it is not fair to try the ornamental style by the severe rules of the epic or dramatic. With Mr. H. the subject is merely considered as a vehicle for contrasted postures and effects of colour: of course it would be ridiculous to censure the artist for fulfilling his own intentions:—these intentions he seems to have completely achieved. His attitudes are well chosen; his grouping and chiaroscuro are pleasing, if not striking; his drawing is correct; (I must except the face of the fair-haired child with the cornal of convolvolusos, which smells a little of Rubens;) the colouring at once clean and

rich, gay and harmoious; his lights well impasted; his shadows transparent; and his execution airy, yet firm: delicate, yet bold. The *invention* is certainly rather commonplace; and Mr. H. has a complete disregard for *harmony of lines.* The folds of his drapery, and the forms of his wild plants and flowers, are awkward and stiff: they have been dashed in quite at random: he has never thought about them: and the effect on an eye accustomed to the grace and scientific drawing of Giulio, Parmegiano, Bonasone, and our Lawrence, Stothard, and Edward Burney, is very disagreeable. If Mr. Hilton will take the trouble to look candidly at G. Ghisi's large print of *Cephalus and Procris,* Bonasone's *Vendanges de Venus,* (Bartsch, vol. xv. No. 3,) or the arrangement of the curls in M. Antonio's *Dance of Children,* or his large *Supper* from Raffaëllo, he will instantly comprehend my objection. Whether he will condescend to pay any attention to this hint, I doubt; at all events, I have offered it with the most perfect good-will towards him, which I hope will excuse the freedom of the style. Those who, like myself, have closely observed this artist's progress, will no doubt join me in esteeming the flesh of his *Nature* as the finest he has yet produced. Her swelling breast palpitates.

I like J. Chalon's *Green-stall* (144) very much; it looks clean; there is *such* a pumpkin! as Grimaldi says.—No. 145, *Le Billet,* A. E. Chalon, R.A. is of course a most fashionable-looking scene: the arch expression of the young lady in the black

satin Spanish dress is very bewitching to my notions: and I wish that I had been the lucky man, instead of Mr. Chalon (it is a portrait); though very likely, for my own sake, it is just as well as it is. Heigho! but I must not be fickle, and, forget *Susanne*.[1]—No. 155, *The Interior of a Stable, with Portraits*, Agasse, is most naturally touched; and I am very glad that it has a place in this room. Howard has a poetical design from Spenser, *The House of Morpheus* (159), and Mr. Cooper a spirited *Portrait of a Hunter* (165); the sky background of which outrages nature without gaining effect.

In the corner stands *Sir Humphrey Davy* himself, by the President. The features are most scientifically and feelingly drawn; every shape is made out—nothing is blurred; yet the whole together is broad, light, dashing, and apparently even careless. Ward has a *Horse*, brilliantly painted, with great power of brush; and next to it is the *Eriphile*, of the Keeper—a picture of much force in the actions, colouring, and chiaroscuro. The composition is extremely simple and severe, and is rather monumental than picturesque. I think the attitude of the traitorous wife has been hinted at in the antique; if so, Fuseli has made a noble use of it. In the murky veil, which only half discloses the Furies pouring hot on the chase, the acute observer will detect some admirable tones.

[1] A picture in the last Exhibition.

The venerable *West*, by Sir Thomas, is of stirling merit—the ease and character of the attitude: the breadth, richness, depth, and grand sobriety, show at once the pre-eminence of the style of Titian over the too frequent blusterings and attitudinizings of Vandyke. The whole length of *Viscountess Pollington and her Child* (208) is a gentle and touching image of motherly tenderness; and, by possessing the power of exciting general sympathy, deserts the class of portraiture for that of history. It is worth a hundred of Carlo Maratti's *Madonnas*. Below this is a very pretty *Lady's Head*, by Pickersgill, which would be better, if it had more of Lawrence's spirit, without so much of his worst manner. Stothard has a large repetition of part of a smaller picture, exhibited some years ago, and which, I fancy, is engraving as a companion to the *Canterbury Pilgrims*. It represents a selection of Shakspeare's characters, from As You Like It, Lear, Macbeth, and The Tempest, together with Falstaff. It has, of course, great beauties, but wants fire both in the conception and execution. Miranda is innocence personified; and the group of Lear and Cordelia is worthy of the artist's ancient name; but the Macbeth is feeble, mean, and *mannered*, which latter fault pervades the whole picture.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth:
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance and Provencal song, and sun-burnt mirth!

O, for a beaker of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple stained mouth!

These beautiful lines, by the ill-fated Keats, are as beautifully embodied by Stothard in his glowing design of *The Vintage* (20),[1] on which I must dissert a little, before I leave the room. Danby's *Disappointed Love* does his feeling and powers of judgment the highest credit. The whole scene is completely filled with the primary idea; but, at present, this artist may be compared to Mr. Wordsworth's poet, wanting the gift of verse; and his picture, to an ugly woman with a beautiful mind. Mr. Danby has not apparently sufficient practice in oil colours to paint his own pathetic conceptions; and there are but few observers who will give themselves the trouble to hunt for beauty of design or invention, when the eye is discouraged by a forbidding execution. To point out particular faults, would be at present useless; another year of application will light me on my way more clearly. Leslie's *May Day* (8) is a very cheerful, pleasing picture; and, I believe, has enjoyed its full share of praise, though it is rather an object for one of Janus's sentimentalities, than for serious criticism—at least, I feel it so now, when I am tired to death of skipping from one thing to another—but, if I ever meet with it again, either in public or in private, I will try to do it more justice. There is a little too much of Smirke about it, in the expressions and postures, to please me.

I fancy I may now proceed to the ante-room, where I find a very clever group by Linnel: *Lady Torrens and Family.* It is unequal; but parts are drawn with great skill and precision; witness the fore-shortened leg of the fine vigorous little creature on its mother's knees. The girl with the pallet is a most interesting figure; and the cast of features, hair, &c., reminds one not a little of Leonardo or Luino who, I shrewdly suspect, are as great favourites with Mr. L. as they are with me. Look at his charming portrait of *Mrs. Brooks* (307), and tell me if I am not right. The tone of his flesh is too low to appear with advantage by the side of Phillips, Jackson, and Owen; otherwise, I think his principal work should have had a place in the *School of Painting*, at least: Pickersgill's *Morning* (340) might have made way; or Mrs. Annesly's Mistake, entitled *Satan*, &c. Martin's *Revenge* (379) would furnish matter for a very poetical article, but I must be brief; therefore briefly, Mr. M., if you value your own fame, brush out the whole of your frittered, shingly, gaudy foreground, together with those execrably executed figures; put it in again in a broad massy severe style, so as to set off the sublime distance, and you will have achieved a work to live in the recollections of our posterity, when not a thread of your canvas remains. Do not despise this advice, because the giver is unknown to you; it comes from the greatest master of effect that ever lived, Rembrandt van Ryn! and, for a proof of my assertion, I refer you to his *Jacob's Dream* in the

Dulwich Gallery, or his large etching of the *Three Crosses;* from which you will practically learn how materially terror is increased by obscurity. This is a truism; nevertheless it seems quite new to Mr. Martin. S. W. Reynolds, jun., appears to possess talent; therefore I am sorry he does not strive to imitate nature, rather than the *manner* of Sir Joshua's *faded* pictures. This is not the way to rival his great namesake, but it is the way to draw on him a repetition of the contemptuous classification which confounded among the servile crowd the names of Salviati, Leandro Bassano, Baroccio, Allessandro Mazzuolo, Jordaens, Bramer, Flink, and Eeckhout. See Reynolds's Works, Sixth Discourse. Over the door, we have a *Hebe* by a gentleman of the name of Stroehling; and, I think, it can be safely set down without flattery as about the worst thing in the Academy. The President's *West* and *this* are the alpha and omega of modern portrait. *Cat Grove,* with the *Winter Night's Fight between the Gamekeepers and Poachers* (435, H. Corbould), has a great deal of merit—so have Nos. 366 and 421, by the Bones. Lane's *Portrait of Dr.* * * * (427) is not only well painted, as becomes a late pupil of Lawrence, but absolutely *more like than the original.*

Poor Relations, by Stephanoff, evinces very great and deep observation of nature. The expressions are vigorous and true; the whole conception harmonized with a poet's power; that is, every thing about it tells the same story; it is pregnant with good sense (a great scarcity in modern art) and

good feeling—it is a moral picture; it holds the mirror up to the world, and shows it the horrid deformity of its cold-blooded prejudices. We are all of us acting the part of this *Old Lord Luxury* in his easy chair every day, and are not aware of it, in spite of Tom Jones and Mr. Stephanoff. I shall see the better for this *couching* as long as I live; so, I trust, will many more of us. This is being really a *painter*, not a mere ornamental colourist like Mr. * * * * I have not time to point out all the variety of intelligence which is combined in this little picture; but I think that our *Elia* would manage it beautifully—let me suggest it to him. I must, however, before I go, compliment Mr. S. on the extreme modesty, freshness, innocence, and beauty, of the girl's head; a fair young rose from a drooping stock. I never saw a more interesting countenance. He was quite right in making her handsome, which is just as probable as that she should be the reverse; besides, his object was to strike at once on the *sympathy*; and beauty in distress will always excite pity, where deformity will create disgust! There is still great room for improvement in the mechanical parts, especially *mellowness of touch and surface*; but, these difficulties being overcome, Mr. S. will find himself at once in a higher rank than the delineators of bitten apples, cut fingers, and all the long list of the results of mere diligent observation and patient imitation of objects intrinsically worthless, and devoid of the genuine elements of either humour or pathos. I hope that *Poor Rela-*

tions is sold—if not, allow me to say, that £150 could not be better laid out by a patron of art, than in the purchase of it. This is entirely my own valuation. I never saw Mr. S. in my life, and have no sort of communication with any one belonging to him; but I have casually heard a very high character of him for industry, and for struggling most worthily for fame and a livelihood under truly disheartening circumstances. To this moment, I believe, he has never met with any thing like adequate reward. If this be true, I need say no more to an Englishman. Perhaps an effectual way of serving the artist, would be by causing a good engraving to be published at the risk of such individuals as may choose to enter into a subscription for that purpose, the profits to be handed over to Mr. S. I am too much occupied, and my name is too obscure, for me to appear as a leader in this scheme; but what I can, I will; my ten guineas (and I wish they were twenty) are ready when called for; and one line to *Mr. Fine Arts,* care of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, shall produce them in the course of two hours from receipt of notice.

Several excellent pictures still hang on my hands; among which are Stothard's *Vintage,* Callcott's *Dover Castle,* Etty's gorgeous *Cleopatra,* Clint's *Scene from Lock and Key,* the sketch (*Jealousy*) by the unwearied Keeper, the landscapes of Sir G. Beaumont, Cooper's *Decisive Charge of Cromwell at Long Marston Moor,* Phillips's *Lady Harriet Drummond,* Captain Hastings's *Storm*

off the Cape, the beautiful works of Mr. Constable, W. Daniel's tremendous *Sea in the Bay of Biscay* (an admirable composition), Stark's *View near Norwich*, and *The Quarrelling Scene between Sampson and Balthazar, Romeo and Juliet*, by the improving Briggs. Most of these demand a much longer notice than my limits will allow; but I regret the omission the less, as they are all able to stand by themselves without my feeble props. I promise myself the pleasure of recurring to those of Fuseli, Stothard, Daniel, and Etty, at some future period —till when, I bid farewell!

CORNELIUS VAN VINKBOOMS.

June 18.

P.S. Dear me! I've quite forgot the Masonry!

P.S. 2dus. Mr. Elton will have the goodness to accept my sincere thanks for his unexpected compliance with my wish. I take his compliment, addressed to the Editor, all to myself, I assure him. Could he not afford the public some more selections from Nonnus or his favourite Apollonius? I suppose that Mr. E. has seen the note prefixed to some selections from his *Musæus*, in the preface to Marlowe's Hero and Leander, edited by Mr. Singer.

C. Van Vinkbooms, his Dogmas for Dilettanti.[1]

No. I.

RECOLLECTIONS IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Down by a flowery greene I went,
Full thick of grass, full soft and sweet,
With flowres full faire under feet,
And little used, it seemed thus:
For both Florà and Zepherus,
They two that makè flowrès grow,
Had made their dwelling there, I trow!
* * * * * *
For all the wood was waxen greene,
Sweetness of Dewe had made it waxe.
It is no needè for to axe
Where there were many greenè greves
Or thicks of trees, so full of leaves,—
And every tree stood by himselve
Fro th' other, well ten foot or twelve,
* * * * *
With crops broad, and eke as thick,
They were not an inch asunder,
That it was shady o'er all under;
Through here I romed wonder fast
Down the wood, so at the last
I was aware of *a man in black*
That sat in a church-yard and turned his back
To an oak, an hugè tree.
"Lord," said I, "who may that be?
What aileth him to sitten there!"

Chaucer.

[1 London Magazine, September, 1821. These Vinkbooms papers are perfectly in Wainewright's manner, although in one or two places he tries to throw us off the scent. *Aut Weathercock Aut Diabolus!*]

THIS will be, in all probability, a short article. For, as I am now sitting in a church-yard, seventy-three miles from London, without a single book either in my pocket or portmanteau, I must put my trust for fine phrases in my memory, which is not to be relied on—and in my brains, which are little copious. On this very account, however, I am determined, with a parity of reasoning which induced the Latins to derive *lucus* à *non* lucendo, and our late Mr. Drama to pitch on Salisbury Plain as the fittest station for penning a critique on *Convent* Garden (as Ld. P— writes it), to describe a few pictures in the British Institution, and two or three prints for books besides, which, as I said before, are seventy-three miles distant from my "*visual eye.*" I have likewise three motives for my present action, which the gentle reader shall have, whether he likes it or not: 1st, I am lying on the cool grass, on a very elevated spot not five miles from the green salt sea; and a due approximation to the wandering clouds is held by Dr. Johnson to favour the wit: 2dly, (which is the consequence of the first, though not syllogistically so,) I have a wonderful "exposition" to gossip about Michael Angelo, Tristan le Leonnois, Major Cockburn, Goethe, (I beg pardon, respected Editor! but what, in the name of Sathanas, set somebody two or three numbers back a-*Mistering*, eight or ten times in a page, M. le Baron John Wolfgang Von Goethe?) Keats, "La Demoiselle qui songeoit," and the like: and, 3dly, I am promise-bound for not less than four pages on something this month.

Therefore, my unknown friends, as soon as my messenger returns from the village with some materials for writing, I shall expostulate a few of the above-mentioned to ye. Now, in the meantime, I give ye leave to express your wonder at my choice of site; and as it is rather early in the day, and as I know how ye all love my nice little preambles, I have no objection to tell *briefly* the why. Be it known, then, that I have three things in great estimation, viz. to sit lazily on an eminence which commands a rich prospect,—to be shadowed by the thick trees while the gay sun shines around me,—and to enjoy solitude with the consciousness of neighbourhood. Here they are all—for the church-yard is the summit of a short but steepish hill, feathered with the finest plantations of oak, the white-barked ash, beeches, noble pines, and lofty acacias, which rise like columns out of broad sweeping meadows, soft and level as a garden lawn. Their high hedges are smothered with hazel; and the wood strawberry runs luxuriantly over the banks, decorated with wild flowers, "yellow, and blue, and white."—Down in the hollow, crossing the front of the ancient white church, there is a clear trout stream, winding along like a snake, in some places among marshy ground, rugged with brambles, thorns, and snaggy stumps, forming a fine contrast with the smooth massiness of the high-stemmed trees on the uplands. The church-yard itself is one of the prettiest of its kind; I am quite in love with its irregular little paths—the more ancient paved with flags and red brick, and

the recent with sifted gravel. It looks as if it were clean and neat from nature, not from art: the herbage is long and thick without rankness; there is not a nettle in it to alarm ladies' silk-covered ancles; the few yews are dark, but not dismal; the circling hedge of living *laurel*, of the brightest green I ever beheld; and its whole appearance, *tumuli* and all, is as domestic, cheerful, and snug, as if it were kept in such apple-pie order for the better seducing folks to come and be buried.

Two of my requisites are tolerably well made out, and the third will not cost me much more trouble. With regard to neighbourhood, the village is so near that I can hear the little boys and girls playing by the duck-pond at the bottom of its approach; and receive from my "honest ale-house" (what I am now awaiting, as I breakfasted at seven o'clock) a fine luncheon of home-baked bread, a cold slice of home-smoke-dried Hampshire bacon, and a mug of home-brewed sound ale, for which mine host of the King's Arms or Head, or whatever it may be, is justly famed. And touching solitude, the situation of the ground is in itself extremely advantageous, being defended in front by some impracticable waste land: in the rear, by the pleasure-grounds and shrubbery of an elegant rural mansion, and flanked on the one hand by a range of wood-shaded meadows, and on the other by a rustic attempt at a road leading nowhere, or thereabouts. True it is, that my retreat is crossed by a thoroughfare, leading from the said

road to the aforesaid meadows; but, at present, this path is barred by a convenient exclusive and excluding bull, who holds his court in these green realms; and in the evening not a soul would approach the yard out of respect to a monstrous black dog with soup-dish eyes, glaring livid like blue lights, who plays at leap-frog over the tomb-stones, and is supposed to be the property of an ancient admiral who taketh his walks in all weathers, dressed in a *red coat and yellow waistcoat ! ! !* an attire sufficiently out of the ordinary course of nature to appal every thinking mind, if to this horrid enormity he did not add the omission of his head ! ! !—But here comes my smock-frocked valet-de-place, Ralph Westropp, with my forage. "Sur, Measter says as that,"—"Where is—(confound ye! mind how you set down the jug!) Where's my paper, Ralph?" "There, Sur," (pulling out four soiled crumpled sheets of 4to.) "I've been axing and 'quiering all up and down, and that's every bit the pleace do hold," (alack for the progress of literature!) "but if you think proper, I'll just step over to T—— (ten miles off), and be back in no time."—"No, no, I shall manage; and now I suppose landlord wants to know about dinner? —Well!—tell him to get me that leg of Southdown roasted by nine o'clock; I shall dine and sup altogether—and be sure they boil me plenty of marrow-fats and potatoes!—and—and—get about your business!—and leave *Blucher* with me!" "Ees, Sur! I'll look up again by and by, and see if you don't want nothing."—"Aye—aye." *(Exit Ralph*

—*Cornelius manet.*) "Blucher! do you love—" but I beg your pardon, sweet reader; allow me to introduce Blucher, the worthy bull-headed mastiff of my hostelrie, who kindly patronizes me in consideration of certain mouthfuls of bread, beef, bacon, and cheese—"Blucher, do you love fat bacon? (Blucher bolts a banging bit of bacon.) Good: now lie down here in this nice hollow between the two graves, and catch flies!" Where's the case-knife to cut my pencil? (N.B.—Neither pen nor ink). So! Now I begin.

ARTICLE.

The thoroughly grounded painter and connoisseur may safely indulge himself in admiration of every species of picture, good in its kind, from M. Angelo, to Van Anybody, the artist of dunghills and pigstyes; but this cannot, with safety to the progress of taste, be allowed to beginners, either in practice or amateurship. The art of sinking is much easier than that of rising; and though the well-constructed mind, educated and formed by the study of the antique, and the schools of Rome and Parma, with ease unbends and enjoys the products of mere imitation; yet an instance has rarely or never occurred of the *cabaret* painter who has been able to feel or comprehend the true aim and excellencies of the epic and dramatic styles. Andrea del Sarto is a notable example of the Bathos, and stands out a striking beacon to windy judgments. This weak man, though unnaturally

buoyed up for a time by the strong food of Florence and of Rome, on beholding some German novelties more congenial to the native contraction of his mind, abandoned the style in which it seemed he had so well succeeded, and shrank from the fulness of Buonarotti and D'Urbino to the shrivelled meagreness of Durer—a fact nearly as incredible as true. If, then, one possessed of great talents (unaccompanied, unfortunately, by steadiness) fell, owing to the contagion of injudicious models, how much more is it needful now at home, when the influence of taste in the Fine Arts on many branches of commerce and manufactures is so generally allowed, to endeavour, with the best of one's abilities, to direct the public in what courses their admiration may be lavished with safety and profit. I am very far from hoping that my exertions can do much, even in the sphere of our sale; but considering the undue manner in which Dutch drolleries lord it over the pure sublimity and tenderness of the sons of Italia, and the prices given by wealthy gulls to tricking picture-dealers for worthless copies from worthless originals, it becomes every one to lend his hand to restore the public scale of taste to a fitter equilibrium; and I am inclined to think, from the elegant choice displayed in three pictures in the present exhibition at the British Institution, that these exertions will be aided by the example of the first personage in the kingdom.

At all events, I shall be amply repaid for the trouble of writing, if three people should feel in-

duced, from the perusal, to look a little higher in art than they have been hitherto accustomed. Obstacles arise to the general diffusion, as in Italy. of the grand gusto, from different circumstances. One is, that several of the finest pictures have never been engraved at all, or so inadequately as to mislead rather than satisfy—another is, the extreme rarity and high price of many of the most desirable prints (this, however, is not without exception); added to which, supposing the amateur or artist amply provided in funds, he is not always able to put his good intentions in practice for want of a well-selected, roughly-priced catalogue of the *most faithful engravings from the most characteristic inventions of the most prominent masters.*

Such a manual, I know, would have saved me much time and trouble when I began my little collection; and indeed, without it, Fuseli's admirable and indispensable second lecture loses much of its utility to the student in a practical point of view, who cannot be much enlightened by critiques on works which he never saw; but let it be placed before him accompanied by a proper set of illustrations, and he will acquire, in six days, as good a view of the generic features of the different schools as I have been able to do in six years. In sincere hopes that some one more capable will take it up, I shall attempt a little essay towards this desirable object, to be continued, if it should not incur the disapprobation of our readers, by small parcels through some succeeding numbers of the LONDON MAGAZINE.—I shall entreat the leniency

of the practised connoisseur and artist towards my errors, which he will the more readily grant, as desire of showing my little knowledge has not actuated me, but merely of doing real service.

After what I have said above, it is hardly necessary to advertise the reader, that my list will be confined *chiefly* to the Italian school, and that the thorough-bred print collector will find nothing to pamper his appetite for Maso Finiguerras, Baldinis, Niello plates, Robettas, Wolfgangs, &c. No further order or arrangement will be observed, than that every separate portion shall contain one or two subjects, from eight or ten different painters, which I think, by its variety, will be at once useful and agreeable to the new collector. For want of books I am not able to manage even this desultory plan so orderly as I wish this number; therefore let us talk about what we have all seen, viz., the Exhibition of Old Masters at the British Institution. I have almost every one of these pictures clearly before me, and they will serve as land-marks to my memory. Some other day we will run over Mr. Angerstein's together, after which we will drive to the excellent Dulwich collection.

The paintings which I wish you now to look at are those of Correggio, Tintoretto, and Polidoro.—We have but a fragmental specimen of Correggio—but it is precious as a gem (a small female head in fresco, Lord Mulgrave). No master is so little known in England, except Polidoro and Schiavone; not but we have many copies under his name, among which I must class Mr. Angerstein's "Christ

in the Garden," the original of which is probably in the collection of the Duke of Wellington, obtained by him from the King of Spain, who thus deprived the Escurial of its greatest treasure. Harmony is the characteristic stamp of his mind, and an amorous, dream-like mystery, in which his figures appear to float as on an enchanted lake. The manner in which his best productions affect me, is by a combination of luxuries; "all impulses of soul and sense thrill me." To lie nested serenely immoveable in down, among rich, shadowy curtains, through which should stream seraphic strains, and cool perfumes borne on the soft beams of the summer moon—this is the nearest parallel that I can make. He is truly a sentimental painter, and is therefore inimitable. The exterior particles of his grace were refined by Parmegiano to affectation; while his suavity dwindled into unmeaning imbecility in the hands of the delicate but flimsy Baroccio. Something of a kindred feeling pervaded Reynolds, as may be seen in his *Cupid and Psyche,* in the collection of the poet Rogers, and in the moonlight portrait of Mrs. Stanhope. But, in my opinion, Fuseli has several times shown more of Allegri's soul than any of his most enthusiastic followers. A picture by the professor *penes me,* answers fully to the above little sketch of the prevailing powers of the Lombard. Keats, in the Eve of St. Agnes, has several lines, which harmonize sweetly with the style alluded to. If they live in my memory, I will give them to you.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm,
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd "La Belle Dame sans Mercy:"
Close to her ear touching the melody,—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh, leave me not in this eternal woe;
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far,
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Etherial, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose.

Though the genius of Correggio lay more in pouring harmony and repose over a whole, than in striking originality of invention or strength of

individual expression, yet he has occasionally soared into these regions with a vigour that defies all competition. The supernatural group of Jupiter and Io—the divine heads of Christ and the Virgin in his Ecce Homo—and, in my humble opinion, his Sigismonda, are sufficient evidences of this assertion. He was the greatest master, if not the inventor, of that species of fore-shortening, termed "Di sotto in su," in which the figures are seen from below, as on ceilings, cupolas, &c.; and to this principle, which he pushed into extravagance in the sprawling, almost indecent figure of his glorified Saviour, most of his male fresco figures are indebted for whatever of grandeur they may possess. Luckily for the English amateur, his effects are not unreadily transferred to copper; as, notwithstanding his exquisite hues, legitimate chiaroscuro was his organ. The engravings, among others, best calculated to furnish a good idea of his style, are:—

The Jupiter and Io, a valuable and rather scarce print, from Love's own picture. (*Duchange.*) 5s. or 6s.

His Allegory, called the *Leda*, once cut to pieces by squeamish bigotry, but since recovered, and repaired by Prudhon, engraved in Filhol's Galerie du Musée. (*Duchange.*) 10s. or 15s.

The Descent from the Cross, at Parma, described in the second number of the LONDON MAGAZINE, a charming twilight print. (*F. di Rosaspina.*) £1 11s. 6d. or £2 2s.

The *Ecce Homo*, engraved by Agos. Caracci, though I prefer, as *more* faithful, though still inadequate, the print by *Bettilini*. £1 5s.

The Madonna under the Palm-trees, with the Rabbit, the finest he ever painted. (*Earlom.*) £1 11s. 6d. or £2. 2s.

The Christ's Agony in the Garden (Lord Wellington's), from Hamilton's Schola Italica. N.B. the good impressions are on a very thick and stiff Roman paper. (*Volpato.*) 7s.

We must leave Correggio for the present, and attend to the two pictures from the brush of his contrast, Giacopo Robusti, commonly called Tintoretto, one of the brightest ornaments of the Venetian school, than whom scarcely any man possessed such exuberance of fancy, with so powerful a hand to embody its purposes. At once ardent and laborious, he turned out more work than all the painters in Venice put together—painting at all times, and accepting and executing commissions at all prices. Bred under the tutorage of Vecelli, he became speedily so thoroughly initiated in that great master's principles of colour as to beget his own expulsion—an act both mean and foolish on the part of Titian. Not at all discouraged, Giacopo did not content himself with his acquirements there, but sat down resolutely to the study of M. Angelo and the antique, at the same time modelling in clay, perfecting himself in anatomy, and drawing from life by

lamplight, whence he no doubt derived those grand scientific masses, yea, floods of shadows, which form one great mark of his style. Fully impressed with the fleshiness and truth of his master's tints, he was not blind to his defects in drawing and expression, which he conceived the grand project of remedying by superadding Titian's majestic tone, glow and juice to the severity, learning and gigantic expansion of the forms of Buonarotti. Had his depth been equal to his warmth, and his steadiness to his industry, this noble plan, afterwards adopted by Titian himself,[1] would have rendered him the undisputed king of the modern oil-painters. But, to use the words of Fuseli, "goaded on by the rage of doing singly the work of all, and debauched by the unexampled facility of his own execution, he gave himself neither time to conceive, to judge, nor to finish; content to catch a whim, if it had novelty, he turned his subject into a farce, or trampled its parts into undistinguished masses; and sacrificing mind, character, design, and sense, to incongruous, but picturesque imagery and fugitive effect," he converted his art into a plaything, leaving behind him little more than the reputation of being the head of the ornamental school.

The characteristics of his style are: prodigious breadth of chiaroscuro, richness, harmony, depth

[1] See the "Pietro Martire," the "David and Goliath," "Cain and Abel," and "Sacrifice of Abraham," all given in Le Febre's *Opera Selectiora, &c.* Ven. 1680.

and originality of tone and colour, bold and violent fore-shortenings, contrasted postures, oftener rather singular than graceful, though by no means without elegance in his females; a turbulent mode of composition, sometimes appropriate, always picturesque; a luxuriant invention, more fiery than dignified, more capricious than grand, more copious than correct. These qualifications are rounded by a sweeping mastery of execution, which gives to his largest works as much unity as if they had been dashed off at a sitting. In Tintoretto's drawing the effects are not always apparently proportioned to his application, and well-chosen course of study. His men possess muscularity and size, without either grandeur or selection. His women, more ideal and more mannered, particularly in their countenances, style of hair (which is little else but the mode of the period), are often too contorted and too ostentatiously postured for grace, and seem weak-limbed and awkward from their excessive length. This last defect is perceptible in the *Venus* of Lord Eardley's picture of Vulcan, Venus, and Cupid, (one of the two in the B. I.) but much more so in "*The Birth of St. John,*" well engraved by Honthemels, in the *Cabinet du Crozat.* Before we leave Giacopo, let us just look at the Rev. Mr. Carr's picture of "*St. George delivering the Egyptian Princess from the Dragon,*" formerly in the hands of R. Westall, Esq., where I once saw it. The *ordonnance* of this highly desirable performance is very characteristic of the school of Robusti:

the line of the horizon is two-thirds up the picture (an upright); the figures are placed on a piece of woody, broken, grassy ground by the sea, which forms one-side (about a fifth) of the painting, and appears to flow behind a dim stone castle standing in the distance. They are grouped in such a manner, as to shoot obliquely across the canvas from the base to the horizon, beginning with the terrified princess on the fore-ground, continued by the dusky body of a dead man, beyond whom the fierce deliverer, with head down, arm raised, knees griped to the saddle, and spurs back in the flanks, drives his white war-horse down the slope into the side and swoln tender belly of the already reeling dragon. A burst of radiance from the heavens (between a very pale orange and straw colour) meets the diagonal line of composition, and finishes the whole. Tintoretto has not here displayed so ostentatiously his broad banners of light and shade; but the glowing depth and harmony of the colouring are worthy of his pencil. The robe of Sabra, warmly glazed with Prussian blue, is relieved from the pale greenish back-ground by a vermilion scarf; and the full hues of both are beautifully echoed, as it were, in a lower key by the purple-lake-coloured stuffs and bluish iron armour of the saint, besides an ample balance to the vivid azure drapery on the fore-ground in the indigo shades of the wild wood surrounding the castle. Mr. Westall had once a grand "Resurrection of Lazarus," full of beautiful colour, well-*impasted*, and most furiously executed; and at Mr.

Hammond's the picture-dealer of Greek-street, Soho, I have seen a very fine sketch of the Last Judgment, which, however, Mr. Ottley inclines to ascribe to young Palma. I rather wonder that the Academy did not purchase this last, which is an admirable study in point of colour. The best specimens of Tintoretto's style are the "Crucifixion," in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice; the "Resurrection" and the "Massacre of the Innocents," in the same place; and the "Miraculo del Servo," painted for the S. di S. Marco, whose holy deed it blazons. In portrait he was scarce inferior to Titian, as may be seen from his "Archbishop of Spalatro," now in this country. To convey an adequate idea of his excellencies by prints is impossible, as his most characteristic allurement is the chromatic part. Even his tone, somewhat more attainable, has been generally missed by his translators; witness the enormous mistake engraved by Agos. Carracci from his "Crucifixion;" however, take a few of them, such as they are:

The Murder of the Innocents: of which there is a copy in reverse without the engraver's name. (*Ægidius Sadeler.*) 10s.

The Archbishop of Spalatro. (*Skelton.*) 10s. 6d.

The Origin of the Galaxy, from the Palais Royale; a very sublime conception, whose vigour of design nearly equals that of the tone and colour. T. Phillips, Esq., R.A. possesses a repetition of this subject, with an additional group of figures placed under the line of clouds which support

the couch of the startled Juno. It ought to be well engraved on a larger scale. (*Jaunay.*) 5s.

The Miracle of the Slave; a mannered print, deficient in tone; but it is "this or none." (*Matham, the pupil of Goltzius.*) 8s.

St. Jerome, the Virgin, and Angels; a fine rich thing. (*Agos. Carracci.*) 15s. or £1 1s.

The Marriage at Cana, in the Schola Italica. (*Volpato.*) 5s.

The Descent from the Cross. (*Sadeler.*) 5s.

In the south room we have two pictures by Polidoro di Caldara (*Cupids and Swans*, and *Cupids dragging Nets*, both in chiaroscuro); and I declare I never felt so much pleasure as I did on reading His Majesty's name as the possessor of these graceful productions of that valuable and scarce artist. Polidoro, a Milanese, surnamed from his native town, Carravaggio, became a painter from viewing, in the character of hod-man, the execution of Raffaëllo's and Udino's works in the Vatican. Just at this time great discoveries of antiques were taking place in Italy, besides the casts and drawings which Raffaëllo caused to be procured from Greece; and Polidoro fell so heartily to studying and investigating the principles of the ancients, as displayed in their basso and alto relievos, friezes, vases, &c., that in a short time he succeeded in establishing a style which, totally free from servile imitation of their husks, is more

in the spirit of his models than either that of Raffaëllo, Giulio, Primaticcio, or N. Poussin himself. Luckily for Rome, his talents were appreciated; and the number of his commissions so much exceeded his ability to satisfy them, that he was forced to call in the aid of Maturino the Florentine, an honoured name, who linked his own style, both in conception and execution, so closely to his partner's, as to render discrimination nugatory. Their compositions, executed in chiaroscuro, once decorated the outside walls of every palazzo in Rome, now, alas, destroyed or defaced by Time and ruder hands; and we are obliged to glean our knowledge of their merit from the prints of Cherubino Alberti (a painter himself), the small etchings of Gallestruzzi; and, what is still worse, from the exaggerations of Goltzius and Sanredam, and the wiry meagreness of that impudently-unfaithful mannerist, Sante-Bartoli. In no painter, except D'Urbino, do we find such unaffected simplicity, such an unobtrusion of the artist; and this it is which renders them, on the first sight, so little remarkable. There is no *manner* to hook the raw eye; the student fancies, with Partridge, that he could easily do as well himself; and it is not till failure has taught him wisdom, that he discovers this very circumstance to constitute Caldara's inviolability from imitation. If his conceptions seldom or never rise to the sublime, they are always dignified. His attitudes, sufficiently contrasted without posturing, are earnest, yet noble; animated without bombast, and probable

without vulgarity. His gusto in design is completely of a piece with his conception; correct, but not stiff or hard; learned, yet not anatomically pedantic; full and broad without heaviness; vigorous and masculine without losing delicacy; uniting precision with grace. Though he never, like my favourite Parmegiano, is contented with affectation, when in search after elegance, yet his lines are flowing and sweepy; and in their emanation from and connexion with each other, uniformly harmonious. The beauty and nature of his flying draperies have never been excelled. His chiaroscuro is forcible and well-conducted, giving to single figures and groups prodigious roundness; and his composition compact, yet distinct, is, considering the fetters of the monumental style, extremely varied and appropriate.

Such are the high characteristics of a painter, neglected and unknown (except to a few) in these days, when sordid vulgarity and accidental deformity assume the names of nature and truth —when a bad copy from a spurious Titian or retouched Rembrandt constitutes any given Roggins or Spilkins a critic on Fine Art; and when a blasphemous use of the names of Raffaëllo and Phidias erects an elaborate trifler, an industrious congregator of mean, imbecile, and *ugly* physiognomies and actions into an historic painter.

His Majesty's example may do much towards calling people from their grovelling love for those products of dull patience and want of imaginations, the pictures of Netscher, Denner, Douw, old

Mieris, &c., while the elegance of taste and the penetration shown in the choice of the two Polidoros and the Schiavone (*Briseis ravished from Achilles*), though no more than was to be expected from the *First Gentleman* in the empire, may peradventure shame some of our wealthy self-dubbed connoisseurs *out* of their itch for Brouwers, and into the purchase of such pictures as grace the invaluable collection of J. Julius Angerstein, Esq. Till this is done, and till faithful artist-like prints from the leading masters are published at such prices as may allow, and indeed invite an extensive sale, it is all foolishness for Mr. This, or Mr. T'other, to write "plans for advancing the fine arts," &c. When people, from having the best models constantly before their eyes, begin to comprehend the capabilities of separate styles, and know what is to be expected from the powers of the art: where and when it is to work with the simple materials of history: where to change and transmute them to fit better its own peculiar purposes; and at what crisis, and in what emergency, it is permitted the use of *vision*, symbol, or double apposition—then only will their patronage acquire the permanent weight of utility. At present, it evidently does more harm than good; for what man will have folly enough to study deeply the principles of the blazing luminaries of Florence, Rome, and Parma, for the purpose of embodying the patriarchs of Genesis, the heroes and fair women of Homer, Hesiod, Sophocles, Herodotus, Ariosto and Spenser, or the mystic and picturesque situations of La

Mort d'Arthur, and of Undine,[1] in order to be insulted by the preference given to *Crossing a Brook, The Dog Stealer, The Cock Fight,* "The approach to Mr. Pummock's Grot," "Officers of the * * * Lancers," or a pack of paltry prints, published for the *in*expressed purpose of deforming the beauteous pages of John Ballantyne, and Thomas Davison?[2] Here, for the present, *we* stop, begging pardon for *our* digression, and recommending the amateur, and especially the young practitioner, to study carefully the few and imperfect prints after the inventions of this solid master. I am not able to describe all those put forth by Alberti, as I possess but few, and cannot here call on the assistance of M. Bartsch (*le Peintre-graveur*); but the *desiderante* will find little trouble in selecting, if he inquires (using *our* name) at Messrs. Colnaghi's or Molteno's for a portfolio of Cherubino Alberti or Polidoro. He will find them, I believe, extremely reasonable, notwithstanding their comparative scarcity.

Polidoro's finest work, which still exists in ruins, is the long frieze of the *Fable of Niobe,* engraved

[1] Why will not the translator of *Sintram* favour us with the Summer and Autumn Romances, or the *Magic Ring* or the *Siegfried* and *Brunhild?*

[2] I trust Messrs. Stothard, Westall and Richard Cook, (why do we see you so seldom, good Mr. Cook?) will not put on caps intended for a very different set of people. It is a small crime to *illustrate* the novels of Sir W. S.; but, the Lord preserve us! the dead (witness Shakspeare) are not safe. [Hear, hear!]

on eight plates, very valuable, though caricatured by the false taste of Sanredam, the pupil and relation of Goltzius. £1 4s. or £2 2s.

The Rape of the Sabines; a very extensive composition, full of fine action. (*Cher. Alberti.*) 12s.

Brennus Casting his Sword into the Scale. (*Sanredam.*) 7s. or 10s.

A Roman Triumph. (*C. Alberti.*) 5s.

The Story of Perseus and Atlas; one part of this long plate contains some nymphs gathering fruit in a river-watered grove. (*C. Alberti.*) 7s.

The Wine Vat; a small circle. (*C. Alberti.*) 3s. 6d.

The Twelve Gods of Antiquity, on twelve plates. (*Goltzius*). £1 4s. or £1 10s.

These are sufficient to begin with. Good b'ye.

* * * **d, Hampshire, Aug.* 7.

P.S. Before I have the pleasure of seeing you again, my dear Sir, let me counsel you to acquire, in some way or other, a choice old copy of Gaven Hamilton's *Schola Italica Picturæ*, large fol. Romæ, 1773, price about five or six guineas, which contains forty-one specimens, in general admirably engraved by Cunego and Volpato, from the best pictures (both fresco and oil) of M. Angelo, Raf-

faëllo, Da Vinci, Fra Bartolomeo, Correggio, Baroccio, Andrea del Sarto, Parmegiano, Giulio, Polidoro, Titiano, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Bassano, Palma Guido, Dominichino, M. A. de Carravaggio, Albano, Guercino, Lanfranco, and the Carracci. This book is of itself a gallery to a young artist or amateur; but when you have your hand in your pocket, it may not be amiss to add the set of plates called Raffaëlle's Bible, published in oblong fol. 1790, by Montagnani of Rome: if you should light on a good copy of Maurer's Emblems or Stimmer's Huntings, or indeed any of his works, except his Bible (small 4to., Basle, 1576), secure them immediately; and if you don't like 'em, send them to 93, Fleet-street, and you shall receive their value and my hearty thanks.

C. Van Vinkbooms his Dogmas for Dilettanti.[1]

No. II.

Giulio Romano.

I like the green plush which your meadows weare,
I praise your pregnant fields, which duly beare
Their wealthy burthen to th' industrious boore.
Nor do I disallow, that who are poore
In minde or fortune, thither should retire:
But hate that he, who's warme with holy fire
Of any knowledge, and 'mong us may feast
On nectared wit, should turne himself t' a beast,
And graze i' the country. *Habington.*

A wise man should never resolve upon anything * * * * *
A man must do according to accidents and emergencies.
Selden's Table-Talk.

He who, possessing an active mind, is yet deficient in variety and originality of ideas to feed it with, cannot subsist long without books. This we felt so sensibly in our late excursion, that we were forced to relinquish, for a time, our resolution of visiting * * * * * (which would of course have suggested very pastoral and marine articles), and to return to London and our indispensable authors and painters. "In height of spring-tide, when heaven's lights are long," we may contrive to drag through the day *bookless* not amiss. Before breakfast, for instance,

[1 London Magazine, October, 1821.]

one may take a view—if one can; at noon, a sail—if near the sea; and in the evening a stroll amid the fresh fragrant breath of the furze and heath—if not tired; repeating Collins's lovely ode—if ever learnt, and still retained. By this time it draws towards ten o'clock, and a truss of fine blanched lettuce, a good dig of Stilton, or a slice of ham, and a handsome glass of bottled porter,—all well earned by exercise,—carry you comfortably to your white-curtained bed. But as the days begin to draw in, and when the mystical R. renders oysters eatable and candles necessary, solitude at an inn becomes intolerable, especially since the disuse of coloured prints, samplers, screens, maps, &c. They have no little china pastoralities on the mantle-shelves now—no piping shepherds in claret-coloured coats and cocked hats—no fallow-deer couching their white breasts among pure lilies and ideally green herbage—no Falstaffs, lacquered red and yellow—nor Shakspeares, overlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue: crumbled to tinder are those pictorial bed-curtains, visible lectures on ornithology and botany—"all, all are gone, the old familiar faces," and with them is flown half the enjoyment I took in enacting the Tartar. I am certainly an amiable creature; every action of my life emanates from a wish to please. I left the valley of * * * * last spring to please the painters with my eulogies. I left the seaweed-tangled beach of * * * * *, "bidding the thickening waves go foam for other eyes," to please myself. And this morn-

ing, I left my most acrasian bed to please the Editor by penning No. II. of my delightful Dogmas.

But, in the first place, I must see what there is in this roll. Ah! Mr. Richard Cook, are you here at my call?—The "Death of Acis," folio size. This very striking spirited design proves that the painter of Polyphemus groping for the Ithacans at the Mouth of his Cave (engraved for Sharp's elegant edition of the poets), and Douglas glimly louring on the glittering train of James IV., has not fallen off either in animation or refinement. The action of Galatea's hands has great truth and simplicity; but the lower limbs want more energy or more helplessness; the latter indeed would accord better with the convulsive shrink of the arms; a frightened Amor, it is true, appears to urge forward the "faire marine," indicating very plainly her reluctance or incapacity needing such incitement; but the white knees themselves have none of the hesitation and uncertainty of terror arrested by pity; of love combating self-hood; they do not start wildly away, nor bend and knock with joint-loosening dread, nor stiffen rigidly, as if struck into marble; but they are graceful, composed, and elastic. Perhaps this is hyper-criticism. About the Acis I feel more confident: he is carefully drawn, every muscle and bone have their rights well-acknowledged, and the expression of his face is far from tame; but precise marking is of little avail, when the outline is pinched and without style. Extraordinary genius may merge the acci-

dental pettiness of parts in the overpowering grandeur of the whole; but an inferior talent, outbalanced by mediocrity, will certainly be smothered as in a quicksand. Mr. Cook then may be a little proud, that not he himself has been able to ruin his own composition even by such a prominent disfigurement. He has lately been very idle; but I trust we shall meet him again on the high places, raising his ears at the loud twang of Homer's phorminx, and giving chase to the thick-thrilling sounds. This print is etched with artist-like feeling by the firm hand of William Taylor, a young man struggling for fame under great disadvantages, and whose execution does honour to Mr. Cook's selection. O! here is Mr. Golding's long expected *Princess Charlotte* after Sir Thomas. I have mentioned this picture in terms of the warmest admiration (see account of the last Exhibition), and am not the least inclined to retract, though my opinion has been strongly opposed by several who *ought* to know better than myself; and when I consider how little Sir Thomas's favourites, the old Italian masters and the antique, are appreciated among our artists and connoisseurs, I feel quite satisfied that the refinement, suavity and graceful delicate chastity of this portrait form its essential bars to popularity. With respect to the copy or translation by Mr. Golding, it is decidedly inferior to no line engraving of the present English school. The first essential of a print is implicit fidelity to the original[1] (which of course we suppose worthy

[1] I have heard some people say, that the engraver has

of multiplication); where the want of this is acknowledged, the real connoisseur will reject the misrepresentation with contempt. Therefore the possession of this qualification should of itself render the present plate valuable to all admirers of Lawrence; if Golding had not also flattered the eye of the *print* collector by the most varied and appropriate workmanship, firm, delicate, solid, airy, clear, rich and brilliant. The pathetic tenderness of the eyes, the great attraction of the large drawing (formerly alluded to), is not so perceptible in the plate; but its omission is rather the graver's misfortune than its fault. The expression, though true, was too subtle and ethereal to bear the touch of steel. But who is the author of this large "Dentatus," from Mr. Haydon's well-known picture? I am quite ignorant of his style—where is my glass? "Drawn and engraved on wood by Harvey!" On *wood!* So it is, by Jupiter! Truly this is the most effectively elaborate performance

been unfaithful to such and such a part only to improve it: granting the possibility of that occurring, which I am prepared to say never occurred, yet still, when I would purchase a Leonardo's Last Supper or a Raffaëllo's Transfiguration, I shall be much disappointed, and (unless previously taught better) much damaged in my taste if, instead of the severe intelligent lines and the forcible shadows of the Florentine and the Roman, I am presented with a woolly, metally, indecisive, tame *improvement* by that mannered petty toolsman, Raffaëlle Morghen—the admiration of fallen, immasculate Italy, and nose-led, well-meaning England; whose copies bear about the same relation to the pictures, as does the polished bombast of Pope's Iliad to the downright passion of Homer's.

that I ever met with; and can it be the work of the very young man I have had pointed out to me as the co-pupil of the Landseers and young Bewick? His ardour for excellence, and unwearied perseverance under the most harassing privations, were not unknown to me: but who could suppose that raw twenty-one should thus shame experienced fifty, and create a new era in xylography? Up to this day, our historical wood-cutters have thought it much to follow in some fashion those lines ready-pencilled by the inventor on the blocks; but here a good-for-nothing fellow, taking it into his head to break through all the established customs of the craft, copies a picture, and a complex one too, on an out-of-the-way sized piece of box with skill in drawing, knowledge of anatomy, fire of expression, character of touch, and general feeling, beseeming much rather a practised inventor than an inexperienced engraver! What is not to be apprehended to modern art, if such an innovating and radical example is to be spread over all the print windows in town? I see only one way, which is for all reform-hating loyal people to follow my example, and unite in buying up his whole edition; and, no doubt, this will be so discouraging to Mr. Harvey, as to induce him (*more Dibdini*) to shatter his block. Seriously, you to whom a guinea is a mite not missed, think, if ye can think, of the super-wretched situation of the young artist who, in that trying season when uncertain of either future fame or even the means of a miserable subsistence, devotes all his energies to preparatory

study by day, while his dim lamp burns till four in the morning, that the few shillings afforded by an obscure publisher for some little designs may procure him the means of appearing among his companions with decency. Exhausted in mind, chilled with cold and hunger, he throws his weak fevered limbs on a hard old flock-bed, from which he awakes to act anew that most pitiable of all characters, the poor gentleman! I am very far from wishing the public to take up every man who chooses to fancy himself a painter; but when there is real and great merit suffering under sickness of heart and body, shall we refuse ourselves a hundred pounds' worth of pleasant feelings for the sake of a guinea, which a glass of Madeira the less for a day or two will amply make up to us? Recollect this you who, lightly salving your consciences by the plea of *necessary* economy, refuse a shilling or two towards a poor family's dinner, and yet that very evening will carouse deep in "rich-glowing cups." In the present instance, I can furnish you with three incitements. 1st. You will enable a most deserving aspirant to pursue his studies with more attention to a delicate constitution; which, secondly, I take it, will give you some very comfortable sensations; and, thirdly, your portfolio or boudoir will be enriched with nearly the largest, and certainly the most astonishingly tooled, wood engraving that England has ever produced: and, whoever does me the honour to find my judgment amiss, I beg leave to inform him that my name is Van Vinkbooms, and that I carry a pen!

I have nothing more to say just now about recent publications, except to recommend the new volume (5th) of Mr. Daniel's Coasting Tour, as fully equal in interest to the fourth. Also, an excellent large folio etching of Windsor, from the forest, by Mr. Delamotte, whose Studies from Nature about Sandhurst (2 Nos. 4to.) are the most genuine things of the kind ever published in this country, though a little too painter-like for beginners. From Germany I believe nothing has arrived lately, but Mr. Bohte has sent me some outline compositions from the Eleusinian Mysteries, which have much spirit and elegance. The classical scholar will be highly pleased with them, and their price is moderate. In a pocket-book, edited by La Motte Fouqué, are inserted ten or twelve prints illustrative of Undine, Hieronymus Von Stauf, &c. very characteristic of the German school. From the former most bewitching of tales C. F. Schultze has made fourteen designs in outline, which I shall notice some time or other; though perhaps more for the delight of recurring to their ever-fresh source than on their own account. Still, though by no means equal to Retsch, the decorator of Goethe's wonderful dramatic poem, Schultze has in several instances risen far above mediocrity. Take, for example, the inimitable stunted Gnome, in plate 6; and Kühleborn among the reeds of the Black Valley, plate 12: two figures pronounced unimprovable by a judgment which I have found infallible.

The present tendency of British art is towards

mean, bald matter of fact; which is just coming round again to the first state of painting, when simple, undiscriminative *imitation* was the sole object; if the eye was dazzled and deceived, no care was taken of the satisfaction of the *mind*.[1] This tendency, far from depressing, fills me with great hopes, when I consider that Michael Angelo and Raffaëllo rosè from the ruins of similar barbarity. Art is grown old and imbecile a second time, and must, like the phœnix, devote its crazy shell to the reproduction of one stronger and better able to exhibit its indwelling, never-dying flame. This is the course of nature, where life ever springs from death; a truth beautifully shadowed forth in the fable of Medea who, unable to re-invigorate the ruin of what once was Æson, was forced to decompose, reduce to its original atoms, and, as it were, create anew. Though in England the principle of life is still inert, and does not yet feel the influence of the regenerative fermentation now working so perceptibly in Germany, I do not deem it altogether impertinent to endeavour to prepare a few minds to receive patiently and impetulantly the tender shoots which will, I trust, spring up in the good time. There are many reasons why the moderns can never succeed in the pure *classical* execution of any given subject, except at second-hand: and, as the expected

[1] To simplify and be perspicuous it is necessary to make this broad opposition of terms, though it is neither sufficiently delicate, nor indeed strictly philosophical.

outbreak will be necessarily somewhat wild and licentious, I think it better to dispose the public to indulgence, by accustoming them to the flights of the romantic masters, than to harden their hearts and judgments by insisting on extreme correctness and nice propriety. With such intention I endeavoured to call more real and general notice towards the suavity, amorous languor, and serpentine grace of Correggio, most commonly obtained by the sacrifice of drawing and truth (once or twice even of appropriateness and common sense); and, in furtherance of it, I shall try to reconcile the *intendenti* to the somewhat repelling inventions of a painter apparently far more extravagant, though, in reality, more correct and legitimate—not with any wish to hold up these derelictions for imitation or praise, but merely to prevent sterling genius from neglect and ridicule on account of some superficial eccentricities. I mean Giulio Pippi, surnamed Romano, the favourite disciple and, in mythic subjects, the successful rival of D'Urbino; and also the head of a separate school, honoured by the names of Francesco Primaticcio, Teodoro Ghisi, Rinaldo Mantovano, Battista Bertano, and Giulio Campi the Cremonese. The pictures occasionally exhibited in England as the works of this master will certainly not bear me out in the following observations on his style; neither will the frescoes executed in the Vatican from the cartoons of Raffaëllo; but if you will turn over the folios of Messrs. Woodburn, Molteno, and Colnaghi,

I think we shall not materially disagree. Poussin is vulgarly considered the most eminent in Grecian fable: the visitors to Mantua know otherwise, and that the agility, untrammelled motions, vigour, and earnestness of Giulio's actors shew a far deeper penetration into the spirit of the traditional days, —of the age of the demi-gods, than the painted statuary of the Frenchman, classical and "high-thoughts-creating" as it is. "We must form our estimate of Giulio's powers," says Fuseli, (2nd lecture) "less from his tutored works at Rome, than from the colossal conceptions, the pathetic or sublime allegories and the voluptuous reveries, which enchant in the Palazzo del T. near Mantua. Whatever be the dimensions, the subject or the scenery, minute or colossal, simple or complex, terrible or pleasing, we trace a mind bent to surprise or to dazzle by poetic splendour. But, sure to strike by the originality of his conception, he often neglects propriety in the conduct of his subjects, considered as a series; and in the arrangement or choice of the connecting parts, hurried into extremes by the torrent of a fancy more lyric than epic, he disdains to fill the intermediate chasms, and too often leaves the task of connection to the spectator." If the embellishments of this palace testify the inexhaustibility of his fancy and the universality of his pencil, his diversified attainments are displayed in the erection, any notices on the beauties of which I shall leave to more able judges. The outrageous contradictions of Giulio's tastes and style make it difficult to arrest and stamp him

with any unmistakable mark. He has more grand and poetical conceptions than Raffaëllo, and commits more impertinences than Paolo Veronese. Equal in simplicity to Fra. Bartolomeo, he dislocates more limbs than Bandinelli or Goltzius. No one ever understood the mechanism of the human frame better, and nobody ever played such tricks with it. His composition is as compact and united as his chiaroscuro is unprincipled and frittered. It is difficult to conceive any thing warmer, more attractive, more in harmony with Tasso's chorus, *O bellà età del oro*, than his amorous groups or Bacchic scenery, or more repellant than his ungenial tone and opaque colour with "its red-bricky lights, violet demi-tints, and black shadows." From his mode of treating them, the most familiar attitudes assume an importance and novelty, while impossible twists wear without detection the prerogatives of suppleness. Though thoroughly imbued with the grandeur of Homer and the purity and beauty of the antique, he had an incessant itch for grotesque deformity; a master of expression, he preferred the grimaces of an Italian mountebank: with a mind capable of conceiving, and a hand of executing everything joyous, gentle, elegant and sublime, he revelled in brutal vulgarity, depressing meanness, and diabolical torture; and he drops from the heaven of sanctity into the abominations of Caprea.[1] In his choice of

[1] In allusion to the lost Aretino prints, Fuseli says, "Some have objected to the character of his physiognomies as more salacious than enamoured, less simple than vulgar, and often dismal and horrid, without being terrible."

attitudes he is at once endlessly various and *mannered;* in folds and flying curls, apparently natural, yet arbitrary; in the luxurious head-dresses of his females, at once antic and modern, classical and fantastic; and, to crown the whole, his ideas, young, lusty and full of sap, are starved by the adust rigidity of his execution. Such are the jarring elements of this master's works, whose characteristic is an erudite universality:

> Giulio's a mighty raging flood
> That from some mountain flows;
> Rapid, and warm, and deep, and loud,
> Whose force no limit knows.

He was a decided imitator of the antique; but it was of the kernel, not of the shell, like the modern French school. He thought in their spirit, instead of copying their remains. Thus he was always original and racy. The vigorous vitality of his own mind runs through all his compositions, and, as the Faëry wine tingles, like youth, along the veins of the grey Sherasmin,[1] so does his breath infuse life into a *caput mortuum.* He drags forth some musty mythologic fable, re-models it, and, placing it before our eyes in all its primæval bloom, commands and obtains our sympathies. He will give you an appetite for any dish which Ovid has sickened you with, and, like Æneas and Othello, shall tell you his story over and over

[1] See Wieland's Oberon, a beautiful romance, much in need of congenial translation. In the meantime, I advise you to read Mr. Sotheby's, if you have not already.

again, while you shall listen like Dido and Desdemona. Even his numerous and offensive extravagances serve his purpose of striking and riveting his works in the mind. Like Fuseli, he may be ill-apprehended, but never despised; you may hate, but cannot forget; this is the prerogative of only true and very high genius. You shall be placed before Carlo Maratti, and before Guido, before Ann. Carracci, Albano, Domenichino, Lanfranco, and Mignard, and stand neuter on the question of their merits; but M. Angelo's Brazen Serpent, Giulio's Rape of Hylas, Rembrandt's Crucifixion, or Fuseli's Hero and Leander, shall compel you perforce to an election! It is peace or war—intense love or intense detestation! and that mere wildness will never have this effect is fully evidenced by Rosso, Spranger, Van Mander, and Hemskirk. Perhaps this last observation only applies to those already initiated in the theory of the art, inasmuch as it supposes the exercise of critical judgment; and judgment in painting, as well as in poetry, "is an acquired talent which can only be produced by deep thought, and a long continued intercourse with the best models of composition!" This unanswerable truth should temper the rashness of decision, and suggest, "that if painting be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment *may* be erroneous, and in many cases *must* be so." The proceedings and notions of people who regard poetry and painting as matters of amusement are immaterial; but those who wish to

form their taste, and elevate their imagination, must begin by submitting themselves humbly to the acknowledged masters, imputing all want of relish to their own immature or distorted vision, and taking especial care never to *risque* a criticism, until fully satisfied that they enter into, and comprehend, the principles and aim of the object of their study. This will ask some pains. The mysteries of Eleusis were not penetrated by the aspirants in a day: many remained in the porches. "*Non uti Dædaleam licet omnibus ire Corinthum.*" "Every man's nose will not make a shoeing horn." It happens not to every one to have brains of sealing-wax, ready to melt in the Muse's flame, and take the signet of Apollo. One thing, however, is certain: viz., that he who never sets out will never arrive at his journey's end.

Can we get in easily?

Old Woman. The Greeks got Troy by trying for't, sweet wench!
All's got by trying. Elton's *Theocritus.*

I shall now endeavour to entice you on by a slight descriptive sketch of one or two of Giulio's inventions: and first for the Cephalus and Procris; a composition of seventeen animated figures which, as a whole, bears us to the age when honey stilled from oaks, and when no storms or frosts stripped the green roofs from the "wons" of the sylvans. We should read Moschus's Lament for Bion the sweet Shepherd before looking at the picture, or study the picture as a preparation for the Lament. We

have nearly the same images in both. For either victim the high groves and forest dells murmur; the flowers exhale sad perfume from their buds; the nightingale mourns on the craggy lands, and the swallow in the long-winding vales. "The satyrs too and fauns dark-veiled groan," and the fountain nymphs within the woods melt into tearful waters. The sheep and goats leave their pasture; and Oreads, "who love to scale the most inaccessible tops of all uprightest rocks," hurry down from the song of their wind-courting pines; while the dryads bend from the branches of the meeting trees, and the river moans for white Procris "with many-sobbing streams,"

> Filling the far-seen ocean with a voice. *Leigh Hunt.*

The golden bees are silent on the thymy Hymettus; and the knelling horn of Aurora's love no more shall scatter away the cold twilight on the top of Pelion! The foreground of our subject is a grassy sunburnt bank, broken into swells and hollows like waves (a sort of land-breakers): rendered more uneven by many foot-tripping roots and stumps of trees stocked untimely by the axe, which are again throwing out light green shoots. This bank rises rather suddenly on the right to a clustering grove, penetrable to no star, at the entrance of which sits the stunned Thessalian king, holding between his knees that ivory-bright body which was, but an instant agone, parting the rough boughs with her smooth forehead, and treading alike on thorns and flowers with jealousy-stung foot—now helpless,

heavy, void of all motion, save when the breeze lifts her thick hair in mockery:

> O God! what does not one short hour snatch up
> Of all man's gloss! Still overflows the cup
> Of his burst cares; put with no nerves together,
> And lighter than the shadow of a feather.
> Chapman's *Epicedium*.

From between the closely neighboured boles astonished nymphs press forward with loud cries;

> And deer-skin-vested satyrs, crown'd with ivy twists, advance;
> And put strange pity in their horned countenance.

Lælaps[1] lies beneath, and shows by his panting the rapid pace of death. On the other side of the group, virtuous love, with "vans dejected," holds forth the arrow to an approaching troop of Sylvan people, fauns, rams, goats, satyrs, and satyr-mothers, pressing their children tighter with their fearful hands, who hurry along from the left in a sunken path between the foreground and a rocky wall, on whose lowest ridge a brook-guardian pours from her urn her grief-telling waters. Above, and more remote than the Ephidryad, another female, rending her locks, appears among the vine festooned pillars of an unshorn grove. The centre of the picture is filled by shady meadows, sinking down to a river-mouth:—beyond is "the vast strength of the ocean stream," from whose floor the extinguisher

[1] Ovid says that he was transformed into a stone before the present event; but I don't chuse to believe him.

of stars, rosy Aurora, drives furiously up her brine-washed steeds, to behold the death-pangs of her rival. I am not aware that Giulio ever painted *The Lament for Procris.*

The print before me (by Giorgio Ghisi) is plainly made from a drawing or paper sketch; a custom among the old Italian engravers, easily proved by M. Antonio's celebrated *St. Cecilia with the black Collar* (a very fine impression of it is worth *from twenty to thirty guineas!*) after a design of Raffaëllo, differing much from the picture engraved by Bonasone, Strange, Massard, &c.; by his *Parnassus, Judgment of Paris, the Virgin with the long Thigh,* &c. &c. Also by this very Ghisi's Angles of the Sistine Chapel after M. Agnolo; by Caraglio's *Loves of the Gods, The Labours of Hercules* after Rosso (le maître Roux), and *The Marriage of the Virgin;* and not to multiply examples, from Parmegiano's *Vulcan throwing the Net,* by Gaspar Reverdinus and the same master's *Mars and Venus, with Vulcan at the Forge* (in its first state), by Æneas Vicus, in which last EXTREMELY RARE plate this fact is very apparent. I notice this to account for the thick, coarse, careless outlines of many old prints, as well as for the want of beauty in the features; which proceeded not from incompetency, but from neglect: the old masters satisfying themselves, in their pen-and-ink sketches, with the vividness and intelligibility of the composition, general character, harmony of lines, etc., without attending to the details.

And now, most pleasant of readers, I must take

off my hat to you. I had fully purposed, in this article, to have lectured amply on Giulio; and then, touching lightly for the present on Primaticcio, to have enjoyed myself among the elegant groups of the seducing Parmegiano; but this has not been vouchsafed unto me to do. My fixed limits are filled with most unintentional other guess-stuff; and the application of my prose motto from "The learned Maister Selden" is as clear as—this glass of Sherris. However, the printer must contrive to edge in my little list below. VALETE.

Prints from Giulio Romano.

The death of Procris; inscribed at bottom, "*Julius Romanus, inventor,*" and the chiffre of the engraver, *G. Mantuano* (*Ghisi*), about 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* or 2*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.* according to the brilliancy of the impression. Retouched by *Thomassinus*, and bearing his name, 5*s.* or 6*s.*

Hylas, a Nymphis Raptus, a very singular yet beautiful composition of twenty figures (including dogs), very desirable, as characteristic of his genuine style. *Sante Bartoli.*) 5*s.* or 6*s.*—perhaps not so much.

The Hours leading out the Horses of the Sun; in a very high taste of poetry: famous by the criticism of Sir Joshua. (*Ditto.*) 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.*

Jupiter suckled by the Goat Amalthea, and fed with Honey by the Nymphs. (*Ditto*). 3*s.* or 4*s.* If you can spare the cash I advise you to buy Bonasone's print (without name,) taken, as I

should imagine, from a drawing: you will find it either at Woodburn's or Colnaghi's, to a certainty, for 1*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* or 2*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.* N.B.—It is not one of *Julio Ro's* (as he signs himself sometimes) best things by any means; but it has ten times the feeling and ease of Bartoli's etching.

L'Enfance de Jupiter; totally different from the preceding. Prettily engraved by *Patas,* in the Palais Royal. 5*s.*

The Dance of Apollo and the Muses; from the small picture, a very highly finished print, by Raphael Urbin Massard. 2*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.* or 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Triumph of Vespasian; large folio size, engraved, in the Crozat Collection, by L. Desplaces. 10*s.* or 7*s.* 6*d.* There are likewise two other prints of this; one in the *Musée Français,* and the other in the little *Galèrie de Fithol.*

From Teodoro Ghisi.

Venus withholding Adonis from the Chase; a very rich upright; most elaborately finished by G. Mantuano. 1*l.* 1*s.* 0*d.* or 2*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.* I picked up a beautiful impression of this scarce plate at Mr. Triphook's, the bookseller, three or four years ago, and never met with its fellow till the other day at Mr. Colnaghi's. It now hides its diminished head.

Mr. Triphook has now the finest *St. Hubert* by Albert Durer, I suppose, that can be produced. It is a match for my friend Weathercock's M. Antonio, the far-famed St. Cecilia.

C. Van Vinkbooms, his Dogmas for Dilettanti.[1]

No. III.

THE AMATEUR'S BOUDOIR, OR A VISIT TO JANUS.

Here from the mould to conscious being start
Those finer forms, the miracles of art;
Here chosen gems, imprest on sulphur, shine,
That slept for ages in a second mine;
And here the faithful graver dares to trace
A Michael's grandeur, and a Raphael's grace!
Thy gallery, Florence! gilds my humble walls,
And my low roof the Vatican recals! *Rogers.*

And wot you what it is that we all here, that are come to hear you, will request at your hands?

No, verily; but I shall know it when you have told me.

Marry, this it is: that you would now, in this rehearsal of yours, lay aside all *by-matters* and *needless preambles*, as touching the description of fair meadows, pleasant shades; of the crawling and winding ivie; of rills issuing from fountains running round about; and such like common-places, that many love to insert.—*Plutarch's Morals, by Holland.*

"THEN, if I understand your aim rightly—(which you'll excuse my thinking a little misty sometimes), you propose to furnish incipient but true amateurs with a sketch of a chalcographic selection, illustrative of all styles having any affinity to the fancy and imagination; which plan or skeleton may be afterwards filled up or not at pleasure.—Now, Mynheer V., your present method

[1] [London Magazine, December, 1821.]

of dilating on one painter for five or six pages together will hardly carry your pupils to the end of their foundation in three years; by which time one-half of them may be dead, and the survivors disgusted with ungratified longings. There is another objection; suppose some one of tasteful mind, but uncorresponding purse, has allotted twenty guineas to the fine arts (which sum you know very well, though Janus would lift up his eyebrows, is sufficient for good sterling prints from the chief pencils, including some plaister copies from the antique, and the most elegant sulphurs from Tassie's Greek gems)—this person is unhappy enough to enter the web of your harangues; to a certainty, like other flies, he is fascinated, spell-bound. His course is constrained to Colnaghi's: modestly and coyly at first doth he inquire for a *single* subject from Correggio or Giulio, and the panting shopman hurls on the extra strong table *whole elephantine portfolios ! !* teeming with Volpatos, Müllers, Longhis, &c. If he resists, he is more than mortal. Alas ! he does not. He buys prints, one, two and three ! throws down the amount with desperation, refuses all offers of porterage, dashes home by the shortest ways, views with unmixed delight his acquisitions for two minutes, and then regrets the absence of "those other two, which indeed were quite companions." The fever rises high, he bolts an early dinner, and gulps down an additional quantity of inflammation in a vehicle of port. Now, loving brother or sister ! The fetters ! The manacles !

> Bind them around his hands; with all thy force,
> Strike, nail them fast, drive them into the wall;
> Strike harder, strain them, let them not relax;
> His craft will work unthought of ways t'escape.
> *Potter's Æschylus.*

While I speak, he is gone, he is flown. Ah! will no friendly pickpocket knock him across the shins? No! His fingers spread over the slippery lock, the fatal door opens; and under the white flame of gas his ruin is accomplished. The —— Number of Dogmas (MICHEL ANGELO) appears with a maddening list, over which he, wretched! spends heavy sighs instead of light sovereigns!

You, my Croney, feel this case intimately, and therefore will remedy it forthwith, as far as in you lies, by giving in this third number the preparatory outline which should have preceded your series of more detailed accounts. I am aware that this outline would require much weighing and considering, seemingly incompatible with the advanced stage of the month; but I believe a walk to our idle Janus's would spare your judicial powers any trouble. You know his boudoir, *The Argument of his Collection*, as he terms it. What think you of a description of its principal contents? He seldom sits there except of an evening: so you will be more undisturbed than at home; your readers will be amused, and W— flattered. Come! he is not very well, and will thank you for the visit." So said my respected friend S * * * * as he concluded his breakfast with a pint of boiling cocoa, after smashing in the little ends of two exhausted egg-shells.

His notion struck me as a lucky hit. Therefore have the kindness, reader, *to find yourself* (as the French advertisements have it) at our Croney's bronze knocker, at the sound of which feet shuffle over the stone hall, speeding—

Aprir di *Giano* il chiuso tempio.—*Tasso.*

The deity of the place was in his study, lolling on a well-squabbed sofa, by the side of a blazing fire; his back guarded from the draft by a large folding Indian screen, and his face from the flame by a pole do. of yellow silk and rosewood. Beside him was placed a small ridged table of French manufacture, where lay his snuff-box, and several antique cameos and intaglios, which he had just been examining with a magnifier; one, a head of Alexander on an onyx of two strata, he still retained, declaring it to be the undoubted work of —I forget who. My request was immediately granted, and the servant ordered to light the fire in his master's sanctum.—"But sit down a minute till the place gets a little aired; I haven't been in it these two months—and tell me what you think of that buhl cabinet; it came from Ld. ———'s sale, who you know was a great connoisseur:—and here is a jewel! This is a brick[1] from the dwelling of the Pre-adamites—from the palace of Giamschid! Istakar! Observe the severity and simple majesty of the old Persian head impressed

[1] The curious reader will find some account of this Persepolitan brick in the Archæologia some nine years back.

on its surface, the stiff curls of the beard, and the peculiar bob-wig style of the hair! Talking of hair, how do you like my new dog?—Here, Neptune!" and forthwith, in size and colour very like a white bear, that animal lounged from his lair behind the screen, and plunged his nose into his master's lap.—"Show us your paw, old man! Look at the webbed toes! right Newfoundland—there's muscle!—by the bye, mentioning muscle, I've a genuine bit of Terra Cotta from the hand of M. Angelo, his clay sketch for the Aurora on the tomb of Lorenzo di Medici: of which you have the large dot print, by Madlle. Duclos, 9*s.* 6*d.* That fine suit of fluted armour is new to you, I believe, Vinkbooms? It's German, of about 1507. Dr. Rusty, who is armour-mad, offered me 400*l.* for it, but I would not part with it for double. It illustrates Sintram! A grand idea!—àpropos, this romantic Idyll of Fouquè, 'The Siege of Ancona' here in Ollier's Miscellany is very congenially translated by Mr. H * * * who, I understand, is about to introduce to us two more of the Baron's most interesting tales, as companions to his version of Sintram. He is the author of a very deep, thorough-going, high-flying article, in the German taste, on the German drama which, to understand, you must read with rather more attention than one does Mr. Southey's articles in the Quarterly. It is a good touch-stone for clear heads.[1]

[1] Take this fragment by Novalis (Von Hardenburgh) quoted in the same article, as a specimen. "The world of a tale is the one diametrically opposed to the world of

We are to have something from this gentleman in the next *livraison* of the Miscellany, which I ardently expect. Mr. Soane, who made so many alterations in Undine (simply entitled by him a Tale from the German), and modestly regretted that he had not made more, has just completed a translation of Fouquè's Sänger-liebe, in the preface to which he attempts to be rather sharp on the English Sintram; but his criticism is flippant, and his wit ill-natured. Mr. S. is likewise engaged, *or ought to be so*, in the arduous task of pouring the poetry of Goethe from a German into an English vessel—I have 32 pages of it (the Faust) here in print, wherein he appears to have succeeded so far unexpectedly well. No doubt the venerable John Wolfgang's inspection of his MS. has been of material utility, and will give his undertaking consequence in the eyes of the public."—"Allow me to look at those sheets. Ah! this is a very good idea, the inserting the original on one side in oblong quarto so as to bind with the genuine etchings. So Soane has turned the sadly pleasing Ottava Rima dedication or address in the Spenserian stanza. I am afraid he has caught the vulgar notion, that the verse in which Tasso sang the woes of Erminia is more adapted for the ludicrous than

truth, and for this very reason as thoroughly similar to it as chaos is similar to the perfect creation. In the future world everything is as in the former world, yet altogether otherwise; the future world is the rational chaos; the chaos that has penetrated itself, that is within itself and without itself!!"

the pathetic: he should read Fairfax, or the last canto of Merivale's Orlando, and scorn the censure of the *Duncery*. However, he makes amends by giving the Induction, which is full of very just satire on common play-goers and play-writers. Listen, S * * * *, how it ends,—Manager *loquitur*—

> Upon our German stage, you know, each tries
> Whate'er his fancy dictates. Spare not then
> For scenery or machinery to-day.
> Make use of Heaven's great and lesser light;
> Be lavish of the stars; of water, fire,
> Rocks, beasts, and birds, there is no scarcity.
> Thus bring into our narrow house of wood
> Creation's circle, and, with cautious speed,
> Travel from Heaven through the earth to hell.

I am afraid the "Prologue in Heaven" is going rather too near the wind for the good folks who sing sacred melodies to the tune of *Moll i' the Wad*, (see our No. for September p., 323,) and though our faith and reverence for holy things are too steadfastly anchored to fear the impotent puffs of doubt and mockery, yet it is as well to afford no handle to the silly admirers of such puddle-stirrers as ——— and ———, windy inconsistent minds: which can gorge whole such palpably absurd ravings as the creation of this all-perfect world by chance, though they cannot conceive a paltry building like St. Paul's or St. Peter's to have arisen from the efforts of the same able workman. This is, indeed, to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. For my own part I regard this offensive scene,[1] as

[1] This scene, though printed for the *curious*, will not be published.

some consider it, in the same light as the caprices of the Abbot of Unreason. The *Lord* of it is not *my* Lord; he is simply the deity of a fairy tale. In the works of several authors, ironies are put into the mouths of even the human actors: In *Faust*, the evil one himself is, as he ought to be, their sole utterer. The language of the wretched hero is very different—hark! "——*Margaret.* So, then, you believe nothing?——*Faustus.* Do not construe my words so ill, charming creature! Who can name the deity, and say, I comprehend him? Who can feel, and not believe in him? Does not Heaven descend to form a canopy over our heads? Is not the earth immovable under our feet? Do not the eternal stars, from their spheres on high, look down on us with love?" On which passage Mad. de Staël observes that "the author here shows the necessity of a firm and positive belief, since even those whom nature has created good and kind are not the less capable of the most fatal aberrations when this support is wanting to them."

But we shall discourse this together more at large some future day. Boosey has published a very pleasing abstract of this Labyrinthine poem, with copious and sufficiently faithful versions in blank verse which, maugre the apology in the preface, can give the English reader no very satisfactory idea of this Drama, written in the most varied metres, principally rhymed, and which is essentially lyrical, both in conception and execution. However, as "the preceding prelude" (so the traducteur elegantly has it) and the 'prologue' are omitted, it

is more appropriate to the mere fashionable seekers of semi-instructive amusement; while its rival by Mr. Soane will better satisfy the inquisitive and thoughtful student in poetry, who may be guiltless of German. Our Doctor's aspirations and incantations in the first scene, beginning where he opens the book at the sign of Microcosmos, "Ha! welche Wonne fliesst in diesem Blick," &c. down to "*Ich bins,* bin Faust, bin deines gleichen!" have more fervour and impetuosity in Soane; but the cadence of the Earth-Spirit's mystic strain "In Liebensfluthen, im Thatensturm, &c." is better felt in Boosey's prettily printed 8vo.

> *Spirit.*—In the floods of life, in the tempests of action,
> Up and down I rave;
> Hither and thither in motion;
> Birth and the grave,
> An abounded ocean—
> A changing strife—
> A kindling life—
> At the rustling loom of Time I have trod,
> And fashioned the living vesture of God.

Whenever I begin, I can go on reading the little Almaine square 12mo. all day, but at present "I must go fry some fish," as the honest Frenchman said, in his ambition to use the English tongue with unhallowed familiarity. So, S****, I bequeath you to Janus, who will show you the simple and beautiful groups in his very tall copy of the *Hypnerotomachia* (Aldus, 1499): and don't be turned aside by their smatch of Andrea Mantegna,

for your oracle Stothard admires them highly, I can promise you. Good day! I shall not come out till I have finished my CATALOGUE RAISONNEE." "But stop, halt, stand! My dear V. V. you would oblige me much by noticing *a series of Views on the river Dart*,[1] *by F. Lewis.* Here! take them with you, and hold the volume some two feet from your nose when you examine it. *Holm Moor*, pl. 1. has a very fine cut-throat sort of effect:—and why haven't you praised Dewint's romantic Sicilian Scenery? It is by far the best series of that nature published by Messrs. Rodwell and Martin; and I know you have it, for I saw your name down for the large paper, my lad! And when you're about it, you may as well brush up Dewint about his Landscapes in the Tyrol, engraved by clever W. Cooke: I want to know whether they are to proceed beyond the first number or not—and look! did you ever see a thing copied so accurately, and with so much feeling, as this brilliant little print by Scriven, after Hilton's natural and characteristic portrait of Clare. What life in the eyes! what ardent thirst for excellence, and what flexibility and susceptibility to outward impressions in the quivering lips! observe the thigh caught up unconsciously by the hand! it does Hilton's penetration credit to have arrested that most unsophisticated and speaking action. Now set off with you to your den, and let your pen fly; for the brace of pheasants come up precisely at

[1] Scenery of the River Dart. 38 Plates, folio, 2*l.* 8*s.* to non-subscribers.

six! Not a line after! S * * * * will stay! Don't shake your head, for you must, and you *shall!* A fig for the Doctor! We'll sing *Old Rose*, and brandish the old East India in style—Fa Presto! and don't tumble over my *Hookah.*"—

Now Mister Wight,
For whom I write,

follow me through this carpeted passage, down these seven steps! don't stop to look at that rusty shirt of mail, nor at the modern gaudy-stained glass which shuts out all back view, but forwards, into this door with the gilt mouldings. Now, what say you to Janus's BOUDOIR? Bless us, who's in the house? here's a gold pair of scissars and some silk shreds! Umph! the place is wonderfully aired in so short a time! but, "let us take an invention of Master Janus's defects," beginning with a small plan of the room. First, then, it is an octagon of about thirteen feet diameter, and full sixteen in height; into which the light streams through rosy panes in the dome top—other windows it hath none. You may fancy yourself in utter solitude, for not a sound from the street reaches here. Two doors hath it, concealed with bright blue silk drapery, bordered with crimson velvet and barbaric fringe. The opposite door to that by which we entered leads, through a similar passage, to a small conservatory; where to read a good romance on a shiny day in February may rank among the best of sensual pleasures. The walls are covered with a very rich

crimson French paper, formed into panels and compartments with gold mouldings; and the oak floor is spread with a glowing Persian carpet. A sweeping Ottoman, matching the curtains in hue, offers its elastic cushions to the voluptuary, opposite the fireplace; on either side of which stand marble-slabbed chiffonieres, containing such embellished books as Wicar's "Galerie de Florence, et du Palais Pitti." (Grand in fol. 1789—1813. Paris, about £30 imported by Rodwell and Martin. By far the most comprehensive of the modern galleries, including pictures, statues, and the finest gems.) Couché's "Galerie du Palais royal." (3 vols. fol. Paris, 1786—1808, 354 prints, about £30.) "Malvasia's Claustro di S. Michele in Bosco di Bologna." (fol. Bologna, 1696, 20 etchings, after the best pictures of Ludovico Carracci, Lionello Spada, &c. £2 2s.) Rubens's "Galerie du Luxembourg." (imp. fol. Paris, 1710, 27 plates, by Duchance, Edelinck, Picart, and B. Audran, from 5 to 10 guineas, according to the impressions. The modern book under the same title, Paris, 1808, is vastly inferior.) Le Febre's selections from the Frescoes of Titian and Paolo Veronese (fol. Venice, 1680, 51 etchings, about 3 guineas.) Filhol's "Galerie du Musée Napoléon, (imp. 8vo. 10 vols. Paris, 1804, &c. 740 beautifully executed plates, £30)." "Recueil D'Estampes, &c. dit le Cabinet de Crozat." (2 vols. imp. fol. Paris, 1729—42, 182 prints from the works of Perugino, Raffaëllo, Giulio, Garofolo, Caravaggio, Titian, Paolo Veronese, Tintoretto, Giorgione, Schiavone, Guiseppino, Peruzzi, and

Girolamo Mutiano, £13. Large paper, in fine condition, £25.) "Dubois-Maissonneuve's Peintures des Vases Antiques, by Millin." (Paris, 1808—10, 2 vols. imp. fol. about 15 guineas plain, and 30 coloured. The scarce and valuable collection of Vases, by D'Hancarville. (Naples, 1766, &c. 4 vols. fol, 400 plates and upwards, coloured; a mass of elegant and unaffected attitudes and costume, £30.) The subsequent assemblage formed by Sir W. Hamilton, and published by Tischbein, with the remarks and explanations of Italinsky. (Napoli, 1791, 4 vols. fol. 240 outlines, 12 guineas.) Millengen's *Vases Grecs*, (Rome, 1803, 7*l.* 17*s.*, imported by Messrs. Rodwell and Martin, 60 plates fol. copied from the originals with very rare and praise-worthy accuracy.) "Murphy's *Batalha*," folio. "L'Antichite di Ercolano." (Napoli, 1757, &c. 9 vols. fol.; a fine copy may now be had for less than 40*l.* This work was copied in a smaller size by Piroli, in 6 vols. 4to, Roma, 1789—about 12 guineas. Major Smith's "Old English Costume." (fol. coloured plates, 15*l.*) Strutt's laborious works on the same subject; the "Ancient Armour" of that 'fine fat fodjel wight' Captain Grose; and Flaxman's Homer, Hesiod, and Æschylus.

The aforesaid slabs sustain several very fine specimens of the Raffaëlle china, particularly a grand dish with the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, of which there is a creditable print, by the *Maître au de* (see Bartsch. vol. xv. p. 210, No. 38); some curious brown-biscuit teapots, fillagree-worked; and other crockery, both *cracknell* and

green dragon; which show their possessor's ample range of taste and antiquarian science. An agreeable chaos occupies the broad mantel-piece, consisting of paper-nautili, king humming-birds in spirits, gigantic moths, a noble Podilirius butterfly, a small volume of "Heures," cased in a "kyver" of solid silver gilt, wrought with quaint devices, and studded with small brilliants and rubies, supposed on good authority to have belonged to the unfortunate and indiscreet Anne Boleyn. Cheek by jowl to this, squats a little ugly monster, a Lar, perhaps, dug up in the sunny fields of corn-bearing Sicily, who grins eternally at a languishing dark-locked beauty, inserted, by the surprising pencil of Petitot, in an oval seven-eighths of an inch in height, set in a rich-chased gold Louis Quatorze snuff-box. That mouldy bit of corroded brass, no bigger than one's oldest finger, is a Hercules with the snake-and-damsel guarded apples; deemed by the cognoscenti to equal in stupendous strength and grandeur any of the famed minikin sublimities in Mr. Payne Knight's collection of bronzes: and unshapely, sweet young lady, as you seem to think this humble earthen lamp, it once gave light to the gay Quintia Sabella! See, on its lid you may trace the figure of a female, who holds wandering Love suspended by the wings!—Round the sides of that fictile vase, uxorious Cephalus,[1] clad

[1] In "a Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure," the argument to the legend of this Thessalian king commences thus:—"Cephalus, a lustie young gallaunt, and Procris, a beautifull girle, *both of the Duke of Venice' court,*" &c. ! !

in the modest single mantle (to use a phrase of the zealous Latimer), his brows shaded with the broad petasus, and grasping in his hand two brass-headed spears, flies, but with retorted head, from the outstretched arms of a winged Aurora. Do not the motion and grace of this composition excuse the unknown artist's little vanity in stamping it ΚΑΛΟΣ ?[1]—But let us go on. Here is the calf of an antique leg, with the gastrocnemius muscle finely pronounced? That barbarous weapon, as it may be termed, is a Norman "prycke" spur; and between it and the sacrificial instrument you have a gold medal of Otho and a silver one of Julius the Third. Those enamelled watch cases are esteemed great curiosities, and so is the engraved broken patera, which I am confident is Phœnician. I should entreat your attention to that *Scarabæus* in green paste, and that superb altissimo relievo on cornealian, Jupiter Ægiochus, but that I am pressed for time; so let us despatch the remaining vanities of this retreat quickly. At each of the right angles are Sienna brackets, bearing eight bronzes, by the famous John di Bologna: four from the antique and four from his own designs. These contrast not unpleasantly with the pale gleam of two noble *Christi Crucifixi*, one carved in ivory, the other

[1] This expression, so common on fine vases, is conceived by the hasty Millin to refer to one of the personages depicted, instead of the painting itself; and in order to suit this fancy, he hooks me on the ΚΕΦΑΛΟΣ to the adjective, and translates his combination "*Céphale beau ! !*" when the proper designation is undoubtedly L'Aurore et Céphale.—C'est beau.

moulded in wax, elevated over the opposite doors. Our friend's gilt-poled screen, I grieve to say, is modern; however, he has the promise of one worked in chenille by the fair hand of Pompadour. The large circular kingwood table is in the same predicament; but then it is Parisian, and the buhl foliage is really very tastily fancied; besides, it is generally hidden by the silver inkstand, the citron-morocco paper-folio (the tooling of which by Lewis cost, *I know*, twelve guineas!) and some sprinkle of books like the present. What are they by the way? Barry Cornwall's Dramatic Scenes, open at "*the Dream*;"—aye, that's one of his hardest blows.—Thomas Taylor's "Commentary on Proclus;"—"Howleglass;"—"Bates's Funeral Sermon for Mr. Baxter;"—Adelung's "Mithridates," and Schweighæuser's folio Herodotus. Mercy upon us, this is Janus's Jumble with a vengeance! Now seat yourself in that remarkably soft-cushioned Grecian chair: rest both feet on the azure foot-stool, and amuse yourself with examining those double ranges of prints, so gaily framed in rosewood or polished oak, whilst I note down the most notable. First is the [1] Delphic Sybil of M. Angelo,

[1] The articles having a star prefixed, form (with Perier's Icones et Segmenta, ob. folio, Paris, 1545, £1 1s.) Kirk's Greek Vases (imp. 8vo. £1 1s. 62 plates), a few select impressions from Tassie's Gems, to be enumerated hereafter, five plasters from the Antique, viz. the Apollo, the Fighting Gladiator, the Sleeping Hermaphrodite, the Grecian Shepherdess (La Venus de belles fesses), and the fragmental Venus or Dione in the British Museum), a small, but most comprehensive assemblage of the fine arts, the whole cost of

(Volpato, 10*s.* 6*d.*) panting with the divine afflatus, which expands her mighty limbs to a yet grander dimension. See "how she toils in troublous extasy!" while *Divination*, like a deep warm mist, swells surging round her. If you feel not the sublimity of this glorious creature, shrink with wordless shame into your nutshell-mind, most pitiful cockney! and dare not lift your eyes to the *Sistina fresco, where, to use the eloquent language of Fuseli, in his third Lecture, p. 126, 2nd edition, "The Creator, borne on a group of attendant spirits, the personified powers of omnipotence, moves on towards his last, best work, the lord of his creation. The immortal spark, issuing from his extended arm, electrifies the new-formed being who, tremblingly alive, half raised, half reclined, hastens to meet his Maker." (Cunego, 5*s.*) You must remember a few years ago, at the British Institution (it hung in the north room, on the left-hand side as you came up-stairs), a small picture by Marcello Venusti, from the design of M. Angelo, which excited great attention at the time (the ex-animate body of Christ, supported on the

which would not exceed twenty guineas! Though, with regard to the choice of *masters*, I am decided, it is by no means my wish to tie every one down to my choice of *subjects*, for which reason I have offered several others, perhaps equally good, though I fear hardly so reasonable. Indeed, if it were possible for me to place the prints themselves (as I wish I could do) before the eyes of my indulgent and flattering readers, they would be agreeably surprised to find what fine things may be had for a comparatively trifling sum.

lap of his mother by two wingless cherubim). There is Bonasone's very scarce and delicate print of it (3 to 12 guineas); and a brilliant impression, matchless in condition, having "*three inches*" of clear unwashed original margin!!![1]—Next to it is Louis Schiavonnetti's masterly finished etching of that celebrated performance which, 'by the united testimony of contemporary writers and the evident traces of its imitation scattered over the works of contemporary artists' (that scoundrel Bandinelli's St. Lawrence,[2] to wit), 'contributed alone more to the restoration of art and the revolution of style than the united efforts of the two centuries that preceded it:' I mean the * Cartoon of Pisa (10*s.* 6*d.* folio size), which represents a band of Florentine soldiers, hurrying from their bath in "Arno's pleasant stream," at the call of the fierce brass, and the shifting flash of steel breaking through a brown shroud of dust in the direction of Pisa. From the naked chief who shoots his summons through his thick beard over the vext waters, "every age of human agility, every attitude, every feature of alarm, haste, hurry, exertion, and eagerness, burst into so many rays, like sparks flying from the hammer." Poussin, in

[1] The late Lord Webb Seymour paid, not long before his death, 40*l.* for M. Antonio's Parnassus, with a five inch margin!—I have an excellent impression (perfect) of the same, which cost 8*l.*

[2] That multitudinous composition, or rather distraction, so well engraved by M. Antonio, in return for the repeal of the decree of banishment: which repeal was procured through the good offices of the said Baccio.

his Sacrament of Baptism, has but faintly imitated that 'grim feature,' the bald-stringy-muscled veteran, crowned with oak leaves, who with breath held, cheeks contracted and starting temporal veins, drives his wet leg through the *scrooping* hosen. Yet this print, fiery as it is, is still but the shadow of a shade, a copy by Schiavonnetti from a painting by Mr. Howard, after a small copy of Bastiano San Gallo, reduced from the original sketch for a large picture, of which the group before us was to have constituted but a part.

* Giorgione's "Pastorale" (Nic. Dupuy, sculpt. 6*s.*) consists of a partie quarrée, in a meadow very *savorous* with sweet herbs and scented flowers, and *umbrous* with orange and cedar trees, who might well be taken for our old friends Philostratus, Lauretta, Pampinea, and Dioneus (which last slender-loined gallant seems tuning his rebeck to the canzonet "*If love were free from jealousy*") save that more white skin is discovered than might befit such decorous ladies. Nevertheless, in point of site, there is much resemblance.—Lo! the marble fountain, round the which they gathered to relate those tales,—and yonder its overflowing water "streaming along the meadows by secret passages and channels, very fair and artificially made; running swiftly thence down towards the plain, but before it arrives thither, driving, with its rapid current, two goodly mills: and though I see neither "the coneys and hares tripping about," nor "the little young hinds feeding everywhere," yet truly

"the goats browse on the herbs without strife or warring together:" those vine and almond-covered ground-plots, sweeping down from the mountains, "whereon the sun looks so hotly, do grow less and less by variable degree, as in theatres:" and in the right-hand distance is the breezy lake, "containing such huge shoals of fish."—I observe you don't relish Burnet's Rembrandt-like etching after that great master's * *Balneum Bathshebæ*, (1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*) but I think you will stomach the corn-cutting, and small-tooth-comb work better after glancing over Janus's eulogium on it, in the 3rd or 4th Number of the LONDON MAGAZINE: perhaps that masterpiece of C. Marratti * (the same story, Auden Aerd. 7*s.*) is more germane to your ideas of Uriah's wife. Fuseli (a despiser, of course, of the insipid Carlo) pronounces this picture to be "a work of which it is easier to feel than to describe the charms; which has no rival; and seems to preclude all hope of equal success in any future attempt." There is Veronese's * Leda (Romanet, 5*s.*) formerly a blazing star in the Orleans collection, afterwards exhibited at the Lyceum; a charming picture, at once striking and harmonious in effect; which, besides the usual freshness and delicacy of Paolo's pencil, possesses a truth of passionate expression not surpassed by the leaders of expression's own peculiar school—the Roman. By the omission of the swan and the introduction of a shadowy hand, round-ankled Leda has been converted by Fuseli into 'Sin receiving the keys of Hell-gates;' a dashing recollection struck out

while the original was hot in his mind. These strenuous primeval forms (* Fuseli's Adam and Eve, 1*l.* 1*s.* Haughton), embody the pathetic and heartfelt lines of Milton, when Adam, after the fatal lapse of Eve, declares that the enemy

> Me with thee hath ruined ; for with thee
> Certain my resolution is to die.
> *How can I live without thee ?* how forego
> Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,
> To live again in these wild woods forlorn !
> * * * no, no ! I feel
> The link of nature draw me : flesh of my flesh,
> Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
> Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.
> * * * * * *
> So saying she embraced him * *
> * * * much won that he his love
> Had so ennobled, as of choice t' *incur*
> *Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.*

In the background, beyond the broad leaves of the bower, the angelic guards wind through the air to heaven, "mute and sad for man." The print, I am sorry to say, though laboriously copied, has a square, hard, clumsy look, not perceptible in the richly impasted picture.

I need hardly name Watteau as the inventor of that most piquant scene (* Le Bosquet de Bacchus. Cochin, sculpt. 5*s.*) though you may not so immediately distinguish its companion (* Les agrémens de la campagne. Jouillain, sculpt. 5*s.*) to be the production of Lancret, his clever imitator. Did you ever meet with such nice, pleasant, good-for-nothing people ? Turn away from them to

that melting, gliding, awkward, graceful, affected, easy, pure, voluptuous, heavy, airy, perfect, faulty, *irresistible* group, the refined Parmegiano's * St. Margaret, Virgin, Bambino, St. Jerome, St. Petronio, and an angel; painted for the altar of St. Margaret's church, Bologna. It was once slightly engraved by Bonasone, and lately in a delicate and sentimental gusto by Rosaspina, (15*s.*) a better, because a more painter-like, burin than the exquisite Beppo Longhi.—Massard's large print from Giulio Romano (2*l.* 2*s.*)—turn your chair round, if you please!—has not yet met with its due share of regard: it represents the Muses as

> ——They lightly leap in dance
> With delicate feet; who having duly bathed
> Their tender bodies in Permessian streams,
> In springs that gush'd fresh from the courser's hoof,
> Or blest Olmius' waters, many a time
> Upon the topmost ridge of Helicon,
> Their elegant and amorous dances thread,
> And smite the earth with strong-rebounding feet.
> Thence breaking forth tumultuous, and enwrapt
> With the deep mist of air, they onward pass
> Nightly, and utter, as they sweep on high,
> A voice in stilly darkness beautiful.
>
> *Elton's Hesiod.*

I cannot let you stop to examine Raffaëllo's * School of Athens now (Volpato, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*); it would hold us a day, and then retain us still: we must likewise pass over for the present Rubens's tumultuous * Lion Hunt (Bolswert, 1*l.* 10*s.*, the ne plus ultra of engravings), and his * Hay-field after a Shower, with the Rainbow, (ditto, 7*s.* 6*d.*),

to Poussin's * Polyphemus piping on the Mountain (Baudet, 15*s.* one out of a set of eight), the picture which suggested to L. Hunt a very pretty passage in his *Rimini* and to Mr. Cornwall some lines commencing

> Here on a rock that shot up, bare and gray,
> Sat piping the vast giant Polypheme.

You are now looking at Da Vinci's * Virgin of the Rocks (Desnoyers, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* or 2*l.* 2*s.*), celebrated by the lines of Charles Lamb, resembling so much the early hymns of Milton.

> While young John runs to greet
> The greater infant's feet, &c.
>
> *Works*, vol. i. p. 51.

But, fine as it is, how vastly inferior to that larger proof without the engraver's name! (The Virgin seated on the lap of St. Ann, stretching out her arms towards the never-equalled group of the Child and Lamb, 2*l.* 2*s.*) A singular and puzzling composition painted, as it is believed, by Salaino, after the cartoon of Leonardo; an engraving which I would part with last of all this little collection. Of the similar subject by it (Anker Smith, sculpt. after the famous drawing in the Royal Academy, 12*s.*) Vasari says, "that for two days people of all sorts, men and women, young and old, resorted to Leonardo's house, to see this wonderful performance, as if they had been going to a solemn feast." The fickle artist, however, never went beyond the sketch; from which a picture was afterwards made

by Bernardino Luini, his pupil, known by the print in Filhol's Musée Napoléon, I advise Colnaghi and Molteno to import a few impressions immediately of those beautiful plates from Da Vinci, "The Magdalen with the alabaster cruse," (Dilexit multum. Ricciani, 10*s.* 6*d.*) and Miss Lamb's favourite, "Lady Blanche and the Abbess," commonly called "Vanitas et Modestia," (Campanella, 10*s.* 6*d.*) for I foresee that this Dogma will occasion a considerable call for them—let them therefore be ready.—A dozen of Foster's somewhat too black gravure * La Maitresse du Titian (1*l.* 5*s.*) may be ordered at the same time.—Also they will scratch together some clean copies of * the Descent from the Cross by Volterra and M. Angelo, (Dorigny, scarce, 18*s.*; very fine, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*) Duchange's * Io (5*s.*), after Correggio. Giulio Romano's * Rape of Hylas, (5*s.*) M. Angelo's * Joel, (Volpato, 10*s.* 6*d.*) and Domenichino's * Communion of St. Jerome (Jaco. Frey, 7*s.* or 8*s.* far superior to the despicable piece of mere mechanism, by Tardieu).—Now, my silent companion, having nearly got through our job, we will turn to the ——"The dinner's *'pon* table, Sir!" "Very well, William!"

P.S.—On the following morning, among my *starred* articles I omitted to insert Correggio's beauteously divine and heart-thawing conception of our Incarnate Lord, whose mortal limbs, exuding the faint sweat of agony, and dyed in blood from the whistling scourge and the spiny crown, are thrust staggering with weakness before that yelling

sea of worse than wolfish cruelty. Let some of our pert, because ignorant, would-be Deists give half as much attention to this print and the accompanying simple recital of St. Mark, as they do, or pretend to do, (which is nearer the truth) to the headless Ilyssus, and they will feel the long-dried fountain of sweet waters spring again in their hearts.

The ensuing list of most interesting plates from Filhol's Musée Napoléon, at 1*s.* 6*d.* a piece, may, with the excess of some 4*s.* be comprised in the proposed 20 guinea collection which, if purchased with a little caution and ready money, will consist of very good impressions :—

Painters.	*Subjects.*	*Engravers.*
Sacchi,	St. Romuald,	Dambrun.
Potter,	Animaux dans une Priarie,	Duparc.
M. A. Caravaggio,	Christ au Tombeau,	Bovinet.
Titian,	Pietro Martire,	Do.
Antique Statue,	Eros (L'Amour Grec),	Massard.
Poussin,	L'Education de Bacchus,	Niquet.
Fra Bartolomeo,	St. Marc,	Dambrun.
Rubens,	Venus et Adonis,	Villerey.
Titian,	Francis I,	Boutrois.
Da Vinci	Portrait de Femme,	Dague.
Piombo,	La Visitation de la Vierge, very fine	Piegot.
Domenichino,	Le Concert,	Geraut.
Del Sarto	Christ au Tombeau, called the Raffaël del Sarto,	Massard.
Correggio,	Le Mariage de Ste. Catherine,	Do.
Paris Bordone,	Mars et Venus,	Heina.
Raffaëllo,	La Dierge au Ponataire,	Pigeot.
Wouvermans,	Depart pour la chasse du Faucon,	Niquet.

And now, my pupils, I will do a very handsome thing; for if any of you, living west of the Strand, will ensure me a roast leg of mutton and potatoes, a glass of good port, and an air from a pretty lady, married or single, I will, at a three days' summons, unless better engaged, with my very best *loons* on, deliver my judgment gratis on all matters connected with *taste*, past, present and to come.—Witness our hand, from our pomona-green morocco *chaise longue*.

LETTER TO CORNELIUS VAN VINKBOOMS, ESQ.[1]

ON THE EXETER EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

Exeter, 16 *Oct.*, 1821.

DEAR MR. VAN VINKBOOMS,—I am an old man and a lover of old pictures, and I take the privilege of age to address you with that marked affection which you will not dislike, when you know that I read your dogmas the first among the articles in the LONDON MAGAZINE, and that I learn enough from them to set me up as a connoisseur in this western city. As you are a sort of foster-father to the fine arts, and look after the sister Muses with a careful and parental eye, I am

[1 Query from himself. London Magazine, November, 1821.]

quite sure that you will regard any advancement of their influence and welfare as so much achieved by your constant labours in their behalf: and I therefore venture for nearly the first time in my life (having only written papers on political economy in a country newspaper which, however, were readily inserted on my merely paying the common price of an advertisement), to address these few lines to inform you that Painting hath set her blessed foot in the west—that she is rising like a sun in this quarter (which, let alone its not being the east, is the truest and most apposite figure that I can adopt). The mists of ignorance are rolling away towards the distant villages, and we are beginning to break forth with a splendour which will rival the proud lustre of Plymouth (the birth-place of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Eastlake) and the enlightened glories of Birmingham (the birth-place of no one).

It has long been considered, dear Mr. Cornelius, a *desideratum* or, *anglicé*, a thing to be desired, that Exeter should add to its agreeable theatre (that theatre from which the great Mr. Kean was selected), to its public assemblies, and its architectural riches, an institution for the encouragement of the fine arts; and at length, partly by the exertions of a respectable tradesman of the name of Cole (a dealer in drawings and looking-glasses), and chiefly by the instantaneous exertions of the nobility of Devon—such an institution has been formed. Application having been made to the principal persons of wealth and taste in the county

for the loan of their pictures, to form an exhibition for the delight, glory, and instruction of the inhabitants of Exeter, the Earl of Morley, Sir Thomas Ackland, Lord Clifford, Mr. Bielfield, and others, with a most praiseworthy alacrity supplied a few of their paintings towards forwarding the plan; and with many disappointments, and under considerable disadvantages, a small and interesting exhibition has been opened. I myself furnished my solitary little landscape, leaving a great yellow stain on the white panel of my best drawing-room, to bear testimony of my zeal in the cause. Certain it is, Mr. Cornelius, that more might have been done; for it is not to be supposed that Sir Thomas Ackland's best picture is the faded portrait of one of his ancestors by Sir Joshua Reynolds; or that his collection is so limited as to afford no more than four trifling works; but let me not undervalue the sanction of his name to an undertaking in the bud, as I may poetically call it. Sir Stafford Northcote (a relation of the great Northcote the painter, I presume,) indeed discouraged the attempt at first, as I am informed; but on seeing that others thought it practicable, he begged that one of his pictures might be inserted in the room, and his name in the catalogue. There appears to be a cowardly *feeling of the way*, and not a march at once to success! The best works—indeed I may say almost the only works worth seeing, are from the collection of a Mr. W. Kendall—a worthy and intelligent gentleman of these parts, who has contributed with a liberal hand. There

are a few, a very few, fine portraits, by Opie, Northcote, and Owen; particularly one of Northcote's own fine sensible head!—And a very rich, ripe, old landscape, *A Flemish Revel*, by Ostade and Teniers (worth the price of admission and catalogue in itself), which I look at again and again without tiring, and which I point out to my children as a warm, glowing, fruitful specimen of the old masters. You will be glad to hear that the fine arts (to take up my first figure) are dawning in the west,—and I rejoice, that I am one of the first to announce to you such gratifying intelligence. Pray encourage us, Mr. Van Vinkbooms!—Pray tell Mr. Cole that he is a laudable person—pray impress upon the nobility and gentry of Devon, that by taking a lukewarm interest in this important work they are letting slip an opportunity of doing a great service to their county. Up with your voice, Mr. Van Vinkbooms, up with it, and awaken this slumbering enthusiasm of Devonshire men! Halloo! to the heart of Sir Thomas Ackland! Speak aloud into the ears of the Earl of Egremont, and spare not! Thunder into the mind of Mr. Dickenson! Call out, and awaken to the watch, Mr. W. A. Harris! The sister Muses are now likely to obtain a seat here; and I trust, I do trust, Mr. Cornelius will give them his vote which, in the election for fame, is a *plumper!*

I am, dear Mr. Van Vinkbooms,

Yours extremely,

SENEX.

LETTER FROM JANUS WEATHERCOCK, ESQ.[1]

*** Janus Weathercock (Esquire, God wot) is alive! We have received a right merry epistle from him, which we readily print, because it is so pleasantly impertinent and so ridiculously critical. If any of our contributors should recognise his allusions to them, which his use of their occasional signatures may assist, we—wish him well!—[Ed. L. M.]

> Worshipful master! I have a great deal of, I cannot tell what, to say to you. *Ford.*

SIR, or Gentlemen,—I have not been a contributor to your invaluable miscellany (as "*Constant Readers*" have it) for a long time, and I doubt not but that your profits have been in correspondence with my leisure. The fact is, you have got a deal *too good* for me and my sentimentalities; and I should never have troubled your compositor more if I had not fancied that you would also shoot a-head of the heavy-sailing public. From your last Lion's Head[2] I learnt that other folks are willing to serve you as the Caliph Omar did the Alexandrian library, and render the London *less full of literature.* Now, dear invisibilities, I would

[1] London Magazine, May, 1822.]

[2] A heading which followed the title of each of the early numbers, and covered any miscellaneous items, which the editor did not desire to insert elsewhere.]

just hint, that *my* claims to be employed in this sort of service are more *legitimate;* and, as a single proof in point, I shall simply adduce the well-established fact, that my hair-triggers will snuff a candle at twenty paces. Apply your organs of self-curativeness to this extremely perspicuous line of reasoning, and you will grant the Rob Roy[1] justice of my demands. This being arranged *amicably,* allow me to ask if you have properly considered the legitimate (an exceeding good word, as Justice Shallow says of *accommodate*) nature (by which I imply the customary and accustomed nature) of Magazines? This must at first strike you as an odd question for the end of the fifth volume; but a little thought will develope its pertinence. The vital aim of a *Review* was, and is staringly obvious; viz., to furnish a little compendious way to the Stagyrite's chair, for those who lack the ability or the will (which is pretty much the same thing in effect) to travel the regular rutty road. The invention took wonderfully, for *now* any given laudably-ambitious Mister Stagg might make certain of six penn'orth of critical acumen, which he could disburse by judgmatical pinches to an admiring circle of ladies and gentlemen, who had *not* seen the last * * * * Review. But the composers of this "literature made easy for the meanest capacities," have

[1] ——— The good old plan,
That those shall take who have the power,
And those shall keep who can.
Wordsworth.

shown themselves short-sighted, for having succeeded in subverting all genuine existing literature, and rendered the ground nearly impracticable to the immediate future, they find their prospects assimilated to those of Epirian Pyrrhus, in his concluding engagements with the Romans. The public, at the expense of many half-crowns, has wormed out the secret of their fight, and is rapidly throwing off the trammels of its alarmed tutors; which is as much as to say in King's English (which Sir Walter Scott cannot write) that any lady within the boundary of gentility (coloured *red* in Mogg's map) or out of it perhaps, can dissert on the merits or demerits of the aforesaid Sir W.'s last novel, with as good emphasis, and better matter than any given peevish little Editor of a Review. But this is nothing to the purpose, I believe; yet let it go for a huge parenthesis, in which article I *ding* old Chapman, our noble English Homer. Where was I? Oh! ah! "nature of Magazines." Yes! well,—I leave you to ponder over my query, satisfied that I have awakened you to a very weighty and necessary preliminary to improvement; yet before I put *yours faithfully, &c.*, to this scrawl (in the postscript to which you will find a list of pretty books for sofas and sofa-tables) I cannot help forcing a word of advice. Don't act over again the fable of the Old Man and his Ass. You have entered a bold speculation in attempting to establish a real *literary* Magazine. Towards such a plan no encouragement could be expected from the largest

class of magazine readers, as magazines were originally got up; you had no recipes for the tooth-ache, no charades, no *disinterested* letters by Agricola ("with a wood-cut,") on the new propelling shafts, no paper on an ancient Highland knee-buckle, no drunken songs, no paltry French romances, and no scandal. You had to work your way into a new society, somewhat difficult of access at first, but whose ultimate acquaintance would repay all endeavours to obtain it; inasmuch as there only could your worthy matter be worthily entertained and censured. This introduction *is* accomplished; and, to spread the connexion still wider, it is only necessary that you should not be wanting to yourselves; therefore rouse up bravely in the warm spring time, and advance your out-posts still higher up the mount of green-flowering Helicon.[1] Clap Elia on the back for such a series of good behaviour. Flog your strong horse,[2] "*Lyddal-cross*," up to the mark of Allan-a-Maut, or the King of the Peak, which will be a good swinging trot, like a gallop. Be so obliging as to ask our idler by the green sea,[3] wherefore he gave up the fourteen syllable measure (which becomes

[1] Janus is *getting* critical. "The bad bit is coming, your honour," as Miss Edgeworth's postilion says. Mr. Weathercock lays about him handsomely, but, like the Irish duellist, he often hits the wrong man.

[2] We have no horse, "nor ass neither," among our contributors. Unfortunately for Mr. Weathercock's metaphor, the author [Allan Cunningham] of the tales of Lyddal-cross is a very slight gentleman in delicate health.

[3] Qu. Rambler.

him so well) in the Hymn to Ceres—remind him, too, that we have never had a satisfactory specimen of an English Æschylus or Euripides; and that some good things might be picked out of Quintus Calaber and Nonnus—besides those already included in Mr. Elton's tasteful specimens. Mr. Living British Dramatist requires a pinch of snuff,[1] high dried, judging from his last; but a parody on obscure inanity must be inane. The *original*, as my friend S * * * * * says, is sufficiently satirical on itself. Entreat the lively observant Edward Herbert to keep out of bad company: the influences of Drury-lane green-room had an awful effect on the conclusion of his last, as he himself seemed aware.[2] Give us some good serious poetry (if to be had anywhere: —why is the harp of Coleridge mute?) and contrast it with some such smart bubbles of wit as "Please to ring the belle." And now by what obliquity does the ablest scholar[3] of the day confine his attention entirely to the French Early Poets. Is not the *exquisite*, the still uncomprehended, Petrarch worthy of his close yet classic English? Why not alternate a noble canzone of

[1] Mr. Living Dramatist does not take snuff.

[2] Janus has certainly done for himself in the good opinion of Mr. Herbert, as he considers it the liveliest paper he has ever written; and has already quarrelled with two of his best friends, who took the liberty to think otherwise.

[3] We do not know how to apply this advice, for we have several *Ablest* scholars. Pierre Ronsard is, however, at the *Pit Door* of our Magazine, and is only prevented from entering by seeing "Pit full."

Francesco with a sunny bird-like burst of music by Alayn Chartier, or Pierre Ronsard? And now I am interrogative, let your German Linguist look about him[1] and be industrious. Are the stores of Goethe the all-grasping, and Wieland the witty, and Franz-Horn, and Tieck, and De la Motte Fouquè, exhausted? Are all these variously excelling authors become so well known 'here in England?' I should *guess* not, as the Jonathans say. Or, again, my jolly Almain Rutter, have you not Arndt, and Caroline de la Motte Fouquè, and Luise Brachman, very pleasant and fanciful people? Look to it, good master Wigginwagginhausen! Apropos, who is that fellow with the Batavian, broad-bottom, tobacco-scented name—Wankin, Wynken, *Stinking Brooms*[2] (as it has been said that Elia called him one day), who takes liberties with my appellation and style? Some broken picture-cleaner or hackney drawing-master, I take it; though I recollect some one whispering that it was my Lord Stafford's dilettante porter. Is that correct? At all events, make a clear Magazine of him; for the Fine Arts of England will never carry double; by which phrase I insinuate my intention of taking up all "*that sort of thing*,[3] for the benefit of London, and without *the*

[1] "Looking about," is not the way to be industrious.

[2] "Mercy on us! We hope," as Mrs. Malaprop says, "you are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once!"

[3] Mr. Janus seems disposed not only to take up "all that sort of thing," but "*everything in the world.*"

definite article. "The post is just going out,"[1] (how lucky!) so Heaven bless you and yours.

JANUS WEATHERCOCK.

P.S.—Haven't room for my postscript after all. Ready next month. Amazing thievery at Cosway's sale! Heard all about it, I suppose? one lady stopped on the staircase with two thousand pounds' worth of prints in her pocket! "'Pon my life, it's true: what'll you lay it's a lie?"—Fond of statues? Go see Giovanni di Medicis, by Michel, at Day's—worth a *day's* journey! A'nt that good? hey? But! gad! I think you're all statues yourselves, or the Mercandotti would have thawed you into an article[2] in praise of her Titanianesque (don't blunder it into Titianesque) foot. A pretty sum the education of that girl has cost my Lord F****!

[1] See English correspondence *in general.*

[2] Let Janus go himself, and be thawed into an article, as he has undertaken "all that sort of thing."

Janus Weathercock's Reasons[1]

Against Writing an Account of "THE EXHIBITION."

A VERY INGENIOUS PAPER, WITH TWO MOTTOS WORTH ALL THE REST BESIDE.

Thou art too full of figures; that's a word of the Gascon growth; that's a dangerous phrase (I don't reject any that are used in the common streets of France; 'tis a mere jest to think of opposing custom with grammar); that's an ignorant discourse; a parodoxical sentence; that there is too silly; you often make yourself merry; it will be thought you say a thing in good earnest, which you only speak in jest. *Montaigne.*

Of all the several ways of beginning a book, which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the best. I am sure it is the most religious,—for I begin with writing the first sentence, and trusting to Providence for the second.

Tristram Shandy.

The Welsh bards were much smitten by Triads. By my mother's side I inherit a pint or so of Cambrian lymph (very apt in hot weather to set my best corks flying); therefore it is not difficult to account for my immoderate exercise on these hobbies. Lord Byron talks about his *twofold* perceptions of things: I must say, that a more sufficing proof of want of invention in his meditative powers could not be adduced. As we mine deeper among the

[1 London Magazine, June, 1822.]

harmonious entanglements of nature, so doth the sacred Pythagorean number, the beautiful triangle, give richer gleams through the opacity of our corporeal incumbrances; and in those mere retainers on the flesh (the arts and sciences, in the vulgar acceptation), the points of the ever-unalterably-pyramidal emblem, the ethereal flammic symbol, are presented to all reasonably sensitive apprehensions, thick as "quills upon the fretful porcupine." But how, most profound Janus! is this preface to your chapter of trinal analogies to become pertinent to a critique on the Exhibition? Read a little farther, if you please, and it is ten to one but you will feel as easy on that score as the author—at least. I am for *this once* quite assured of an intention; and, besides that, pretty clear of a meaning,—if I could but make it out:—you'll not be troubled with it *this* month, however.

According to my theory, the life of the mind may be portioned out into three grand stages; the first and the third of which offer *externally* similar characteristics. The mind, in its simple, pure and uninformed state, is quiescent and relying; and the end of all its feverish aspirations after knowledge is but to return it to its original home, where the adoration of nature absorbs it wholly. For the critical art, this process applies very close: criticism being neither more nor less than a genuine exposition of the impressions produced by a given subject on a tasteful mind, scrupulously cleared from warps and prejudices. To attain this object wholly I assume to be im-

possible; owing to our perpetual and unavoidable contact with our senses, which are the primal causes of prejudice and error. It is a common thing to hear the vulgar (the well-dressed I mean) to hear the vulgar say, that "such an one has infinite taste in poetry or painting without pretending to be a judge!" This is nonsense. These terms are synonymes in both arts. For if it be true (which I take it cannot be denied) that taste results from experience and deep thought, carried on indeed, perhaps, almost unconsciously, wherein does it vary from judgment? I am now working round to the reason of my preludium. Allow me to consider (*ut probatum*) that real criticism rejects mechanical aid; then it follows that complete confidence must be reposed in him who lays claim, however modestly, to but a portion of the *cathedrâ*. He must show his clearsightedness and aptitude for penetrating the high mysteries, by talking about the shapes and forms of things which nobody else can see even with a patent lamp; and I am not aware that this object could be attained better than by some such sentences as the foregoing. Proof also will be looked for at his hands, concerning his due preliminary considerations on the nature of his art, and on this head permit me to hope that this very sentence (if nothing had gone before it) sufficiently guarantees my qualifications. Lastly, as evidence of an incipient reformation with regard to *warps*, he must imitate me in disclaiming any pretensions to a rigid impartiality, of the which whosoever

trumpeteth is a knave or a dupe. The appositeness of my introduction is nicely developed, or else the Devil's in't; and now it has served my purpose, you may give it by way of a pinch of snuff to your friend there with the obtuse apprehension. When he hath plucked out the heart of my mystery, he shall find Aristotle's poetics (*without notes ! ! !*) as easy as——lying. Perhaps all this is too terse—"Dum brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio."—It's the best part of my article, for all that—(I use the *present* auxiliary, because, though the remainder is not as yet signified on the paper, it is, and has been written "within the book and volume of my brain," to all intents and purposes, from all eternity)—It's the best part of my article, I repeat, and if you read four pages more, you'll not be the wiser, take a fool's word!

Where is the wind to-day? "South-east." How in the plague's name came a prayer against this most accursed of all winds to be omitted in our Litany? But there was no Somerset-house Exhibition in those days, because there was no Somerset-house. I dare say, you may discover another reason or two, but I am quite comfortable with this.

So! we are arrived! *Pu—g—h ! !* (I look on a printerly-arranged exclamation of this kind as an admirable succedaneum for a paragraph of witticisms. It gives one a consequence beyond a contributor: it is quite Editorial and very harmless —so *Pu—g—h !* again.) What a smother! how the dust careers away yonder in the long sun-

beam!—how rusty and rough are the castors of males!—how disgusted ladies are with the dimmed hue of their black-morocco slippers! how their curls uncurl their wanton tendrils: and how little straggling parties, three or four hairs in each, "fret on their temples, tickle in their napes!" How light kid gloves are darkened by the action of animal warmth! How faces shine, and bandanas whisk about over bald foreheads!—and how awkward men stick their thumbs where they should *not*, for lack of their sticks torn away by that unfeeling caitiff, Tom Bromhead who, couched in his green den at the very feet of Hercules, spares neither age nor sex.

I cannot bring myself to put implicit faith in that saying of Lord Bacon's, "that good men *crushed* are sweeter for the crush,"—Heaven knows that the *crush here*, to-day, is strong, and yet—— I will not set down so many hundreds of my fellow-creatures as bad, because they do not distil into frankincense and spikenard.—No! Bacon for once is mistaken;[1] but for all that, new ventilators would not be irrelevant to the great room—so *pu—gh!* the third time—or what is still better, because Shaksperian—*pah!*

Who *did* the Exhibition for the London Maga-

[1] Janus is extremely fond of distorting notable passages in notable authors, for the purpose of building some preposterous conceits thereon. This is all mighty well with dabblers like Southey, Byron, and Scott; but when he meddles with Bacon he gets the wrong pig by the ear. In fact, he had better turn Jew and evite him altogether.

zine last season? "Corn. Van Vinkbooms." Did he indeed? Why then let him *do* it again, as Vathek said to the Giaour. I'll none of it! Why should I get the ill-will of every exhibitor, both those I commemorate and those I do not? "Very true, dear W—but—hem! but—why you see that Cornelius has met with several little obstacles which have hitherto prevented his attendance at the Academy—in short (I know I speak to a friend), Van Vinkbooms now lies in Horsemonger jail under sentence of death for a M. Antonio robbery in the British Museum!! Bandinelli's St. Lawrence *avec les deux fourches* was his bane. Love of art swayed him, not lucre (for often hath he offered a hundred pounds in vain), like the unhanged pilferer of Rembrandts; yet how different their fate!" Extremely unpleasant indeed, and turns up inconveniently both for him and me—mais—helas! he-bien—(This façon de Paris is very dry!) I must undertake it for you, I see! Look on it as done—some way or other.

There are 1049 *works*, as they are termed, occupying in their intitulation 49 pages 4to. To give anything like an account of a quarter of these would fill three of our magazines. Let us count the notes of admiration in our catalogue—173! too many by 100! How many double crosses?—57! Still uncompassable! Thus then we sweat down the mass for our use. Portraiture attracts patronage enough, God knows; and that patronage runs in a good course, as the goodly trees it waters testify, Lawrence, Phillips, Owen, Jackson, Chalon,

and Chantrey. Praise of mine would not gain four minutes' more attention to the grandeur of Turner, the chaste sobriety of Callcott, the amenity and poetical repose of Collins, or the delicate fidelity of William Daniell. What a work of supererogation to sound the trumpet for Ward and Cooper, the Snyders and Wouvermans of the day, who have deservedly as much as they can do. The futility of explanatory criticisms on the familiar scenes appears in the designation, and now what remains to me out of this immense show? The historical department, which, notwithstanding a respectable growth since last year, may be held between my finger and thumb like this pinch of snuff. And, first, you are all much attracted, I hope, by the veteran Northcote's sterling composition, entitled, "*The Princess Bridget Plantagenet, fourth daughter of King Edward the Fourth who, when very young, was consigned to the care of the abbess of the monastery of Dartford, where she afterwards became a nun, and there spending her life in devotion and contemplation, was buried in that convent about the year* 1517, *eighth of King Henry Eighth.*" The expressions in this picture are amiable without weakness, and pathetic without a shade of drivelling: the unconscious heir of the child, the warm grief of the mother, and the lofty yet kindly serenity of the white-robed abbess, are discriminated with a depth and precision which evidence equal feeling in the conception and judgment in the execution. The tone does not disgrace the invention, beaming with

an even and sober light; the carnations are clean, fresh, and sanguine. Let us have a print of it from the brilliant and faithful hand of Scriven, not forgetting its admirable companion last year. As a pendant to this conventual incarceration hangs The Burial of Christ by the same pencil; a worn-out hackneyed subject, on which the creative genius of Michel Angelo would now fail to elevate any structure which should arrest attention by novelty. That Mr. N. should have employed his time on it was probably the result of a choice not his own. It is, however, well composed, and possesses breadth, depth, and strong relief. The taste of colour is from the severer departments of the Bolognese school, so eloquently recommended by Sir Joshua and Fuseli as the legitimate vehicle of the dignified, the pathetic, and the awful. Between these two cool chastities is a fiery luxuriance (Cupid and Psyche, 18) by the now-in-oil-seldom-seen Westall, an artist who has touched every species of composition, and seldom failed to add some delicacy unknown before. If the various-styled Stothard, our Raffaëlle, has been more successful in catching the evanescent graces of every-day life, he must yield to his rival in higher and more poetical inventions; Stothard could not have painted Westall's "Three Witches," —nor Westall, Stothard's "French Priest's earnest Colloquy with Robinson Crusoe." Stothard, looking to his *humanities*, is rather the intenser of the twain; Westall the more universal. I find great difficulty as to precedence of merit between his

"Fisherman labouring out a boat, on the wild beach of billowy Hastings," his rich landscapes of *Solitude*, and *Roslin Castle;* his tumultuous cattle piece of Lions and Bulls; or his in-all-limbs-beauteous Helen, falling like a warm sun-stream on the senses of Priam and Troy's elders, who bask like grasshoppers in her blighting loveliness. I have heard his powers denied or degraded;—let the above enumerations of achievements in so many opposite branches strike these silly, unreflecting, and petty calumniators dumb.[1] That Westall's style is redolent with faults no one ever affected to deny; but they are the faults not of incapacity, but of recklessness as to what he may deem (perhaps erroneously) the un-essentialities of his works. His excellencies, both in elegance of posture, brilliancy of chiaroscuro, characteristic touch, and vividness of colour, are eminently his own. In the production before us, the new method[2] of working with an admixture of water colours, crayons, and oil-paints, has been strictly

[1] Who possesses this gentleman's painting from the Third Canto of the Lord of the Isles (*Bruce, Allan, Ronald and Edith, in the outlaw's cave*)? wherein the choice and seizure of the momentous nick of time reveals an intimacy with the springs of sympathy worthy of the highest names. The state of public knowledge of the arts in this matter-of-fact country may be learnt from the miserable sight of these abilities prostituted by dire necessity to ornamental vignettes for Sharp's prose writers, and id genus omne!

[2] Supposed by Miss Cleaver, the very ingenious inventress, to be the real and true process of Tiziano, Correggio, the Bassans, Rembrandt, Cuyp, &c.

followed; but the effect (at least as well as I can judge at so great a distance) seems hardly commensurate to the tediousness of the means. It is whispered that Mr. W. himself puts little or no faith in the notion of its being the "*Venetian Secret*," though he esteems it to comprise several desiderata, among which is *surface*. It is my *very* humble opinion (who am not *picture*, but *print-learned*) that it relishes a little of the Bassanos, but I find not much of Giorgione, Titiano, Tintoretto, or Schiavone, the ablest colourists of that gorgeous age. I cannot help fancying that the usual distinctness of Mr. W.'s first conception was, in this ever-delightful subject, something dimmed by a too unvaried contemplation of Design's gaudy-tyring maid. The novelty of his means threw a temporary dazzle over his fancy; and while complete admiration is given to the beauty of the lorn Psyche, and the wantonly-luxuriant accessaries, the inadequate personification of the heavenly Breath of the World provokes our spleen. It were also to be wished that the splendid yet blind cubiculum of Apuleius had not been exchanged for an open leafy tent, where the tell-tale moonlight makes the lamp (the instrument of the helpless one's future miseries) superfluous. These things would be trifling in the ornamental style, which aims to please the eye, reckless of propriety; but Westall hitherto has held a higher mood! and, indeed, in this same "brilliance pictorial," he perchance but disports by way of unbending his inventive and reflective faculties.

This gentleman has in his possession a singular and exquisite cabinet picture of *Raffaëllo caressing his beloved Fornarina*, which internal proofs most forcibly affix to the hand of the great Roman himself. (A faithful engraving from it would confer large fame and popularity on the courageous artist who should undertake it). A delicate Schiavone, various as a tulip-bed with rich broken tints; and a glowing portrait, remarkable for *morbidezza*, by the scarce Morone, also make costly the walls of Mr. Westall's drawing-room. In the exhibition of these gems to real amateurs his kindness is unwearied.

I must now abate my eyes to the sleeping Bacchante (21) of Stothard, which is placed immediately under No. 18. But first, after so much dry nibbling criticism, let us take a mouthful of very come-inable pretty verses by way of running illustration to the picture we have quitted. Shakerly Marmion, the play-writer, is their author. If you like them—buy the book! (Legend of Cupid and Psyche, edited by Mr. Singer, 1820) if not—let it alone!

Then in one hand she held the tremulous light,
And in the other took the sword, so bright
As 'twould her beauty and the fire outshine;
And she thus arm'd, became more masculine.
But when, by friendship of the lamp, her eye
Had made a perfect true discovery
Of all was in the room, what did she see?
Object of love, wonder of deity!
The God of Love himself, Cupid the fair,
Lie sweetly sleeping in his golden hair.

At this so heavenly sight, the lampy spire
Increased his flames, and burnt more pure, and higher.

* * * * * *

* * Poor Psyche, all amazed,
With joy and wonder on his beauty gazed.
His neck so white, his colour so exact,
His limbs, that were so curiously compact;
His body sleek, and smooth.

* * * * * *

A bright reflection and perfumed scent
Fill'd all the room with a mix'd blandishment,
Shot from his wings; and at his feet did lie
His bow, and arrows, and his armoury.

* * * When lo,
Whether from envy, or from treachery,
Or that it had a burning appetite
To touch the silken skin that look'd so white,
The wicked lamp, in an unlucky hour,
A drop of scalding oil did let down pour
On his right shoulder.

Have you looked at this young lady, "who wears forth the odorous moisture of the flowers," with the warmth of her dainty body, bathed in the unseen dews of sleep? I say again, have you looked at her well? "Ah, truly I have." Well, Sir! and what do you see? "I see a very handsome girl, with golden tresses, fast asleep with her pretty mouth open, and upwards; and I see a little impudent Cupid who seems extremely aware that her slumber is somewhat extraneous, and as it were rather induced by excess of stimulants, than excess of exhaustion, which to be sure is plainly enough implied in the decomposed straggle of her plump

limbs; and I see a romantic white-haired goat with leering eye and upreached quivering mouth, cropping the sweet shoots of the lush vine under the which these three lie buried!" Extremely right, Mr. A—— A—— What d'ye call him! But is this all? "All—save a pair of small brass Bacchic cymbals." L——d have mercy on us! what a blind world is this, my masters. Why, thou featherless owl! thou short-nailed mole! descryest thou not clearly that, this tablet having been originally painted some time agone, the varnish, or the *macgilp*, or the *something*, has cracked the Miss's skin like a dropsy, and that to hide these ravages, SCUMBLING has been used!! Dost hear? SCUMBLING!! "May be so; and what of that?"

Stop a moment, will you, my dear reader? I cannot get that interrogative down yet. I must drink this glass of Sherry exactly at three swallows, and take precisely—How precision is disregarded now to be sure! in drawing, in acting, in making up prescriptions, in taking them, in the position of dragoons' feet in the stirrups, in the make of breeches, in grammar, in pronunciation, in choice of words, in—in short—I don't know why I should begin my excellent work *On Precision* just *here!* so I put my finger and thumb *into* the box over which it has hovered for the last twenty-three seconds, and take precisely—two seven-eighths pinches of Paris. I think I feel a little better now! nevertheless I do pronounce that phrase "what of that" to be the most vulgar, the most impertinent, unfeeling, malevolent, stupid, churlish,

discomfiting, *unanswerable* query that Apollyon ever thrust in a man's head. It is as bad as a pail of water thrown over you, or a smack in the face! —And to meet with all this, in reward for as fine a piece of connoisseurship as you shall light upon between Vasari and Vinkbooms! fie on't, it's an ungrateful world! But for all that I will have my say, and I say that Stothard's picture is a good picture, and a loveable picture—go to! and a well-drawn,—and an expressive picture, and as good as a Poussin, and a great deal better altogether than you or I should make if we were to live, according to the Chinese wish, 1000 years, painting away all the time:—and if you come to that—so in his other little composition yonder (178. Jacob telling his dream to his father) a design which looks as if it ought to be in Raffaëllo's Bible! "No matter!" said Mr. Hobson.

But come, my charming young ladies who "doat on Lord Byron," here is a picture painted on purpose for ye: *Manfred and the Witch of the Alps* (108). A very chaste and carefully finished composition; of course more in the gusto of Rome than of Venice, though the tints are clear, and bear more transparence than is usual with Mr. Howard. The fountain spirit has great beauty of shape and features—the attitude of the guilty misanthrope is natural and characteristic, and the Alpine scenery, rocks and wild-flowers, the torrent and its spray-begotten Iris, make up a vehicle for the actors extremely picturesque, rich and inviting. With regard to his *Ariel released by Prospero* (72), I

confess I was somewhat disappointed. The magic duke is here depicted as compelling two earthly spirits to do his bidding:—I concede that their difficultly fore-shortened dusky bodies are drawn with science and feeling; they rive the pine forcefully; but now I must doubt whether a greater impression of power would not have been conveyed by causing the earth-bound tree to gape and yield up its airy kernel under the thrilling impulse of his mighty and intense *willing*:—the awful eye bent in fascinating immoveability, and the mystic rod raised, as if to pour forth its sympathetic potency, would indicate this plainly enough to the spectator, as several inventions of Michael Angelo can testify—and certainly the great secret of strength, both in writing and design, is condensation—to employ just exactly so many figures and words as will do your business, and *no more*.[1] The above objection, or rather suggestion, is merely my notion of the scene, instead of Mr. Howard's; whose method of relating with eloquent dumb show the harassing lets and annoyances inflicted on Caliban (76) cannot to my feeling be easily surpassed in vividness and intelligibility. I wish the tasteful secretary would look into Mr. Soane's translation of Undine; he would find much to *his* mind, which might in turn create much to *our* mind. Perhaps one of his friends may see this, and tell him of my hint. Don't you wish you were rich enough to purchase that Devonshire landscape,

[1] It is a pity Janus's preaching and practice do not agree.

by Collins? (Buckland in the Moor, 89.) *I* do with all my heart, and with all my soul, on which it would act like balm. And I wish I had Turner's exquisite little gaiety, (What you Will, 114.) And I wish I had Cooper's Battle of Strigonium, (120.) And I wish Mr. Etty had made a large fortune, and gave away his delicately and masterly executed gems to poor but ardent amateurs. Alas! alas! Why is the will to encourage genuine merit so seldom accompanied by the means? When I look at this gentle group (*Maternal Affection*, 121), so correctly drawn, so splendidly coloured, and so lightly touched, I long—I languish—"I cannot withdraw, but turn back at every step.—I sigh, and in sighing exclaim, unfortunate being that I am!—it is thus that all-powerful Painting keeps me under her dominion—then, gaining strength, I proceed, reflecting on the treasure I have quitted." Mr. Etty has as yet given us little or no specimens of his powers in sterner stuff—but why should he? His manner is peculiarly his own, and will always enamour by its tender selection of attitudes and expressions, and the genial warmth of its hues. Perhaps a greater force of legitimate chiaroscuro would add variety to his style, his effects at present depending nearly, if not entirely, on the opposition of colours. I cannot take leave of this most meritorious artist without expressing my sincere admiration of the amorous and yet modest languor infused into the bright eyes and fair lids, drooping with thick lashes, of his females,—The '*St. Catherine*,' and '*Psyche*,' in the last Exhibition at

the British Gallery, owed to this beautiful trait more than half their attraction.

Let us now sit down and feast our eyes on Hilton's gallery picture (*Meleager, Atalanta, and the Boar of Diana*, 128.) How finely coloured, how very rich, exuberant, and juicy—how well made up—how *painterly!* This last tack has brought him nearer to the gorgeous port of Venice than any before. How glowing without foxeyness: how brown and mellow, yet pure and clean! How much nature and suppleness in the drawing, without vulgarity!—and how much correctness without rigidity! How cleverly brought together, and how *effectual* are the cold steel and the perspiring flesh! What a fierce pencil in the animals and the Tizianesque trees! how pulpy and delicate in the carnations! how artfully easy are the grouping and the arrangements of the parts; and what an air of unity the whole possesses! This in my opinion is Mr. Hilton's congenial style; the style of Vecelli—the *picturesque*, in its proper and highest sense; and it is a million of pities he should ever wander in a vain search after the antagonistic and essentially inimical graces of Parma and Rome; the result of such unchemical alliance has been, and ever will be, *neutralization.* From those who do not comprehend *the reason of his style*, Mr. H. must expect to hear many objections, mighty sound in themselves, but travestied into absolute nonsense by their inapplicability to the point in question. I hold that no work of ability can be tried otherwise than by laws deduced from itself; whether or not it be consis-

tent with itself. If this theory be true, the *onus* laid on the *conscientious* critic is almost equal to the author's. In our good England, however, this burthen would seem but featherweight, judging from the spanking pace at which our periodical scalpers get over the ground: perhaps consciences are too high in price for their pockets.[1]

But I don't like to be hurried along in this way; I have seen pictures enough for to-day, and I won't have them put out of my head! "Sweet Janus, but three more!"—Well, Sir, which be they? "Why, first here is Chalon's *Precieuses ridicules*, (162) one of the very best things he ever enchanted the fashionable world with. Can art and taste go beyond his triumph over the most preposterous costume that ever caricatured human habiliments? How pungent, how effervescent is the countenance of the rose-coloured Beauty!—I mean the beauty dressed in crackling satin *couleur de rose*. How fierce are those shoeties, how awful that wig! Would anyone believe that Mr. Chalon was not born and bred in the Court of Louis Quatorze, instead of being at this present time alive, and in great request with the ladies, at No. 11, Great Marlborough-street, London? Tell me, Mr. Weathercock, if you would not give some of your scarcest Bonasones to be able to put that—that—bottle of Champagne for the eyes into your *Boudoir?*" Why, it is not easy for me to answer that question, because

[1] Paley once said "that he could not afford to keep a conscience!!!" This declaration was honest at any rate!

Bonasones I have *none*, (they are all sold, poor dears! to pay for *themselves*)—and as to Boudoir, I cannot persuade Vinkbooms to deliver it up—I suppose he has it—I can't recollect that ever I had! But, in sober truth, I must decline farther use of my *article* eye. It would appear an insult to notice Mr. Thompson's striking and poetical work of *Prospero and Miranda* (172) in a slight and incomplete manner: and the same may be said of the excellent *Lear* of Briggs (198) who is this year placed where he should be, viz., in the great room. Mr. H. P. Bone has an historical subject, in the School of Painting (The Death of Priam, 273) embodied with considerable force of tone and expression. It is very much in the feeling of the princes of the French school, Poussin and Le Sueur, with a little dash of West —finished very honestly; and I hope, for the credit of London, will meet with a purchaser.

The *Venus and Adonis* by his brother seems, as well as my dim eyes will inform me, to be placed aloft in a very unworthy situation. Both of these gentlemen work very perceptibly onwards. I must now bid you adieu, my kind companions; but let me entreat you first to admire again and again Jackson's very characteristic, and therefore bewitching, portrait of our Stephens—it is drawn *con amore*, and is by far the best of this brilliant artist's female heads.

Among the marbles, Flaxman, Westmacott and Baily maintain their accustomed dignity, and keep alive with their strenuous breath the populace-neglected embers of historic art. Westmacott's

Psyche is affectingly simple—a pure bashful relying creature, who could live but in the breath of the heavenly Love. The War Angel of the elegant-minded Flaxman is extremely noble—no man understands the action and powers of the skeleton better than Mr. F.; which knowledge is the *primum mobile* of grace and motion. I wonder he does not favour the public with some more of his harmonious outlines. The romantic Apollonius would furnish an interesting series, which might be lithographized by some of his pupils.

J. W.

PS.—Give my respects to your Mr. Fine Arts,[1] and request him to write a panegyric on Wilkie's *chef-d'œuvre* (for so it certainly is, both in conception, composition, colour, drawing, grace, and expression; this is, indeed, fetching up lee-way with a wet sail,) with one of his most superb quills. Tell him also I shall look sharp after his critique on Mulready's *Convalescent;* it is a touchstone of sympathy and feeling. Mackenzie should write it, or Allan Cunningham! I desire that Mynheer Van Stinking Brooms will keep his herring-defiled paws from it. I hate that fellow most particularly. Fumigate him out of the concern![2]

[1 Hazlitt.]

[2] Our friend Mr. Weathercock has omitted to notice Mr. Leslie's "Rivals." With some defects of execution, nothing can be more expressive than this admirable little picture; if his former productions were more attractive from their connexion with our national habits and associations, this is equally meritorious in genuine unforced humour. Nothing can excel the spirited and graceful way in which the story is told.—Ed.

THE DELICATE INTRICACIES[1].

What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn. *Milton.*

He had such a skirmishing, cutting kind of a slashing way with him in his disputations, thrusting and ripping, and giving every one a stroke to remember him by in his turn, that if there were twenty people in company, in less than half an hour he was sure to have every one of them against him. *Sterne.*

AND now the outlines of the chimneys and house-tops began to cut ever more sharply and sharply against the æthereal background, and the eastern gate of heaven, "soon, soon to glow with a bloody blush," reflected a heart-cooling, moony radiance from its marble valves, when Nina L., unable to sleep, from the united ponderosity of her heart and the atmosphere, and tired with contemplating the bronzed Hymens, whose hands supported the luxuriant draperies of her virgin bed, raised *up* her fragrant head from the lace-trimmed pillows of *down*. Without waiting to descend the steps in a regular and moral manner, she threw herself out on the thick leopard skin; and hastily indaing her pearl-coloured slippers, and wreathing her round arms and sweeping shoulders in a cashmere,—the white-ankled one moved timidly (though alone) over the painted-velvet carpet towards the aristocratical semicircle of emblazoned windows which formed the southern

[1] London Magazine, July, 1822.]

end of her voluptuous *salon à coucher*. Her flexible fingers turned the pliant locks of the centre one, and regardless of appearances (*i. e.* passengers) she leant out of her balcony like the Venetian donzellas in Paolo Veronese, or (to reduce my comparison to the level of your comprehension, Mr. Simkins!) like Miss O'Neil in Juliet; though, on second thoughts, I believe I shall cross out this last touch, because she leant like no creature I ever saw; except herself. Stop a bit! Has Parmegiano ever painted the kind of subject! N—n—n—no! I am afraid not! Why then, Sir, he ought to be——treated exactly as your baulked curiosity dictates:—for depend upon it you have no chance of coming within nine hundred and seventy-three degrees of her longi—altitude I mean!—But we'll proceed with this tale a little, or else Nina will certainly catch cold by standing so long in the vapoury dews of morn.

The gas was now waning fast; so were the patrole and watchmen. With creaks, rumbles, *gee-whut's*, and the smell of matting, cabbages, &c., market carts slowly progressed to THE GARDEN from the delightful villages of Isleworth, Twickenham, and Turnham-green. Several *noticeable* men with black silk stockings were returning from a high court-plenary of literature and French wines,—one might see at a glance that they were famous in puns, poetry, philosophy, and exalted criticism! Briefly, they were the *wits* of London! One of them "soaring aloft in the high region of his fancies, with his garlands and singing robes

about him," chaunted in the ringing emptiness of the streets "*Diddle, diddle, dumpkins.*" Nina no doubt shrank within her shadowy bower (if you can call a room nine-and-twenty feet long a bower) from the hazy vision of these vigilants;—for though successive and inimical images might disturb the unity and completeness of her idea (which complex accumulation of images, troublesome to be disentangled, put in place, and labelled, is usually, and absurdly termed the *act* of forgetfulness; because the said forgetfulness proceeds not from action but its mathematical reverse, all which is extremely irrelevant *in hoc loco*) yet the peculiar build of the house, its striking portico, and the lofty stained-glass window *might* stick more barbed in their brain. The owner's name *might* easily be found in the Court Guide, and then the public be extremely refreshed with the incident of Nina L. displaying her pretty self *half-naked!* (the good-nature of the ladies and the—what's the word—of the men will take this trifling addition for granted) at three o'clock a.m. in the green, green month of June. "But such a thing is not to be thought of, Sir! therefore in she goes!"—"You're quite out, my sweet Miss! Nina never stirred."—"O, fie! Sir—I'll not read a word more of your naughty book."—Nay! do but listen! Because—because—she neither saw nor heard anything of *them* (*i. e.* the cabbages and the wits!). "La! Janus." Indeed it was almost impossible that she should either view or be viewed; for her room was, as the politer circles

say, *backwards;* nor was it much easier for her to hear their Lyæan hymns, for I can make oath they never strayed within twenty streets of her situation!—I hope, madam, I have exculpated my heroine from any charge of indelicacy.—"Yes, Sir! but how came you to trouble us and your story with this impertinent episode?" That you should ask me why, and I, in return, make my intent lucid.

Those niceties and particularities of narration which are to be found in myself and all other authors of value and credibility, are the tests, the witnesses, the vouchers, for the authenticity of the tale—for every tale is or ought to be (after a fashion) historically true (look into the Schlegels, will ye?): you feel assured that the relater has actually been present at the scenes he places before you. It is first-hand, *fire, new!* To illustrate—in recounting the manner of X.'s detention of Z. during a prosy argument, I write,—"and with such speeches he (X.) *dexterously* seized with his *sinister* hand a button of Z.'s doublet—it was the fifth button counting from the bottom." Now, does not this subtle circumstantiality put the fact that such conference took place beyond doubt; for why should X. grapple Z.'s button, save to prevent Z. from escaping? and assuming that Z. attempted to leave a given spot and person, it follows tolerably logically, that Z. *must have been on* the spot, and *with* the person he essayed to quit. Is not this very clever reasoning? And if the ingenious gentleman who has been twice

didactic on the Elgin Marbles[1] would have the kindness to consider the force of my conclusions as enfeebled by the *rottenness* of my premises (not my tenements and hereditaments), I assure him on the word and honour of a gentleman, for so the late king's most excellent majesty was graciously pleased to designate your most humble servant in a certain commission (not of the *peace*) bearing his own sign manual——I really believe I have it now in my pocket. I'll read it, if it will gratify you at all—no! I haven't—I'm afraid it's up-stairs —never mind——

I say that, on the honour of a gentleman, I will do as much for every tittle he has advanced in the forementioned two excellent articles—I can't offer fairer, can I? And now having made a capital defence of my precise, and correct, and ingenious, style, I shall be for the future ingenious, correct, and precise, as hard as ever I can.

You've made yourself extremely agreeable, most silent reader, all this time; and, as a reward, you and I will go and gaze on Nina and all her doings in *propriis personis*, and then either keep dumbness thereon, or whisper a little in the ears of some of our *heartest* (a word desiderated, L—d knows how long!) of our *heartest* friends, just as decorum and sense of delicacy, and *all that sort of thing*, shall indicate. See—here we are in Grosvenor Square! "And is the house *here*, Janus?" No, Sir! but it is not a great way off.

[1 Hazlitt's paper on that subject in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.]

This turn, if you please: now, we are arrived! I have the key of this wall-door—pooh—*postern I mean*—and here we—"Here! Mercy on us—why here lives Lord ——." Hush! for your life! Step in quickly—Stand close behind this bouncing laurel on the left, till I've relocked—There!—What a refreshing spot of summer greenery in the centre of barren brick and Portland stone! The lovely cool of its shade (*frigus amabile*) pours around the revel-fevered nerves,

> As glass-bright showers
> On the fainting flowers.

The sweet dew, which maketh the grass all grey, is not yet licked up by the fourth hour's thirsty sun; and the high swaying trees and the bushy shrubs seem covered with a light azure bloom. One little bird is awaking—peep—peep—at intervals. Hark! another! a thrush! with how deep a thrill, like the startling trumpet of a knightly challenger, doth he shake forth his vigorous notes! What delicious odours fume from that thicket of roses and sweet-briar! Now the yet drowsy breeze varies, and is drowned in the lively perfume of lavender; it subsides, and the steam of dabbled carnations rises conqueringly over the screen of lilacs. And now that the sky is blanching fast with the reflection of Aurora's white robe, and Dian's chaste crescent narrows in the clear dawn, you may descry (a much more poetical expression than bald *see*) the rich hollyhocks, the endless-hued tall tulips, and the sceptrous wand of fairy Oberon, the lily

——————————— lifting up
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Looks through clear dew on the tender sky.
Shelley.

But we have no more time to lose, so let us creep carefully down the bank; here is a sinuous path of moss and lawny grass leading quite through the garden to the mansion, between very high hedges of privet, honeysuckle, laurel, box, and holly. Quietly, quietly! stoop low as we cross this brief opening—well stole and lightly!—we have unravelled the verdant tangle, and from behind the thick leafy wall which flanks the terraced approach (those are its marble steps, gleaming white between the boughs of the dark cedars) we may gaze unseen on the planet of our guest. Lo! there she stands! hanging from her loftiness to catch the incense which the enamoured flowers offer to her benign divinity in their gratitude; for grateful they must be to her whose presence was their life! and, with the tremulously-sensitive and poetical Shelley,

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet,
Rejoic'd in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers thro' all their frame.
For she sprinkled bright water from the stream,
On those that were faint with the sunny beam;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers,
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustain'd them with rods and ozier bands;

> If the flowers had been her own infant, she
> Could never have nurs'd them more tenderly.[1]

She turns her harmonious face this way—take your opera glass—quick! It is in your right pocket: I saw you put it there three hours agone, when the dark veil of baize cut from your devout eyesight the triumphant legs of Noblet, and the *petit pied* of the Circëan Spaniard—Ah! ma mignonne, Mercandotti!——Now, did you ever?—What long, soft shadowy lashes! Oh beautiful eyes! so gentle, yet so brilliant—blessed be the garden where first I saw your dark blue!—Sapphires centered with diamond sparks! My little friend Emily S * * * * * has the twin pair.

The sun, which colours all things, is still lingering on the plains of Persia; and her cheek appears pale—yet not pale, but only marbly pure. By day a rich glow of gold is spread like a glory over those wavy streams of hair which, released from their jewelled bands and aureate comb, pour down her sloping shoulders and back, like a dark, deep waterfall among white hills. One massy lock has fallen forwards by the side of her swan-like neck,

> And crossing her round, elastic waist,
> Hangs down past her round, light knee.

[1] The Sensitive Plant. (8vo, Olliers.) A poem inspired with the essence, moulded with the breath of love; not the Cupid of the licentious Romans, but the heavenly Eros of Plato. Don't imagine, because I endeavour to do bare justice to the high merits of Mr. Shelley's poetry, that I admire his visicnary and chaotic philosophy (as it is misnamed.) Though even on that point I am convinced he has been grossly slandered.

My good curious people who stand outside the garden-gate and wish you could get in—tell me if you have ever studied the Parma Correggios? Ah! miserable, who never truly lived,[1] your countenances are negative! Where do you expect to go? Hey? Home! directly, gentlemen swine![2] for never shall you see with that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude,

the amorous gentility, the intense elegance of those gracile wrists and hands, tingling with sensibility to the rosy-finger tops. 'Heed them not, good Janus!

In dark oblivion let them dwell.

She only is worthy to be heeded—that *she* who, shrined in a living frame of all odorous exotics and choicer native plants, seems scarcely like a being of this world! The interior of the room behind her is yet gilt with the flame of her alabaster lamp,—on such a golden ground does the holy *Madonna* repose in the saintly paintings of those old Italians, Giotto, Cimabue, "or, later still, Pierre Perugine or Francia."—But what sound is that?'

[1] Mungo said that the only gentleman in White-land was the Hog! "*He* no workee; he eat, he drink, he sleep, he walk about, he lib *like a gentleman!*"

[2] See remarks on this numerous class in the second canto of the Inferno. "But I am guiltless of Italian!" I know it. But the noble Ghibelline recites his verses in eloquent and classic English undefiled, through the lips of his most favoured pupil the Rev. H. F. Cary.

—It is nought but the dashing of the jet d'eau, which the wind wafts this way! 'Nay, nay, but Nina turns her bright ivory neck into the warm gloom of her splendid chamber—again! there!' And in truth an echoing twang as from a full harpchord at this moment seemed to ride with a swoop from the open-glass doors—a whistling breeze ran round the projections of the building, and floated in rapid folds over the airy but ample robe of the noble maiden—O white dimpled feet! O round ankles —one moment—and the cold balcony is vacant.

CHAP. II.

'Did she throw herself over, Mr. Janus?'—Excuse me, madam, but I am not accustomed to be interrupted with foolish questions, when I take on me to relate one of the most interesting adventures that ever was adventured in all London! Another word and I am dumb for ever.—'Oh dear, good, nice Janus, pray forgive me this time: it was quite a slip!' Exactly so; but allow me to suggest to your discretion that when a young damsel of eighteen makes a slip, it is the Dulwich Watteau to Mr. ****'s **** (that is the way we painters and poets, and stock-jobbers are wont to bet, with goods which never were and never will be the property of said betters) but she scratches off the skin of her poor (*reputation's* the word, isn't it?), of her poor reputation in such an incurable manner as to keep her tender and raw in that part to the end of her days.——Now be a good girl, and sit down.

When Nina entered the room she fancied for

one indivisible dot of time that it was pervaded with the light which occasionally envelops the Paradises of sleep. Her heart felt a sharply pleasing thrill like an electric stroke. Nonsense! the lamp but flared up with the whirl-blast, and her harp (it stood near the window) vibrated under its rude onset. All is the same as when she left it—her door is fast—her favourite Leonardo hangs just where it did—How silly to have felt fluttered!—She gazed on the wily eyes of Gioconda, she knew not why. The light of the lamp mingled strangely with the light of dawn: the eyes looked at her altogether quite painfully, and the corners of the mouth curled slightly upwards. It seemed to Nina as if the domed ceiling panted forth a nightmare weight; and her breath seemed to heave in sympathetic pants! All reminiscences of her former corporeal life were blotted out; and the present mystic condition swallowed all faculties. The colours of the portrait bloomed into a fresher vividness, and a splendid iris concealed the features for the space of an eye-wink. Could it be that the imaged lips were indued with the power of evoking like phantoms? For, lo! they move; and the eyes, closing up narrower and narrower, leer amorously at a masculine head which appeared over her shoulder! How, and when it came there, Nina was unconscious; yet her specular orbs had remained fastened to the picture. The apparition was of a man about thirty,[1] the hair black, and parted on the forehead, was long, thick, and curled;

[1 Janus himself, *videlicet*.]

—one large white hand decorated with regal rings encircled the waist of Gioconda;—the other pointed at the beautiful human creature before it. It was the very countenance—the ideal of all the spiritual Nina's deep aspirations: a countenance not of feature, but of mind; and yet the features were noble and love-instilling. A harp-twang rung grandly as if from cavernous depths afar off—the walls slid around her in long gliding curves, and her limbs seemed to float in a glass-smooth cradle of green sweeping waves—her languid lids were drooping with a holy peace; and she saw—— "What, for heaven's sake?"——That, Miss! you shall never know.

* * * * *

CHAP. III.

Here's a pretty business! to have got into the marrow of a story that would have——Mercy upon me! what a system of philosophy and psychology should have been disclosed in it! It would have brought to light the riddle which has driven the world crazy so long, namely, the doctrine of—O Jupiter Ammon! that all the bursting hopes of the public should be blasted by the folly of a bread-and-butter-faced chit, that ought to have——By the side of it, the Romances of Fouqué should have been *Fables for the Nursery;* the Categories of Kant, *Mrs. Lovechild's Primer;* and the Analogies of Novalis, *Dilworth's Spelling book.*—But, alas! I swore that a second interruption

—my oath is sacred—and there is nothing for it, but that the world must go on—just as it has done for these—How many thousand years ago was this earth created, my little boy? I learnt these things so long ago—(if I ever learnt them at all). Ah, exactly so! nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-three years! quite correct! a very forward child indeed—there's a penny for you to buy some twopenny tarts with! and take care not to eat too many at once,—there's a man!

And now this article, or work, or paper, is to be commenced a second time!—I declare I feel as if I was set backwards two hours of my life. You shall have my sensations on the business in a parable. Being dressed an hour sooner than usual one morning, for the purpose of obtaining an interview with an early great man, I discover from a finishing look in the parlour glass that my clean shirt and neckcloth are starred and flowered with chin-blood. —Obliged to unshirt and reshirt!

I shall never do it without a bottle of soda.—Fiz—whiz!—wish—wush—bounce!—Uh! Uh! O, my breath's gone!—Now give me my fiddle—trum—trum—this string's wrong—Now let us try—trum — trum — tram—diddle—diddle— diddle—diddle—very well!

"Come, come, Master Janus! be serious for a minute, and tell us what you mean by sticking up a Pygmalion's idol to be admired, and hiring lodgings for her, and buying jewels and a harp, and a Leonardo, and no one knows what besides; and frisking and skipping about her, and fidgeting her

gown this way, and twitching her ribbons t'other, and all sorts of monkey tricks; and then as soon as you have got together a tolerable crowd of spectators, you give her a slap on the back—tumble her down on the flags, and break her all to bits! We say again, what do you mean by it, Sir?" Most respected Editor! have mercy on me, and don't look so black! I didn't go to do any harm; indeed I didn't! I'll tell you the truth, upon my word!

You must know I've been grieving some time at the unfair dealing of Sir Walter towards Mr. Francis Tunstall (The fortunes of Niggle). He introduced him to us at first with great ceremony and semblance of almost parental regard; he painted his mind and body in the most flattering colours; and then suddenly, without any visible cause, turned his back on him, and never showed him any countenance thenceforwards.

Now, Sir, my sister took a liking to the young man; (and so did a *great many* girls for that matter!) she said it was pity he couldn't find a wife suitable to him—and so—I said—I'd *write* him one, and so, Sir—

That's all, Sir.—"Yes, Sir. It is all indeed! all that you shall ever speak in this house. Thomas! show Mr. Weathercock down-stairs!—Mr. Secretary!—Erase his name from the list of contributors!"

Oh! pray, dear—charming ladies! do speak for me! I'll never—(*The double door recoils, and knocks Janus backwards down the stone staircase. Exit Janus!*)

THE ACADEMY OF TASTE FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN, OR THE INFANT CONNOISSEUR'S GO-CART.[1]

BY JANUS WEATHERCOCK, ESQ.

No. 1.

Not to be continued.

My dear friend and companion! if you should think me somewhat sparing of my narrative on my first setting-out—bear with me,—and let me go on, and tell my story my own way: or, if I should seem now or then to trifle upon the road,—or should sometimes put on a fool's cap, with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we pass along,—don't fly off, *but rather courteously give me credit for a little more wisdom than appears upon my outside;*—and, as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or, in short, do any thing,—only keep your temper. *Tristram Shandy.*

——— Now every word of this, quoth my uncle Toby, is Arabic to me. I wish, said Yorick, 'twas so to half the world. *Tristram Shandy again.*

I BELIEVE that theory and practice are the two great original warring elements. Fire and water have sympathetic particles, and lie open to a sort of reconcilement; but theory and practice—practice and theory—turn them, and twist them, and beat them, and pound them, as much as you please, and when all's done, away they roll asunder in their un-

[1] [London Magazine, November, 1822.]

social, unadulterate completeness, like those confounded globules of quick-silver which get out of your weather-glasses, and worry little boys, whose combinative impulses begin to be objective. There is Mr. *****, who knows more about paintings than all the Academy together (make three exceptions)—well, Sir, his whole life has been employed in weighing these two things one against the other, and strenuously endeavouring to achieve a horizontal—"a hair will do it!" in goes the hair and up goes one scale to the heavens! "Whew! There's something wrong about the scales!" and he rectifies and rectifies them as if they were spirits of wine. "Now we have it!"—Lack-a-daisy! "How?—Great Genius of metaphysics! but I spy an adventitious flaw in the wall: it's the wind that comes through that crack which turns my——" and the putty is applied *instanter!*—He turns (a voluntary Sisyphus) with fresh hope to his dear torment, his cherished Nessus's shirt—still it singeth its old tune

> Here we go up, up, up,
> And here we go down, down, down a,

fickle and wavering as "Giralda, that famous giantess of Seville."[1] But still he perseveres; and though I firmly believe he never will bring about this match, I am equally satisfied that, if it is to be accomplished during this generation, he is the man.

[1] Vide Don Quixote's colloquy with the knight of the looking-glasses.

This last paragraph, that is, this *first* paragraph, has more utility in it than anything I ever penned—if you apprehend it, and pull it, and stretch it,—and put your hand into it,—and don't be afraid of hurting it—I warrant it tough as—as —india-rubber, or—let this comparison be—lest we go farther and fare worse. O it is a seed, which set in good moist soil would sprout up into whole royal quartos!—a philosophical Fortunatus's purse!

Yet I could give it an unmendable slit. Shall I? No! for, whatever rotten planks compose my flooring, ingratitude, if I know myself (O ridiculous *if*!) hath not place there; and—that paragraph hath served me for a tolerably decent opening. I amend my epithet! 'tis an *excellent* opening,—excellent because appropriate, as I shall demonstrate in a minute after, just insisting that the power of grasping and penetrating propriety in its high original sense is the absolute key-stone of genuine criticism. I dare say, gentlemen and ladies, this seems to you like a self-evident proposition; but if you will just take the trouble to scrutinize some of our Reviews, I trust the remark will not be deemed impertinent:—have you looked, Sir? Ah! you quite agree with me, I see! your perceptions are extremely delicate and acute. Now for the appropriateness, which you must be told arises out of its perfect reverse—pray, Sir, don't jump off the chair and run to the door; I am not mad—

> My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
> And makes as healthful music.

(By the bye, the present *I am not* must be changed into the imperfect *I was not*, what time you shall wield the ivory liberator of our close-shut wisdom.) "Arises out of its perfect reverse," I think I said—then comes your *quomodo?* Thus, sweet Sir. You are aware, doubtless, that every overture to an opera (I don't mean English ones) contains, or is believed to contain, (which is just the same to me in this sentence) certain forebodings, prophecies, warnings of the musical events, the harmonious main action: which indications and prognostic notes stand in the same relation and likeness to their after development, as do the lightly-fleeting bloom-flowers to the red-gold harvest of plumpy fruit.

This theory of the mutual dependences of the opera and its overture is the same with my theory of the *subject* of an *article* (supposing, just for the sake of argument, an article to have a subject, which is not always the case; though that's neither here nor there)—would you, dear Doctor examine my cranium? and perhaps we may light on the confounded Jack-'o-the-lantern *bump*, whence spirt and squirt all these impedimental excrescences, these parentheses? But I can't stop now, because I have a sentence getting cold, therefore I write, "*and its proemium*," which three words make it warm and air-tight.

This theory is my delight and my night-mare. Its beauty begets my love, and my incapacity to obey its commands drives me crazy—my practice is like Mr. M.'s mouth, "all on the other side." In

vain I resolve and resolve—*this* shall be on Mr. Angerstein's collection—*this* on Raffaello!—*this* on modern embellished books!—and so on. No sooner is my pen filled with ink, but my conceit (I have not the vanity to affect a fancy, much less an imagination) goes round like a whirligig, and then shoots away in the very direction it should *not*. Our dear Editor is quite accustomed to this chance-medley *method* (that's a superlatively wrong word! I wish you'd blot it, and insert a fitter) and dreams not of investigating nicely my intentions, or rather my *probabilities*, but blandly enquires, "if there will be *anything* for the *next?*" What this present may produce, it is quite impossible to say. I had made up for the Dulwich Gallery, *therefore* I rather suspect the *crack-club*, traveller's room at the White-horse Cellar, may be drawn from their cosey box in the corner for the amusement of the London Contractors.[1] But it is absolutely necessary for my character as a logical reasoner that I make out my proposition; and how it is to be done I know not—except I cut off all sympathetical connection betwixt the *foregoing* and the *hereafter* of my agreeable paper, in which case the *ins* and the *aps* coalesce, and shine out as clear as the stars in the constellation Ariaphlistron!

We have been repeatedly told that many worthy folks would collect and patronize genuine engravings and etchings, if they did but know how to

[1] *To contract* is to take in, whence the substantive *Contractors*, people who take in any thing or body, such as magazines, horses, single gentlemen, and the like.

begin; therefore, for the joint advantage of the said well-disposed persons, *ourself*—the LONDON MAGAZINE ESTABLISHMENT, and Messrs. Colnaghi, Hurst, Molteno, Smith, Woodburne, &c., we pronounce the collectaneal fundaments to be, first, a pair of shears, thirteen inches long: secondly, a ream of tinted paper (there is great variety at Heath's): and, thirdly, a few loose hundreds. (We'll not say *thousands*, lest beginners be daunted.)

Next it will be well to determine on the nature of your design, whether the collection shall be *artistical* or *collectorical!* If the latter, have a coat constructed with pockets, enough strong and spacious, to hold the sixteen volumes of Bartsch; rise at six in the morning; couch not till twelve; and at the end of forty years and as many thousand pounds you shall have some eight tomes of said Peintre-Graveur tolerably illustrated!!! But if, thrice happy! the fairies sung at your birth, and the former is your aspiration, listen to the advice of Horam, the son of Asmar—I beg pardon—listen to the advice of him yclept by the gods—(my little girl is reading the Tales of the Genii close by my side, and my eye caught the ——) yclept by the gods Janus Weathercock, and by men Thomas Rugg![1]

Youth of promise! be it your first study to clear your mind out thoroughly, so that it may be a pure apartment, wherein the giants of old shall

[1] N.B.—No connection with any person of the same name formerly at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

have due honours. Beware of dreaming of errors in those mighty beings for, at the least, two years; and esteem it much, if in so short a probation you view the shadow of their glory afar off. The great planets of modern art, under whose aspects we may always walk in safety, are these;—Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raffaëllo, Tiziano, Correggio, Poussin, Rubens, and Rembrandt. And they have their attendant stars, their moons; Luino, Gio. di Bologna, Giulio, Tibaldi, Perino, Polidoro, Primaticcio, Tintoretto, Paolo, Parmigianino, Gaspar, La Sueur, Bourdon, Vandyke, Diepenbeke, Watteau, Elsheimer, &c. (How their names relish in the mouth!) All these are components of one grand harmonious system.

The lights of Germany and the Low Countries seem to belong to another hemisphere, or, if mysteriously connected, with links too fine for such *poco curante* eyes as mine. *Their* designations are hard and cramped as their emanations;—Franz von Bockholt, Zingel, Israel van Mecken, Martin Schöngauer, Albrecht Durer, Lucas Cranach, Lucas van Leyden, Burgmair, Altorfer;—or, strange and preposterous, Karl Van Mander, Bloemart, Heynz, Hans Abach, Goltzius, and Bartholomew Spranger. There were other great masters, whose inventions (truly so termed) lie for the most part buried in heavy German Biblical epitomes and translations from Livy and Josephus. Switzerland claims them, and envies Italia her Raffaëllo and Giulio the less, when possessing the simplicity, the science, the *truth* of Holbein, and the always vigorous, often sublime, fertility of Tobias Stimmer.

This bare enumeration, brief as it is, may perhaps cause some alarm to the Student, and distrust of the possibility of annexing characteristic ideas to such a Babylonish entanglement of unwonted sounds; but be of good cheer, and turn diligently the leaves of Fuseli's Pilkington (*second edition*, 1810), regarding as apocryphal all articles, having neither initial asterisks nor conclusive F's. The six Discourses of the learned Keeper, (4to, 1820) will warm and elevate your fancy, and stimulate your exertions; and therein the second lecture is to be perpetually consulted as the most correct chart of your exhilarating voyage yet laid down.

Let me also place on your study table the works of Sir Joshua; and trouble not your head about the futile cavillings and the commixture of involuntary and wilful misrepresentations against that judicious and acute writer, which have been much disseminated by hasty, half-dipped, and avowedly prejudiced persons, doubtless with a sordid view to pull down Art from her lofty Quadriga to crawl on her belly and eat the *dust of the earth* all the days of her life. Blind owls and cuckoos! but we lose ourselves somewhat in making mention of their barbarous noise.

The first movement of an ardent and sincere mind on perusing the above books will be to pant after (both metaphorically and literally) engravings from the pictures selected as most marked with the features of their respective parents: against which consummation several obstacles are arrayed.

One grows from the slight touch that rather hints at, than describes and defines, the picture in question; as where, for instance, a "Christ's Agony," by Durer, is mentioned in Fuseli (Lectures, page 87), without any token to discriminate it among four or five representations of the same scene by the same artist. Another originates in the print-vendor, who is (generally speaking) rather acquainted with engravers than their prototypes.

During my noviciate I used to wander about in great distress, seeking every where for what I could not find—Giulio Romanos. At last my good (nay, but bad) angel—or Bartsch, thrust me against portfolios of Bonasone, Ghisi, Æneas Vici, overpassed by me at least twice a day for the previous six months! Thence did they pour beyond the control of my purse. The third and most insuperable let, is the depressing fact, that from many pictures (and those highly desirable) *no prints whatever have been made*, or so inadequately as to illustrate with the light of a dark lantern, as our friend Ma*lowny* wittily conceiteth. Perhaps the mention of these difficulties was unnecessary, as their existence possesses credibility from the witness of this present paper; for truly, were the pursuit open "to the meanest capacities," the herein proffered assistance would be officiously needless.

Dear reader! I assume the fact that you are a man of observation and reflection; and, having ventured to lay down that proposition, I deem it

not foolhardy also to assume that it has not 'scaped you, how shamefully disproportioned is the facility of rolling down hill to the toil of straining up! Don't laugh, if you please; but apply this incontrovertible circumstance to beauty and deformity in the plastic and graphic arts. Hard to climb and slippery is the high-heaven-piercing tower of the former; but easy—easy—O, how easy to dive into the murky dungeons of the latter. In plain English, imbue and saturate your mind with the ever-varying, endless loveliness of the antique statues. Submit yourself to their influence as a child to its parents; let them again be divinities to you; brush away every pitiful doubt of their transcendent excellence; tremble to blaspheme their celestial radiance, lest thou be thrown into the hell of Egbert Hemskerch, where nought is, save the mops and mows, and chatterings of apes. If we would reach any worthy degree either of perception or execution in any noble art (and what art is not noble, if understood and followed in its height?) that wretched vice of a profligate age—that *carping*—not mirth—that *scoffing*—must be eschewed utterly. That invention, that device—all epithets are too honourable—that TRICK of imbecile and indurated grovellers to drag down and belute in their miry pool all that is exalted in moral principle, deep in feeling, and generously devoted in action! Cast it out; loath and spit upon it, believing that your trusting love shall at the end work out its own reward.

Is this the chosen room dedicated to carved and painted poetry? Very good! Its height, I take it, is about fourteen feet, six inches—pity it had not three more—but we must darken your windows for the space of nine feet upwards from the floor *at least!* Would we had a sky-light! Your carpet is too spotty and dazzling—be contented with a sober ash-grey drugget. We shall do now, I fancy; so let the men bring in the pedestals. Hollo! without there! (*a mighty scraping and shuffling, stamping, puffing, bumping, wheezing and grunting, is heard in the hall—the door opens and various ponderosities are borne in and set down, as wrongly as usual. Janus and Collector bestir themselves with shoulder and voice, and the things are at length arranged. C. orders the men something to drink, and they retire uncouthly grateful.*)

Come, Sir, the work warms; much is done; but more remains to do! (This is a clever contrivance, isn't it? Look! these larger pedestals open, and are shelved to hold all the portfolios—you *will* have.) The altars are ready, but where are the gods? at Mazzoni's and Papera's, I trow! "Ah! dear W. now your taste and judgment are indispensable! direct my choice, thou male mundane muse!"—Hither for such purpose am I come! First, the Deity of the Belvedere shall from this loftiest state overlook the apartment; his own consecrated temple—Royal Apollo! The unshorn Phœbus! King of the fiery arrow and tough string!

Whom e'en the gods themselves fear when he goes
Through Jove's high house: and when his goodly bows
He goes to bend, all from their thrones arise
And cluster near t' admire his faculties.
Homeric Hymn to Apollo.

On this low oaken couch let us spread the leopard-skin whereon Hermaphroditus is wont to recline the inexplicable, bewildering attractions of his delicate limbs;—though perhaps, his twin brother, surnamed of the *maitrass,* may better please the visual ray. But no!

Sweet flowers of equal bloom,
Invidious praise or blame
Shall never sunder ye!

Far be it from me to disturb those fair poppied lids with paltry technical bickerings:—sleep on in your innocent nakedness—unconscious of gazing admiration! Sleep on in the shrine of your coy grace! God-like conjunctions, sleep on![1]

After a thousand mazes overgone,
At last, with sudden step, he came upon
A chamber myrtle wall'd, embower'd high,
Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
And more of beautiful and strange beside:
For on a silken couch of rosy pride,
In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty; * * *

* * * * *

[1] The following lines, by the lamented Keats, illustrate the precious Florentine gem representing this "mixture of wondrous mood."

* * Sideway his face reposed
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To slumbery pout; *just as the morning south*
Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined and trammel'd fresh:
* * * * *
* * * * Hard by,
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touch'd the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber; while another took
A willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes.—*Endymion.*

And do thou, Saturnian Aphrodite, or whatever name may more delight thine ear,—Cyprides, Venus, or Astarte,—Cytherea with the violet crown,—do thou, O genial queen, pour round thy son the sanctuary of thy benumbing beauty!—For here, over his rest, will we erect the bending statue that enchants the world! (Where breathes the wretched man that can resist 'the force of Venus swimming all in gold?') Do the raptures of Byron seem exaggerated?

There too the goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which beheld instils
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn: within the pale

We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when Nature's self would fail;
And to the fond idolators of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould.

We gaze and turn away,—and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there—
Chain'd to the chariot of triumphant art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.
Away!—there needs no words, nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where Pedantry gulls Folly,—we have eyes:
Blood, pulse, and breast, confirm the Dardan shepherd's prize!

For my own humble part, I can truly describe her intense power over me as that of the moon on the restless tides;—a Syrenic song—a fascinating agony—an extasy sharper than scourges—a most blighting loveliness!—and thou, gentle girl! (I reck not of men "the daily world's true worldlings!" *woman* alone hath the sensitive touch, the thrilling apprehension!) who now bendest over this shallow page the rich curls of thy amaranthine hair, do thou believe me for the honour of true natural feeling: a poet worthy of thee soon shall sing, how once of old a Grecian maid died for the love of Pythius: unseen his image, save in the mirror of great Phidias.[1]

[1] Another instance in our time. A young German (Muller) undertook to engrave the noble Madonna del Sisto of Raffaëllo. Like a true disciple, he wedded his soul to the object of his choice so completely, that all faculties of mind were absorbed, and finally exhausted.

I leave to learned fingers and wise hands,
The Artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend and the voluptuous swell:
Let these describe the undescribable. *Byron.*

But we have not time to dwell on these jewels now. I have five or six visits to make *before dinner* (a very common case with authors), and can but just manage to run over the contents of this list, and see if they are all right. First, the grand bust of Zeus, with deathless brow bent forward under the shade of black ambrosial curls, awfully beautiful: likest to some huge hill, wood-covered! A capital cast, not at all dear at five guineas! I see but one of the crouching nymphs (or Venuses)! We must have the other, who wards off the foliage-piercing sun-beams from her antelope eyes with the right hand, while the left compresses the water from her crinite veil! With regard to the Antinous, I cannot bring my judgment to allow its indispensability. Suppose, then, we exchange him for the Two Decii, as they are vulgarly called. They are more poetical, richer in suggestions. Yon bracket must be lowered a foot, to show properly that noble helmeted head of Pelides, the terriblest of men, the loved seducer of Deidamia!

He finished his labour and—died! His heart fracted and corroborate [*sic*] through hopeless love!—The guiltless murderess has a conspicuous place in Colnaghi's room;—but I rarely look at it:—the desolate fate of the enthusiast is too depressing for my crazy nerves!

Where shall we find a light sufficiently pervading for my exquisite coquette, my alluring bashfulness, who with such ravishing affectation gathers sidelong the thin robes high from her blooming limbs, long stepping——

Thou beauteous-ankled nameless one, what country gave thee birth?
Who was the god, or god-like youth, made blessed with thy love?
What thrilling fingers
Drew o'er the rounded wrist the elastic ring of gold?[1]

Is nature now worn out? Or wert thou always, as now, a vision of desire, the flower of a mind burning with the idea of beauty (never to be realised, but by its own faint reflection) *et prœterea nihil?* Frequent in my dreams of day and night do those braided locks, "so simply elegant,"[2] arise as from a warm gloom, an odorous shroud. That retorted neck, those plump shoulders, that bosom indevirginate!

In Fouqué's pure romance, *The Minstrel Love*, the forms of the Greek divinities (as raised up by the magician Ultramonte) interweave themselves so thoroughly with the brain-fibres of a young visionary, as to become essential to his sanity; their momentary disappearance induces frightful

[1] No one who knows any thing of any thing, can apply the above imperfect pinch of character to any statue but the misnomed Grecian Shepherdess, or Venus Kallipyga.

[2] The *simplex munditiis* of Flaccus is thus feelingly rendered by Elton.

convulsions. I am not quite so far gone; yet I protest I know not how to pass them by even with so desirable an end as brevity. Let us try again. The torso of Eros, usually designated the Genius of the Capitol (at least, it is so in Volpato's *Arte del Disegno*): the bust of the Monte Cavallo Colossus: ditto of Juno, or Roma with the Diadem (engraved by Morghen and Volpato). The little Capitoline Apollo without drapery, leaning on a stump, the right-hand raised and pressed behind the head. *Item.* Pallas Athenæ in the helmet with a fixed visor, impressed with a ram's head—*bust*, size of life. *Item.* The noted group of Cupid and Psyche. *Item*, the famous Borghese Vase, rough with the holy madness of the vintage. *Item*, the Boy extracting the Thorn from his Foot. *Item*, Phocion (*Bust*). *Item*, the tremendous warrior of Agasias, nick-named the "Fighting Gladiator." *Item*, the Little Venus (*Mus. Brittan. Torso*), of the highest period of art. *Item*, the youngest daughter of Niobe, *Bust.*—"And finally, lastly, to conclude," *Item*, the Huntress of the Ortygian groves, to whose glory and memory we will, so please you, chaunt the following Homeric hymn, venerable Chapman's version. My work always goes on better after a song! Does not yours?

Diana praise, muse that in darts delights,
Lives still a maid, and had nutritial rites
With her born-brother, the far-shooting sun,
That doth her all-of-gold-made chariot run
In chase of game, from Meles, that abounds

In black-brow'd bulrushes (and where her hounds
She first uncouples, joining there her horse),
Through Smyrna, carried in most fiery course
To grape-rich Claros :—where (in his rich home
And constant expectation she will come)
Sits Phœbus that the silver bow doth bear,
To meet with Phœbe, that doth darts transfer
As far as he his shafts—as far then be
Thy chaste fame shot, O Queen of Archery !

You are now provided with a noble band of tutelaries, and I heartily envy you the virgin delight of contemplating them by lamp light from the ease of your morocco fauteuil. But pleasures require intermission and variation: therefore it is necessary to convert that chiffoniere into a little store closet for Tassie's cameos and intaglios (or rather a selection out of his immense catalogue). Suppose you put in the following as nest eggs—they are among the finest, both in scientific drawing, harmony of composition, grace of outline (in which they stand unrivalled from the restoration of art in Italy downwards), and masterly workmanship. To appreciate these qualities, attention must be directed to throwing them into a forcible and appropriate chiaroscuro, and the general rule is, that the light should stream over the surface obliquely from the top: the gentlest projections are thus brought up, while the back-ground remains in a tender demi-tint.

The enumeration below hath no allurement, but pardon it for utility's sake. I will begin, *more Hesiodi,* with far-heard Jove!—the sublime head of Jupiter Ægiochus, in which I almost regard as

supernatural the quality of intense observation, comparison, and technic grasp, evidenced by the junction and harmonization of opposing essences, activity and repose, the unbroken bloom of youth, and deep council of age.[1] Next in worth, but not in size, I rank the fragment (but a nose, mouth and chin) of Apollo (2773). The large, high-breasted Minerva (1647), or rather Aspasia flattered with her attributes, a gem of unsurpassable refinement. The exquisite Diomedes with the Palladium (*to be studied with a magnifier*). Hercules (*Theseus*) with the Marathonian Bull. The Hercules and Iole of the Palais Pitti. Female crouching, with a laver (6266). The grand Front of Serapis, or Pluto. *The dancing Bacchus* (4290), justly deemed by Mr. Cumberland the *ne plus ultra* of Greek art.[2] The portentous Sphinx (51), still and minacious as a growing storm-cloud. Heracles destroying the blood-feasting cranes of Stympalus: he kneels by the haunted lake, and looses the thrilling string on the obscene fowl vainly beating with loud wings the air. Near the Theban hero we will place his latest friend, Philoctetes, left lonely in rude sea-girt Lemnos, wasted with lean disease,

[1] In the history of the fine arts among the Greeks, their development was subjected to an invariable law of separating, in the most rigid manner, every thing dissimilar, and afterwards combining and elevating the similar, by internal excellence, to one independent and harmonious whole. Hence the various departments, with them, are all confined within their natural boundaries, and the different styles distinctly marked. *A. W. Schlegel.*

[2] Thoughts on Outline, 4to, 26 plates, 1796.

and tortured with the poison of the serpent's tooth! Squalid, naked, the miserable creature lies drooping over the putrid wound, cooling its fever with a bird's wing,—a situation of desolate wretchedness too heavy for pity. Turn to one whose name has brighter associations,—dark-haired Sappho,—she that felt the stings of Cupid's either arrow! the twi-flamed torch—therefore so soon, alas, burnt out! The Lesbian is placed on an elevated seat, and supported partly by one slender arm, while the other glowing palm is held forth reproachfully to the deceitful Phaon. No drapery hides her smooth shoulders and body; but over her knees a gauzy peplon spreads in folds transparent as a stream, and sinuous as its waves: so in sweet Spenser the fair witch, Acrasia, lies in her delicious bower

> ——— Aray'd, or rather disaray'd
> All in a vele of silk and silver thin,
> That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
> But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
> More subtle web Arachne cannot spin;
> Nor the fine nets which oft we woven see
> Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more lightly flee.—

Let Mr. Tassie also receive your instructions to cast the following beauties. The fragmental sitting Venus and Cupid, with two cornucopiæ. The voluptuous kneeling Leda (1199). The same subject (1232). The misnomed naked Psyche, her back nearly turned to us, looking up at a rock (engraved by Moses, as Diana and Acteon). Greek warrior, completely armed, cowering behind his

shield (7471). "The Nymph of beauteous ankles, Amphitrite, Daughter of Doris many-tressed,"

> ———Whose haunt
> Is midst the waters of the sterile main.—

Next, the Nereid (2600) skimming the briny green with buoyant limbs.—Another Nymph of deep-flowing ocean (2599). The Moon, Jove's daughter, in her chariot, drawn by two ramping horses, with manes of curled flames. Gracefully reaching forward, she moderates their snorting speed; and, from her far-off-seen silver robes exhales unspeakable splendour round about the sky star-powdered. The sitting Clio, examining a scroll, her lyre near her on a pedestal, most delicate workmanship. The Egyptian Lioness (36) a terrific idea. The Sleeping Hermaphrodite, fanned by Cupids, mentioned above (2516). A rich fragment (Love reining in two Tigers yoked to a car, of which only the fore wheel remains, 6731). A bearded warrior and two high-bred horses, a matchless gem. Venus putting off her sandal (6230). The bust of Adrian's favourite, the Boy Antinous: the massy hair arranged with the utmost science and feeling (11701). The noted Minerva of the Florence Gallery (1536), wearing the Ægis as a breast-plate; her neck is circled with a splendid chain composed of pearls and golden acorns; large drops of the same are in her ears, and her high head is crowned with an elaborately ornamented casque, triple-crested (*τρυφάλεια*). The finely-shaped but singular

Amor drawing his bow, engraved by Millin (6625). The precious cameo of Achilles beguiling the wearisome hours of his voluntary idleness with the sounds of his phorminx, agreeable to the description of Homer,

> Τὸν δ' εὗρον φρένα τερπόμενον φόρμιγγι λιγείῃ,
> Καλῇ, δαιδαλέῃ, ἐπὶ δ' ἀργύρεος ζυγὸς ἦεν, &c.
>
> Ιλιαδ. ι. 186.

thus expounded by Mr. Lamb's fine old favourite, Chapman (Cowper is flat and wrong, in my opinion):

> ———They found him set
> Delighted with his solemn harp, which curiously was fret,
> With works conceited, through the verge. The bawdrick that embrac't
> His lofty neck was silver twist: this (when his hand laid waste
> Eëtions city) he did chuse, as his especial prize,
> And loving sacred music well, made it his exercise.
> To it he sung the glorious deeds of great Heröes dead,
> And his true mind, that practice fail'd,[1] with contemplation fed.

I shall not trouble you, Sir, with any more items of this catalogue, at least, for the duration of thirty days; the which time is sufficiently filled up for the most ravenous of Hot-up-on'ts. However, as a sort of supplement to the casts, I recommend Sir W. Hamilton's second collection of vases, edited by Tischbein; the letter-press from the

[1] *i.e.* lacked.

learned pen of Italinsky. It was put forth at different times, in four volumes folio; each containing about 62 plates, chastely engraved in outline, illustrative of the Bacchic and Eleusinian mysteries, and the noble traditions of Thebes and windy Ilium. Though far superior in fidelity to the costly tomes of D'Hancarville, and equal, quite equal in interest of subject and captivating grace of design: it has never met with its due regard in this country, and, I dare say, may be picked up under its original price (twelve guineas), though that was extremely moderate, considering its handsome appearance. Should many of the compositions strike you at the first opening as quaint and uncouth, be not discouraged from the purchase, but modestly yield the palm of taste to the old artists; and pique yourself rather on extracting gold-dust from the concealing mud, than in possessing the microscopic vision of the fly for filth and deformity.[1]

I have thus commenced a plan of study, calculated, I sincerely believe, to inspire a true, because well-principled, love for the fine arts—a plan which, if strenuously supported and acted on, would speedily abolish the pernicious, the senseless method of collecting, not by painters, but by their translators (rather traducers), the engravers, a class of craftsmen whose highest aim *must* be implicit servility (hard as the phrase may seem), and who

[1] The characteristic of this odiously squeamish, canting, profligate age!

necessarily bear the same relation to the inventor, as the mere builder to the architect.

Dear readers, who have had the politeness to go so far with me, good-night, God bless you all! and keep you free from such a vile fever and inflamed wind-pipe as I have now! If any of you are good-natured and idle, you cannot employ a few minutes more charitably than by writing a civil line or two to our amiable Editors (*signed Constant Readers ! !*) requesting them by all means "to continue the agreeable and popular lectures" of

JANUS WEATHERCOCK.

JANUS WEATHERBOUND; OR, THE WEATHER-COCK STEADFAST FOR LACK OF OIL.[1]

A GRAVE EPISTLE.

Ear-cracking Fleet-street o'er,
And the resounding shore, [2]
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From the Magazine,
Clothed in dismal green,
The parting Janus [3] is with sighing sent.
Milton, slightly altered.

DEAR PROPRIETORS!—(for convenience sake let me condense ye) Dear Proprietor! (one I have ever found ye, both heart and hand.) I address this letter to *you* rather than to the Editor, as something hearty, cordial—a tangibility, one that hath eyes, ears and nerves, even as a contributor; liable to the same sicknesses, mental and bodily; possessing human sympathies and dimensions. I *know* all this. As to the Editor I am doubtful. He is without form: I can't make up my mind to believe in such a *nominis umbra*. Were any one to describe the colour of his coat and breeches, I should look on such description as an absurd fiction, or at best as an allegory—a shadowy fable for the clarifying solution of some new *Palæphatus de incredibilibus*. My soul entertaineth no affection for

[1 London Magazine, January, 1823.]
[2] Shore pro *Strand*. [3] *Janus*, Hibernicè, pro *Genius*.

him: how can it? Doth the farmer love the unseen wind which overturneth his barns, his granaries, devastates his orchards? He cuts me out three pages (a monstrous cantle! three painful pages! three *elaborated* pages!—*print! !*—); he turneth the edges of my keenest razors (rather least *blunt*, good Janus!) awry, so that they lose the name of action; he obliterates a climax!! In short, I never saw him in my life; and *therefore*, I suppose, hate him abominably. You have now one of my reasons for choosing you for my patient. Secondly, Remarks on the MAGAZINE and its CONTRIBUTORS seem to dedicate themselves peculiarly to the Proprietor and Patron of the said Mag. and Contribs. (what a Procrustean pen!), and thirdly, I cannot suffer this opportunity (the last I shall ever have in the LONDON) to pass away without thanking you publicly, but most truly, for the encouragement my jejune papers have received from your unvarying good-nature. Here permit me to digress for a few lines on a subject on which "all men are fluent, few agreeable—*self*." Many of your readers, as I *know*, have been, and *are* surprised at the presumption which tendered,—at the weakness (that was the word) which admitted the tawdry articles signed J.W. and C.V.V.[1] From the latter count I can exculpate *you* by reminding them of silly readers' sympathy for silly writers: a tub for the whale, a farce for the galleries. That is despatched. I must plead now to the first charge—*not* guilty.

[[1] Cornelius Van Vinkbooms and Janus Weathercock.]

As a boy I was placed frequently in literary society; a giddy, flighty disposition prevented me from receiving thence any advantage. The little attention I gave to anything was directed to Painting, or rather to an admiration of it; but, ever to be wiled away by new and flashy gauds, I postponed the pencil to the sword; and the noisy audacity of Military conversation, united to the fragrant fumes of whisky-punch (ten tumblers every evening without acid!) obscured my recollections of Michel Angelo as in a dun fog. After a while, several apparently trifling chances determined me against this mode of killing Time and *humans*. I was idle on the town—my blessed Art touched her renegade; by her pure and high influences the noisome mists were purged; my feelings, parched, hot and tarnished, were renovated with a cool fresh bloom, childly, simple, beautiful to the simple-hearted. The writings of Wordsworth did much towards calming the confusing whirl necessarily incident to sudden mutations. I wept over them tears of happiness and gratitude: yet my natural impatience, and I may term it fierceness, was not altogether thereby subdued—rather condensed and guided against more fit objects, meanness, sordid worldliness, hardness and real vulgarity in whatsoever rank it grew; at least, in such degree as I was capable of distinguishing them. But this serene state was broken, like a vessel of clay, by acute disease, succeeded by a relaxation of the muscles and nerves, which depressed me

——————— low
As through the abysses of a joyless heart
The heaviest plummet of despair could go,—

hypochondriasis! ever shuddering on the horrible abyss of mere insanity! But two excellent secondary agents, a kind and skilful Physician, and a most delicately affectionate and unwearied (though young and fragile) Nurse, brought me at length out of those dead black waters, nearly exhausted with so sore a struggle. Steady pursuit was debarred me, and varied amusement deemed essential to my complete revivication. At this time, the LONDON MAGAZINE was on the stocks; and its late lamented Editor, taking notice of my enthusiasm for Art, and pitying my estate, requested me to put down on paper some of the expression of feeling whereto I was from time to time excited by the mighty works of Michel, Raffaëllo, Correggio, and Rembrandt. With some modifications as to plan, I cheerfully prepared to obey him; not that I had any hope of carrying such attempt beyond two pages of MS.—but it was a new thing. It struck me as something ridiculous, that I, who had never *author*ized a line, save in Orderly and Guard Reports (and letters for money of course)—should be considered competent to appear in a new, double-good Magazine! I actually laughed outright, to the consternation of my cat and dog, who wondered, I believe, what a plague ailed me. A reaction commenced, and I put so much gaiety and spirit into my *First Contribution*, that S.[1] was

[1 John Scott, original Editor of the London Magazine.]

obliged to cut sheer away every alternate sentence (that at least was the agreeable turn he gave to the cursed excision). However, out *some* of it came; I was amazed—that's weak—I was astonished—astounded—confounded. I said with John Woodvill:[1] "It were a life of gods to dwell in such an element:"—to see, and hear, and *write* brave things:—

> These high and gusty relishes of life
> Have no allayings of mortality.

I read it, I don't know how oft—and I declare to you, I thought it the prettiest reading I had ever read. Why should I, anonymous, flinch? By our Halidom! I *think* so still!!

S———'s conduct, in some measure, justified this my opinion; he said, with Bottom, "Let him roar again, let him roar again!" And truly again (to the dictation of the above-named fairy-led weaver) did I aggravate my pen more gently than a sucking dove. Fortune once more flung over me the reflex warmth of her golden wings, and not above *one-third* was abolished, *Deo gratias!* (That third was the *best part* for all that; I looked at it in my rough copy the other day—quite a curry, credit me! though not exactly conformable to Pegge's *Forme of Curie.*) But why this tale of Oaks, as Hesiod or Homer says—I forget which, if I ever knew—suffice it that I continued to sentimentalize until S———, becoming aware that his friendly

[1 Lamb's Dramatic Poem.]

purpose had taken its full effect on my mind and body, began to rap me on the head, as one sees a cat deal with an elderly kitten which retaineth its lacteal propensities over due season. Then came a blank.

Afterwards, shortly before his painful end at a wretched inn on a squalid bed—Poor fellow! at this moment I feel, fresh as yesterday, round my neck the heart-breaking, feeble, kindly clasp of his fever-wasted arm—his faint whisper of entire trust in my friendship (though but short)—the voice dropping back again—the look—one stronger clasp! May the peace which rested over his last moments remain with him for ever! That I steadfastly confide in such consummation, this recurrence to his name will prove; were it not for that, I could not have uttered an allusion.

I must finish my involuntarily interrupted sentence. Afterwards there was some talk of a regular re-engagement, with an increase of five guineas per sheet; on what account I could never exactly discover (not that I tried much, to be sure—it was too gracilely pleasant for the harsh touch of scrutiny). Elia, the whimsical, the pregnant, "the abundant joke-giving" Elia, and our Mr. Drama, the real, old, *original* Mr. Drama!—*par nobile fratrum*, spoke flatteringly of Janus—shall I breathe it?—as of one not absolutely inefficient, not the worst of Periodical scribblers.

You, Padrone mio! know best how I was found on your establishment; whether my importunities

[1 Hazlitt.]

for admission overmatched your rejective faculties. Proclaim then aloud now at this my literary decease, that my reputation is unsmirched, unblemished, by any hateful scrambling after the loaves and fishes: answer for me. Have *I* been forward with MSS.? Have *I* ever displayed an unseemly alacrity with my quill? Have *I* ever been ready and forthcoming when first called on?

The kernel of the above peroration lies, I take it, in the affirmation, that not a single sentence has been by me *volunteered* from the commencement of the LONDON MAGAZINE to its present robust and healthy growth.[1]

This digression has pulled out half an ell longer than I intended; and the only thing is to get it out of your head as fast as you can. Come! take a pinch of snuff and a sneeze—"Heshsh hoo!"—God bless you!—Now, what do you think of Miss F. Kelly? Not seen her? indeed! I was sorry to see Charles Kemble (how dare any one write him down "Kemble" without the baptismal prefix, while his great brother lives!)—I was really sorry to see Charles Kemble on the same boards. *He* carries the gentleman in every motion. He is not a bit like Romeo—the young, the sentimental

[1] Copy of an affidavit sworn before the late Lord Mayor: "I, T—— P——, Printer's Devil to the LONDON MAGAZINE, voluntarily make oath, that Mr. Janus Weathercock has never been 'forward with his MSS.,' and that he was never 'ready and forthcoming when first called on;' but, on the contrary, that I have called on him at least six times for every article."

Romeo, for all that. The Italian Lovers were by Shakespeare steeped in poetry, the highest, the most absolute poetry, till it became infused through their substance past re-separation. He has compelled and amalgamated together spirit and matter into a quicksilver too slippery and subtle for the mere corporeal hands of any given actor or actress.

The deep-sentient Charles Lamb hath protested against the competency of theatrical means to give an outward and visible representation of Lear. I think, for Romeo and Juliet, that "sweet hymn in praise of love! that harmonious miracle!" he might have done as much.[1]

All traces of the digression are now quite obliterated, I'll venture to say,—judging from myself at least—the fact is, I've forgotten whither this letter tended—I must turn to the first leaf—um—thirdly—um—um—O!—"Remarks on the *Mag.* and its *Contribs.*" Very good—so then, without further preamble—thus rush I, like Homer, Tasso, Ossian, or, to speak concisely, like all authentic epic poets of this terraqueous globe, ιν μεδιας ρης, which bit of Hebrew means gentle, —no, not gentle, strictly—rather—sweet readers, *into the middle of the Contributors' Club-room*, ——— ———!—I doubt, it is in some sort pedantic to interlard and garnish one's paragraphs with strange and outlandish sprigs, not personally plucked from

[1] If the reader adores Shakespeare (not the family one, nor the acted one,) he will be pleased with the elaborate and poetical critique on Romeo and Juliet, translated from Aug. Schlegel, in Ollier's Miscellany, No. I.

the linguistical trees, but abstracted from the sample which genuine travellers occasionally expose to the marvelment of the commons;—by which figure I imply, that a man to whom Latin is Greek, and Greek Hebrew, might just as well—I don't know what I was going to say—might just as well not essay to decide the intertangled disputes on the authenticity of Aristotle's Poetics in their present state, or to supersede Dr. Burney's *Tentamen de Metris Æschyli.* I confess that the former member of the above sentence is not preparative, *ad modum Scholarum*, to the final one. But never mind; it is the last time I shall ever cudgel *my* brains for a meaning, or you *yours* to find it out. There's something in that—isn't there?

Odds bobs! lo! another digression, I fear; which arises, like a stream from a triple fountain-pipe, out of three incidents at my left hand, viz. a dish of strong coffee, a plate of crisp muffins, buttered to a fraction, and a glass of ruby Rosolio, which is a vulgar, luscious, meretricious liqueur! (there! it's despatched). One table-spoonful of Johnson's fifty-years-old pale cognac is worth a case full of the sickly Italian. Now, clear away these!—and—don't disturb me again till the last thing!—when you can just warm me up an oyster pâté. Call the dog away with you! she snores, deuce take her! and puts me out.

Now, brother administrators to parochial delight—ye who rifle the fresh dewy (a matter-of-fact fellow would substitute *dank*) beauties of the Magazine one day before all the rest of the world,

be so kind as to read the next line or two over, till convinced of their rationality.

Stand not on the order of your nominations! If I had acquaintance with your names, I would say my little say, and take my leave alphabetically. If I had the requisite judgment, ye should be arranged according to style and respective eminence therein; or if my pate had the bump of calculation (such a bump exists), the paginary amount of your lucubrations should determine precedence. Being deficient in all these requisites for a *lucidus ordo*, I shall trust to circumstances (my usual way), and esteem my disarray *un beau désordre*, as the French wiseacres have dubbed the surviving lyrics of the Theban Swan.

And first, then, for JOHN CLARE: for *first* doth he stand in the sixth volume. "Princely Clare," as Elia would call thee, some three hours after the cloth was drawn. Alas! good Clare, never again shall thou and he engage in those high combats, those wit-fights! Never shall his companionable draught cause thee an after-look of anxiety into the tankard!—no more shall he, pleasantly-malicious, make thy ears tingle and thy cheeks glow with the sound of that perplexing constrainment, that conventional gagging-bill, that Grammar, till in the bitterness of thy heart thou cursedst Lindley Murray by all the stars! Not once again shall thy sweetly-simple Doric phrase and accent beget the odious *pŭn*. Thou mayest imbibe thy ale in peace, and defy Priscian unchecked,—for Priscian's champion is gone!—Elia

is gone! Little didst thou think that evening would be the last, when thou and I, and two or three more, Messer Brunetto,[1] Dugdale Redivivus, T—— that anthery Cicero, parted with the humanity-loving Elia beneath the chaste beams of the watery moon, warmed with his hearty cheer—the fragrant steam of his "*great plant*,"—his savoury conversation, and the genuine good-nature of his cousin Bridget[2] gilding all. There was something solemn in the manner of our clasping palms,—it was first "hands round," then "hands across." That same party shall never meet again! But pardon, gracious Spirit! that I thus but parenthetically memorize thee; yet a few more lines shall flow to thy most embalmed remembrance. Rest then awhile!

One word at parting, John Clare! and if a strange one, as a stranger give it welcome. I have known jovial nights, felt deeply the virtues of the grape and the barleycorn; I have co-operated in "the sweet wicked catches" 'bout the chimes at twelve, yet I say to thee visit London seldom, shutting close thy ears in the abounding company of empty scoffers: ever holding it in thy inmost soul, that love and perfect trust, not doubt, is the germ of *true* poetry. Thy hand, friend Clare! others may speak thee fairer, but none wish thee solider welfare than Janus.

[1 The Rev. H. F. Cary. He was also a contributor to the Magazine of *Lives of the Poets* in continuation of Johnson.]

[2 Miss Lamb.]

Near the banks of Thames dwells one like the stream, placid and deep, Messer Brunetto! Many are the benefits I owe him in common with others —(his *opus majus* * * * * *—his elegant Memoirs replete with candour and substantial criticism,—his Early French Poets, a pleasure-plot quaintly pranked, laid open for public recreation); some peculiar to myself—his countenance and commendation. Let me apply to him the words of an author only undervalued by the dull and the prejudiced; "No man can be a true critic or connoisseur who does not possess a universality of mind, who does not possess the flexibility which, throwing aside all personal predilections and blind habits, enables him to transport himself into the peculiarities of other ages and nations, to feel them as it were from their proper central point, and—what ennobles human nature, to recognize and respect whatever is *beautiful and grand* under those external modifications which are necessary to their existence, and which sometimes seem even to disguise them." That Messer Brunetto is endowed with this rare comprehensive apprehensibility cannot be denied; his translations are nearly unique for closeness and felicity, both as to style and expression. The poetry, however subtle, never evaporates during the transfusion, neither is his penetration partial, but offers fresh proofs of its legitimacy in the sister art. His taste there is singularly grand, pure and consistent. By the bye, our critics seem hardly aware of the intimate connexion, or rather of the identity, of the primal

seeds of poetry and painting; nor that any true advancement in the serious study of one art co-generates a proportionate perfection in the other. If a man who did not feel Michel Angelo, should talk of his *gusto* for Milton, depend upon it he deceives one of two persons—you or himself: so likewise *vice versâ*. The moment you entered Elia's room, you could swear to his selection of authors by his selection of framed prints —Leonardos and early Raffaëllos); and it is impossible to read Barry Cornwall without a conviction that his *cored* loves were Correggio, Parmegiano, and Bolognian Giulio (which they are, and some choice *bits* he has too); Michel, Leonardo, Rembrandt coming in only by way of relief: Rubens rejected altogether. I intend these two instances as compliments. But to proceed. Hang these bastard sprouts, these *suckers!* Before quitting our Brunetto, high esteemed among the magnates of poetry, I must suggest two or three subjects for his pen—Pindar, Petrarcha; but, perhaps, in that exquisite writer he may find "thoughts that lie too deep for tears." If so, we must sympathize and abandon hope.

Occhi miei oscurato è'l nostro sole
Anzi è salito al cielo, ed ivi splende:
Ivi 'l vedremo anchor: ivi n'attende;
E di nostro tardar forse li dole.
.....
.....

Morte biasmate; anzi laudate lui;
Che lega, e scioglie; e'n un punto apre, e serra;
E dopo 'l pianto sa far lieto altrui.

There are others from whom Englished Excerpta might amuse him, and delight his readers; we have no specimen of an English Ariosto; Pulci and Boiardo are quite unknown. Some green flowers surely might be picked from the chaplets of the Provençals, enumerated by Crescimbeni—or he might afford the involuntarily-unlearned an idea of the towering and severe Æschylus!

When the spring comes, there is joy on the hills of Cumberland, and life in the streams of Nithsdale; but the joy of thy smile, and the life of thy song, ALLAN![1] glow through the snow of winter, flourish sappy and green amid the adust summer:—

> Thou murmurest near the running brooks
> A music sweeter than their own.

Large art thou in body and soul! Thy broad brow and palm consort moss fitly. If nature models her faces truly, there was never man less soiled by the foul smoke of Babylon. Thy poetry germinates from the divine seed—love of all things lovely and good. There find I set down, without straining and ambitious fustian, the elements of thine own mind—pathos, innocent hilarity, disdain of petty craft and cant, deep affections, native delicacy, and a noble enthusiasm for supernatural cheer. In it we see how

> ——— wilderness and wood,
> Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood,
> Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.

[1 Allan Cunningham, who contributed largely to the Magazine.]

But what need of my lean praise? thou hast thy meed of fame; higher hands have crowned thee with the wild-wood wreath. Farewell, pleasant Allan C———m! The last green glass, over which we nodded to one another, *was* the last!—Ere Christmas Day, Janus will be even as Elia. Farewell! May thy seasons be ever smooth. Health to thee and her

> To whom the warble of thy lip is dearest.

Mild and tasteful BARRY CORNWALL! old brother *dilettante*, friend of Elia! Poet of Woman! the most grateful title to thy ears—honey-tongued singer of beauty and its mother-night!

> Come from out thy dreams
> Of green Sicilian fields,
> And blue Sicilian streams!
>
> Let *Her* smiling hair,
> Untwisted, wind at length
> To the wild wind's tricksome care,

while thou strikest a dying note in the hand of Weathercock. Adieu! too sensitive friend, follow thy own blooming road: be thy own mind thy kingdom; and should the envious and the hard blow on thy tender flowers with their foggy breath, doubt not the advent of due guerdon.

> Fame is nó plant that grows on mortal soil;
> Nor in the glistening foil,
> Set off to the world: nor in broad rumour lies.

Relinquish not *our* art—lest thine own in anger

desert *thee*. Grant me, too, one request at this heavy time; drop on my grave one melodious tear; my hungry spirit "would suck up" another LAST SONG[1] as rich incense. "What say you, friend?" Janus to Barry Cornwall speaks his last adieu!

I would fain address a valediction to our Mr. Table Talk,[2] "that cunninge master of fens!" he that will thrust you clean through the eye of a needle;—who unlooses the most knotted question, "familiar as my garter." By Saint Nicholas, in matters of graphic art and opera dancing he is villainously heterodox!—a perilous heretic! But I may spare my flickering breath;—he reads not a word of our Magazine!!

Young THEODORE![3] young in years, not in power! Our new Ovid!—only more imaginative! Painter to the visible eye and the inward; commixture of what the superficial deem incongruous elements! Instructive living proof, how close lie the founts of laughter and tears! Thou fermenting brain, oppressed as yet by its own riches. Though melancholy would seem to have touched thy heart with her painful (salutary) hand, yet is thy fancy mercurial, undepressed, and sparkles and crackles more from the contact, as the northern lights when they near the frozen Pole.

[1] See that exquisite lyric, among the minor poems at the end of Marcian Colonna. ("Marcian Colonna is a dainty book.") [So said Mr. Leigh Hunt.]

[2] Hazlitt.]

[3] Theodore Hook, of course.]

How! is the fit not on? Still is "Lycus" without mate! Who can mate him but thyself! Let not the shallow induce thee to conceal thy depth. Leave *Old Seamen;* the strain thou held'st was of a higher mood; there are others for your "Sketches *from* Nature," (as they truly call 'em)—****** *****—and such small deer! As for thy word-gambols, thy humour, thy fantastics, thy curiously-conceited perceptions of similarity in dissimilarity, of coherents in incoherents, they are brilliantly suave, innocuously exhilarating:—but not a step farther, if thou lovest thy proper peace! Read the fine of the eleventh and the whole of the twelfth chapter of *Tristram Shandy;* and believe them, dear Theodore! O, most truly. For *others* (not for thee) is the following paragraph thence quoted: "Trust me, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no afterwit can extricate thee out of. In these sallies, too oft I see it happens, that a person laughed at considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred, and allies,—and musterest up with them the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger,—'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes, thou hast got a hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so."

Let my gratitude reach thee in thy learned ease, unseen IDLER, on the prerupt rocks and breezy downs of woody ******![1] Thou who hast taught so many Greek and Roman mouths to utter vigorous and manly English. Some call thee rough! so did the full-styled Rubens leave his decided tints. —The gay-coloured Ampelus is rich as his unctuous pictures. Thy version of Atys[2] hath the thundering force of some old anvil-clad cavalier's battle charge, Maximilian, Richard the Lion, or Albert the Giant. I love the ardent way in which thou championest those of thy favourites, at whom ignorant scorn hath wrinkled the nose! 'Tis a rare vice now-a-days, more pity! My bidding hath been potent on thy sprites ere now: again I essay! I call on Apollonius! see that he answer not in rhyme.

But ELIA'S ghost is impatient.

Yet what I can say of thee more than all know? that thou hadst the gaiety of a boy, with the knowledge of a man; as gentle a heart as ever sent tears to the eyes. Marry! the black bile would sometimes slip over his tongue's tip; then would he spit it out, and look more sweetly for the riddance. How wittily would he mistake your meaning, and put in a conceit most seasonably out of season! His talk without affectation was compressed, like his beloved Elizabethans, even unto obscurity; like grains of fine gold, his sentences would beat out into whole sheets. I say "without

[1 Probably Charles Abraham Elton, editor of *Specimens of the Classic Poets*, 1814.]

[2] Privately printed.

affectation," for he was not the blind-brained man to censure in others his own vice. Truly "without affectation," for nothing rubbed him the wrong way so much as *pretence;*—then the sparks flew about! Yet, though he would strip and whip soundly such beggars in velvet rags, the thong never flew in the face of a wise moderation to do her any hurt.[1] He had small mercy on spurious fame; and a caustic observation on the *fashion for men of genius* (vulgarly so termed) was a standing dish. He contended that several of our minor talents, who now emulate Byron, Coleridge and the old Dramatists, had, fifty years ago, rested contented satellites to old Sylvanus Urban—tranquil imitators of Johnson and Goldsmith. One of these flaunting, arrogant ephemera was particularly odious to him (in one species of his scribbling he resembleth a gilt chimney-sweeper, in another a blow-fly; —this is my remark). Sometimes would he defame "after a sort" his printed (not painted) mistresses.

> As perplexed lovers use
> At a need, when in despair
> To paint forth their fairest fair;
> Or in part but to express
> That exceeding comeliness
> Which their fancies doth so strike,
> They borrow language of dislike.
> .....
> .....no other way they know
> A contentment to express,
> Borders so upon excess,
> That they do not rightly wot
> Whether it be pain or not.
>
> *Farewell to Tobacco.*

[1] Somewhere in Fuller.

Sir Thomas Brown was a "bosom cronie" of his—so was Burton, and old Fuller. In his amorous vein he dallied with that peerless Duchess of many-folio odour; and with the hey-day comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher he induced light dreams. He would deliver critical touches on these, like one inspired; but it was good to let him choose his own game; if another began, even on the acknowledged pets, he was liable to interrupt or rather append, in a mode difficult to define, whether as misapprehensive or mischievous. One night, at C——'s, the above dramatic partners were the temporary subject of chat! Mr. * * * commended the passion and haughty style of a tragedy (I don't know which of them), but was instantly taken up by Elia; who told him, "*That* was nothing,—the lyrics were the high things—the lyrics!"—and so having stricken * * * with some amaze—he concluded with a brief intense eulogy on the "Little Thief!"

He had likewise two perversities—a dislike to all German literature, by which language he was, I *believe*, scrupulously intact: the other was a most vehement assertion of equality between Harington and Fairfax, as translators. Venial aberrations!—I know of no others.

His death was somewhat sudden; yet he was not without wormy forebodings. Some of these he expressed, as you may recollect, Dear Proprietor! at your hospitable table, the —— of last ——. I accompanied him home at rather an early hour in the morning, and being benignantly invited to enter,

I entered. His smoking materials were ready on the table. I cannot smoke, and therefore, during the exhaustion of a pipe, I soothed my nerves with a single tumbler of * * * and water. He recurred several times to his sensation of approaching death, not gloomily—but as of a retirement from business, a pleasant journey to a sunnier climate. The serene solemnity of his voice overcame me; the tears poured thick from their well-heads; I tried to rally myself and him; but my throat swelled, and stopped my words.

His pipe had gone out; he held it to the flame of the candle; but in vain.

It was empty! His mind had been wandering. He smiled placidly, and knocked out the ashes: "Even so silently," said he, "may my fiery spark steal from its vehicle of ashes and clay!"

I felt oppressed. Many things had contributed lately to break and daunt my once elastic spirits. I rose to go: he shook me by the hand, neither of us spoke: with that I went my way—*and I saw him no more!*

How much is lost to this miserable world, which knew him not while it possessed him! I knew him—I, who am left to weep,——Eheu! Eliam! Vale!

GOOD NIGHT TO ALL.[1]

*. *. * * * * * * * *.

[1] Janus was here taken too sick-hearted to proceed. He is now ————[ED. *L. M.*]

A CHARACTER OF THE LATE ELIA.[1]

BY A FRIEND.

THIS gentleman, who for some months past had been in a declining way, hath at length paid his final tribute to nature. He just lived long enough (it was what he wished) to see his papers collected into a volume. The pages of the London Magazine will henceforth know him no more.

Exactly at twelve last night his queer spirit departed, and the bells of Saint Bride's rang him out with the old year. The mournful vibrations were caught in the dining room of his friends T. and H.; and the company, assembled there to welcome in another First of January, checked their carousals in mid-mirth, and were silent. Janus wept. The gentle P[rocte]r, in a whisper, signified his intention of devoting an Elegy; and Allan C[unningham], nobly forgetful of his countrymen's wrongs, vowed a Memoir to his *manes*, full and friendly as a Tale of Lyddalcross.

To say truth, it is time he were gone. The humour of the thing, if there was ever much in it, was pretty well exhausted; and a two years' and

[1 London Magazine, January, 1823. I insert this paper here in consequence of a suggestion from the Editor of the Magazine elsewhere that it was written by Wainewright.]

a half existence has been a tolerable duration for a phantom.

I am now at liberty to confess, that much which I have heard objected to my late friend's writings was well-founded. Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things—villainously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him. Egotistical they have been pronounced by some who did not know, that what he tells us, as of himself, was often true only (historically) of another; as in his Fourth Essay (to save many instances), where under the *first person* (his favourite figure) he shadows forth the forlorn estate of a country-boy placed at a London school, far from his friends and connections—in direct opposition to his own early history. If it be egotism to imply and twine with his own identity the griefs and affections of another: making himself many, or reducing many unto himself, then is the skilful novelist, who all along brings in his hero or heroine, speaking of themselves, the greatest egotist of all; who yet has never, therefore, been accused of that narrowness. And how shall the intenser dramatist escape being faulty, who, doubtless under cover of passion uttered by another, oftentimes gives blameless vent to his most inward feelings, and expresses his own story modestly?

My late friend was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him, hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what came uppermost. With the severe religionist he would pass for a free-thinker; while the other faction set him down for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his sentiments. Few understood him; and I am not certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure—irony. He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred. He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. Your long and much talkers hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inveterate impediment of speech, forbade him to be an orator; and he seemed determined that no one else should play that part when he was present. He was *petit* and ordinary in his person and appearance. I have seen him sometimes in what is called good company, but where he has been a stranger, sit silent, and be suspected for an odd fellow; till, some unlucky occasion provoking it, he would stutter out some senseless pun (not altogether senseless perhaps, if rightly taken), which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him; but, nine times out of ten, he contrived by

this device to send away a whole company his enemies. His conceptions rose kindlier than his utterance, and his happiest *impromptus* had the appearance of effort. He has been accused of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struggling to give his poor thoughts articulation. He chose his companions for some individuality of character which they manifested. Hence not many persons of science, and few professed *literati*, were of his councils. They were, for the most part, persons of an uncertain fortune; and, as to such people commonly nothing is more obnoxious than a gentleman of settled (though moderate) income, he passed with most of them for a great miser. To my knowledge this was a mistake. His *intimados*, to confess a truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society; and the colour, or something else, in the weed pleased him. The burrs stuck to him—but they were good and loving burrs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandalised (and offences were sure to arise), he could not help it. When he has been remonstrated with for not making more concessions to the feelings of good people, he would retort by asking, what one point did these good people ever concede to him? He was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemiousness. Only in the use of the Indian weed he might be thought a little excessive. He took it, he would say, as a

solvent of speech. Marry, as the friendly vapour ascended, how his prattle would curl up sometimes with it! the ligaments, which tongue-tied him, were loosened, and the stammerer proceeded a statist!

I do not know whether I ought to bemoan or rejoice that my old friend is departed. His jests were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories to be found out. He felt the approaches of age; and while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him. Discoursing with him latterly on this subject, he expressed himself with a pettishness, which I thought unworthy of him. In our walks about his suburban retreat (as he called it) at Shacklewell, some children belonging to a school of industry had met us, and bowed and curtseyed, as he thought, in an especial manner to *him*. "They take me for a visiting governor," he muttered earnestly. He had a horror, which he carried to a foible, of looking important and parochial. He thought that he approached nearer to that stamp daily. He had a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character, and kept a wary eye upon the advances of age that should so entitle him. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. He did not conform to the march of time, but was dragged along in the procession. His manners lagged behind his years. He was too much of the boy-man. The *toga virilis* never sat gracefully on his shoulders. The impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he

resented the impertinence of manhood. These were weaknesses; but, such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of his writings.

He left little property behind him. Of course, the little that is left (chiefly in India bonds) devolves upon his cousin Bridget. A few critical dissertations were found in his escrutoire, which have been handed over to the Editor of this Magazine, in which it is to be hoped they will shortly appear, retaining his accustomed signature.

He has himself not obscurely hinted that his employment lay in a public office. The gentlemen in the Export department of the East India House will forgive me, if I acknowledge the readiness with which they assisted me in the retrieval of his few manuscripts. They pointed out in a most obliging manner the desk, at which he had been planted for forty years; showed me ponderous tomes of figures in his own remarkably neat hand, which, more properly than his few printed tracts, might be called his "Works." They seemed affectionate to his memory, and universally commended his expertness in book-keeping. It seems he was the inventor of some ledger, which should combine the precision and certainty of the Italian double-entry (I think they called it) with the brevity and facility of some newer German system; but I am not able to appreciate the worth of the discovery. I have often heard him express a warm regard for his associates in office, and how fortunate he con-

sidered himself in having his lot thrown in amongst them. "There is more sense, more discourse, more shrewdness, and even talent, among these clerks (he would say) than in twice the number of authors by profession that I have conversed with." He would brighten up sometimes upon the "old days of the India House," when he consorted with Woodroffe and Wissett, and Peter Corbet (a descendant and worthy representative, bating the point of sanctity, of old facetious bishop Corbet), and Hoole who translated Tasso, and Bartlemy Brown whose father (God assoil him therefore) modernized Walton—and sly warm-hearted old Jack Cole (King Cole they called him in those days), and Campe, and Fombelle; and a world of choice spirits, more than I can remember to name, who associated in those days with Jack Burrell (the *bon vivant* of the South Sea House), and little Eyton (said to be a *fac simile* of Pope—he was a miniature of a gentleman) that was cashier under him, and Dan Voigt of the Custom House that left the famous library.

Well, Elia is gone—for aught I know, to be reunited with them—and these poor traces of his pen are all we have to show for it. How little survives of the wordiest authors! Of all they said or did in their lifetime, a few glittering words only! His Essays found some favourers, as they appeared separately; they shuffled their way in the crowd well enough singly; how they will *read*, now they are brought together, is a question for

the publishers, who have thus ventured to draw out into one piece his "weaved-up follies."

PHIL-ELIA.

[Elia is *not* dead! We thought as much, and even hinted our thought in the number for January. The following letter declaring Elia's existence is in his own handwriting, and was left by his own hand. We never saw a man so extremely alive, as he was, to the injury done him:

"Elia returns his thanks to the facetious Janus Weathercock who, during his late unavoidable excursion to the Isles of Sark, Guernsey and Jersey, took advantage of his absence to plot a sham account of his death, and to impose upon the town a posthumous Essay signed by his Ghost; which how like it is to any of the undoubted Essays of the author, may be seen by comparing it with his volume just published. One or two former papers, with his signature, which are not reprinted in the volume, he has reason to believe were pleasant forgeries by the same ingenious hand."—*Editor L. M.*, Feb. 1823. The paper signed by Elia's Ghost is included, however, in "The Last Essays of Elia," 1833, which appeared during Lamb's lifetime; and to that volume is attached, as a preface, an abridged text of "A Character of the late Elia." The latter has a strong smack of Lamb's peculiar style; but, on the other hand, it agrees much in manner with the concluding portion of Wainewright's undoubted paper, "Janus Weatherbound."]

THE ESSENCE OF OPERA.[1]

IMOGENE ET ALMANZOR.

Sujet de cet Opera.

Un jeune Prince Americain
Adore une jeune Princesse;
Cet Amant, qui perit au milieu de la piece,
Par le secours d'un Dieu ressuscite à la fin.

PROLOGUE.

Un Musicien.

Peuples, entrez; que l'on s'avance.

(*Aux chanteurs.*)

Vous, tâchez de prendre le temps.

(*Aux danseurs*)

Vous, le jarret tendu, partez bien en cadence.
Celebrons le bonheur des fidèles amans!

ACTE I.

Imogene. Cher Prince, on nous unit!
Almanzor. J'en suis ravis, Princesse.

[1] [London Magazine, Feb. 1826 This queer little scrap is signed *Janus.*]

Les Deux. Peuples, chantez, dansez, montrez votre alegresse !
Le Chœur. Chantons, dansons, montrons notre alegresse !

ACTE II.

Imogene. Amour !—*Tumulte de guerre. Le Prince parâit, poursuivi par ses Ennemis.*

Combat. La Princesse s'evanouit. Le Prince est tuè.)—Cher Prince !

Almanzor. Helas !
Imogene. Quoi !
Almanzor. J'expire.
Imogene. Oh, malheur !
Peuples, chantez, dansez, montrez votre douleur!
Le Chœur. Chantons, dansons, montrons notre douleur !

ACTE III.

(*Pallas dans un nuage. A Almanzor.*)

Pallas te rend le jour !

Imogene. Ah ! quel moment!
Almanzor, Où suis-je ?
Les Trois. Peuples, chantez, dansez, celebrez ce prodige !
Le Chœur. Chantons, dansons, montrons ce prodige !

APPENDIX.

[No. 1.]

WILL OF DR. RALPH GRIFFITHS, JUNE 7, 1803, extracted from the Principal Registry of the Probate Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice.

IN THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.

THIS IS THE LAST WILL and TESTAMENT of me RALPH GRIFFITHS of Turnham Green in the County of Middlesex Doctor of Laws Whereas on the marriage of my late daughter Ann Griffiths with the late Thomas Wainewright Esquire I advanced a certain sum of money and covenanted that after my death a further sum should be paid by my personal representatives as a marriage portion for my said daughter and whereas my grandson Thomas Wainewright[1] is become entitled to such property so advanced by me to his mother my will is that neither he the said Thomas Wainewright nor his trustees for him shall demand any farther sum out of my estate as I hereby declare that the sum already paid with that which is covenanted to be paid is all that I intend for my said grandson And with regard to all the rest and residue of my estate and effects of what kind or nature soever it is my

[1] [*i.e.*, Thomas Griffiths Wainewright.]

will and intention that the same should be divided according to the statute for the distributions between my wife and my son George Edward Griffiths and that I should die intestate save and except as to what I have declared regarding my said grandson Thomas Wainewright In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this seventh day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and three. R. GRIFFITHS [L.S.] Signed sealed and delivered by the within-named Ralph Griffiths in the presence of — Samuel Rose of Lincoln's Inn Barrister-at-Law

24th Dec., 1803.

APPEARED PERSONALLY The Reverend CHRISTOPHER LAKE MOODY of Turnham Green in the Parish of Chiswick in the County of Middlesex Clerk Doctor of Laws and made oath that he knew and was well acquainted with Ralph Griffiths late of Turnham Green in the County of Middlesex Doctor of Laws deceased for many years before and to the time of his death and during such his acquaintance with him hath often seen him write and subscribe his names to writings and is thereby become well acquainted with his manner of and character of handwriting and subscription and having now carefully inspected the name "R. Griffiths" appearing subscribed to the paper writing hereunto annexed purporting to be the last Will and Testament of the said deceased the said Will beginning thus "This is the last Will and Testament of me Ralph Griffiths of Turnham Green in the County of Middlesex Doctor of Laws" and ending thus "In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this seventh day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and three" This Deponent saith he verily and in his conscience believes the name "R. Griffiths" so appearing set to the said paper writing to be of the proper handwriting and subscription of the said Ralph Griffiths Doctor of Laws deceased — C. L. MOODY — same day the said Christopher Lake Moody Doctor of Laws was duly sworn to the truth of this Affidavit before me — S. PARSON Surrogate — Pst — Edwd. Toller N.P.

ON the twenty-ninth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and three Admon (with the Will annexed) of all and singular the goods chattels and credits of Ralph Griffiths late of Turnham Green in the County of Middlesex Doctor of Laws deceased was granted to George Edward Griffiths Esquire the natural and lawful son of the said deceased having been first sworn duly to administer No Executor being named in the said Will.

[No. 2.]

The Two Test Trials in the Court of Exchequer, June 29 and December 3, 1835, for the recovery of the assurances for £18,000.

(From the *Times*, June 30, 1835.)

COURT OF EXCHEQUER, WESTMINSTER.

(JUNE 29TH.)

(Before LORD ABINGER and a Special Jury.)

WAINEWRIGHT *v.* BLAND and Others.

This was an action by Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, executor of Miss Helen Frances Phœbe Abercromby deceased, against Michael Bland, Grant Allan, and Cornelius Butter, Directors of the Imperial Insurance Company, to recover £3,000 upon a policy dated Oct. 22nd, 1830, effected for two years upon the life of Miss Abercromby. The defendants pleaded the general issue to the Plaintiff's declaration, which was filed before the new rules came into operation.

Mr. ERLE, Sir WILLIAM FOLLETT, and Mr. HENDERSON, were for the plaintiff; and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, Sir

F. POLLOCK, Mr. THESIGER, and Mr. ROBINSON, for the defendants.

Mr. HENDERSON having opened the pleadings,

Mr. ERLE said, the nominal plaintiff had no interest in the case, the real plaintiff and party interested was Mrs. W——— formerly Miss Madeline Abercromby, the sister of the deceased, to whom Miss Abercromby had left all her property by her will, in which the plaintiff as executor was only concerned as trustee. The delay in bringing the action had arisen from the defendant's having taken proceedings in Chancery. The policy was for £3,000 effected in October, 1830. Miss Abercromby lived at that time with the plaintiff and his wife, who was her sister. They came to town on the 12th of December, 1830, and took lodgings at the house of Mr. Nichols, a tailor in Conduit-street. Shortly after the plaintiff and ladies went to the theatre and walked home. The weather was very severe, and Miss Abercromby got wet in her feet. She ate some oysters for supper that night, and was taken very ill in the morning. Dr. Locock was called in, and she was afterwards cupped; other medical assistants came in, but she died in a few days in a convulsion. Dr. Locock saw her a short time before her death; he opened her mouth afterwards and found an effusion of water on the basis of the brain, which was sufficient to account for her death. The stomach was afterwards examined, but presented no indication of any disease.

Mr. INGALL:—Was actuary of the Imperial Insurance Office. Was attesting witness to the signature of the policy, which he proved. (The policy was then put in and read.)

Cross-examined by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL:— Miss Abercromby came to the office on the 14th of October, 1830. Witness told her he presumed her object was to secure property she would come into possession of at the end of two years. Mrs. Wainewright, who came with her, said, "Not exactly so, it was to secure money to her sister in the event of her death, which she would be able to do by other means if she outlived that term; but added, she did not know much of her affairs, but witness had better speak

to her upon it." Miss Abercromby said, "That is the case." Witness asked if she had proposed an insurance to any other office. She answered that she wished to insure £5,000 altogether, but his (witness) office would only insure £3,000, and she should propose £2,000 to some other office. Miss Abercromby came again on the 22nd of October, and paid the premium. Witness said, "I believe, Miss Abercromby, you told me when you were here you had not proposed insurances anywhere else." She said, "I told you I wished to propose £2,000 at another office." Witness said, "You led us to suppose that was all you meant, and I am instructed by the directors to say that they are very much displeased." She said, "I know very little of the business myself. I do as my friends direct me." Witness said he ascertained that she had insured for £5,000 at another office, and had made a proposal to another, which had been declined, and I was anxious to know what insurances had been effected; it was material with a view to judge whether the directors would effect the policy. She appeared very much agitated. The premium was £44, had it been for life it would have been £66.

Sarah Handcocks, servant to Mrs. Wheatley, was servant of plaintiff; plaintiff and wife came to Conduit-street with the two Misses Abercromby in 1830. The two Misses Abercromby went to the theatre two nights following. They walked home. Upon the second day the weather was wet and very cold. They took supper both nights—oysters and ale one night and lobsters the other night. Miss Abercromby complained in the morning of having taken cold. She got up to dinner. Mrs. Wainewright and Miss Madeline continued with her all day. Could not tell when Dr. Locock was first sent for. Something, a draught for a cold, was given to her before the doctor came. Dr. Locock attended every day until her death. Witness was pretty constantly with her. She died on the 21st of December. In the morning of that day she was considered better. Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright went out. After Dr. Locock had been witness came into the room and found her lying quiet. She said she thought she heard a little boy coming along the room, and that he ought not to be there, and she burst

into tears, and convulsions came on. No boy had been in the room. She had had wanderings, but not that morning. Witness sent for Messrs. King and Nicholson, apothecaries. Mr. Hanks came and saw her in the convulsion fit. She had said to Dr. Locock, "Doctor, I was gone to heaven, but you have brought me back to earth." Hanks gave some medicines while Dr. Locock was there. The convulsions got better, and they went away. Soon after they were gone the convulsions came on again and she died. It was on Tuesday, the 21st of December, 1830. She lay ill seven days.

Cross-examined.—Witness was servant four years with plaintiff, and twenty years with his uncle Mr. Griffiths. Knew plaintiff since he was five years old. His uncle died in 1829. Plaintiff was on a visit to his uncle when he married. Miss Abercromby's mother died a year after Mr. Griffiths. She came to Mrs. Wainewright on a visit, and died there. Plaintiff went abroad. Had not seen him since 1831. Miss Abercromby vomited violently on the Saturday, Sunday, and Monday night, before her death. Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright went out after she was considered better, and did not return until after she was dead. Her wages were never regularly paid, and about £2 or £3 was still due to her; there was a bailiff in the house when she left.

HARRIET GRATTAN, another servant, came with plaintiff and family from his house, Lindon House, Turnham Green, to town. The night before Miss Abercromby was taken ill she ate oysters for supper; saw her the next day on a sofa shivering and cold, and complaining of sickness; saw her the day she died. Dr. Locock was called in the second day of her illness.

Cross-examined.—On the day she died Mrs. Wainewright gave her medicine. That was about twelve o'clock. Mrs. Wainewright went out immediately after. At two o'clock Miss Abercromby was taken violently ill with convulsions, appeared in great pain, and struggled a great deal. Dr. Locock came, the fit had then subsided. She said, "Oh, doctor, I am dying; I feel I am—I am sure so." The doctor said, "You'll be better by-and-bye." Witness said

her mother died in the same way. She said "Yes, my poor mother! oh, my poor mother!" Dr. Locock left, and she had a fit and grasped witness's hand. Witness had not received all her wages.

Mrs. NICHOL.—Was landlady of the house in Conduit-street. Let her apartments in December, 1830, to plaintiff and family. They went twice to the theatre, on Monday and Tuesday preceding her death.

Cross-examined.—When she first saw Miss Abercromby on a Friday she appeared a remarkably healthy, blooming young woman.

Dr. LOCOCK.—Was called in on Thursday, the 16th of December. Knew Plaintiff and had seen Miss Abercromby before, when she came for a certificate that she might insure her life. When he was called in he found her sitting in her bed-room, complaining of great headache, a weight over her eyes, and partial blindness. She had a full, labouring pulse, and shooting pains about the head. She said she was taken ill the preceding morning from having got wet in her feet on Tuesday night. She had supped that night on oysters and bottled porter, both on the Monday and Tuesday night, after being at the play. On the Tuesday night she complained, but on being pressed, sat down and made a hearty supper, and in the course of that night had a bad restless headache, and was violently sick. Plaintiff then told witness that he had sent out to a chymist for a black dose, which she had taken. Witness prescribed calomel followed by senna, until the bowels should freely act. He called next morning, and found the head was not relieved, and ordered cupping. It relieved the head for a time, but the pulse became feverish. Then witness ordered medicine to abate the feverish action—tartar emetic. It produced violent vomiting. On Sunday she recovered her eyesight, and the feverish symptom abated, and witness allowed her broth. On Monday he found she had passed a very restless hysterical night, a nd was easily agitated. He ordered a sedative medicine—camphor. Witness asked Mrs. Wainewright for information. On Tuesday morning she was considerably better, but still easily excited, but her pulse was agitated. He

begged she might be kept quiet, and the child kept out of the room. She asked if she might have some meat? Witness said, "Yes, if you are better to-morrow." She was to continue her medicine—a camphor pill. She then asked for a cup of coffee. Witness went away, and was sent for between two and three. Several were in the room, and she was in convulsions resembling those which were the effect of a wound, and was hysterical. She was quite sensible; she said she was sure she would die, and she went off into convulsions. Witness suggested some alteration of Mr. Ash's medicines, which were anti-spasmodic. Witness then went away, and returned at four, and she was then just dead. Met plaintiff at the door as he was going out and told him. He appeared much shocked and astonished, as he had left her much better than she was the night before, and asked what was the cause of her death? Witness replied, "Mischief in the brain," and proposed to examine the brain, to which he immediately assented. On the next day the brain was opened by Hanks, and they found what witness believed was a quite sufficient cause of death—a considerable quantity of water on the lower part of the brain, pressing upon the upper part of the spinal marrow. The vesicles of the brain were loaded, the blood-vessels of some part of the substance of the brain were loaded. Witness thought the effusion caused the convulsion, and that that caused death. The oysters had been the cause. Oysters had produced similar effects upon irritable constitutions. Wet feet would render the constitution weak and irritable. There was a further examination two days afterwards, at the desire of Mr. Graham, a surgeon, of the stomach. The contents of the stomach were taken out, put into a bottle, and given into Mr. Graham's charge. They were minutely examined. There was no appearance of anything sufficient to account for death. A few points in which the blood-vessels were much more injected with blood than usual, an appearance often seen in those who die suddenly. Violent vomiting would account for it.

Cross-examined.—Did not apply a lens. Observed a few little specks under the coat of the stomach, but whether

extravasated or not he could not say. The majority of vegetable poisons leave no trace at all. There was great sympathy between the stomach and the brain, and it was not easy to decide in the beginning of a complaint whether the stomach or the brain was the first cause. Action of the stomach would not produce effusion of the brain. Violent vomiting might. When witness left in the morning of Tuesday he did not suppose any danger. Did not recollect that he prescribed any powder. The tartar emetic was in solution, the calomel in pills, senna and salts in draughts; the camphor might have been a powder, but he did not think it was. Pressure on the brain frequently produced coma. Witness received his fees from plaintiff. Did not suppose plaintiff was in a state of pecuniary distress.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, for the defendants, said they would but ill-discharge their duty to the public if, in a case so full of mystery and suspicion, they had paid the policy without the fullest investigation whether the party whose life was insured had come to her death by the visitation of God. Miss Abercromby and her sister Madeline, then Mrs. Wheatley, were the daughters of Lieutenant Abercromby, who died in 1812 without leaving a shilling in the world to save them from the workhouse. They lived with their mother at Mortlake. She was quite unable to support them, and a petition was made to the Board of Ordnance, who allowed the daughters £10 a-year until they came of age, and that was all they had to depend upon; they had no other property, or expectations of property. In 1830 Miss Abercromby came of age quite destitute, for her mother died in August, 1829. She petitioned and obtained a continuance of the £10 pension from the Board of Ordnance. Her sister Madeline was precisely in the same state. They were living with the plaintiff at London House, Turnham Green. The plaintiff was reduced to great difficulties in 1830. He had given a warrant of attorney to a creditor (Mr. Sharpus) for £610, and had executed a bill of sale of all his effects; and he was entirely destitute of all pecuniary resources, except what he had raised by means of a loan. Such was his condition when he began the system of insuring Miss Abercromby's

life. There was no reasonable object in her desiring to insure her life. But insuring for two years there was less premium to pay than if the insurance was effected for the whole life. It would hardly be believed that the plaintiff had prevailed upon Miss Abercromby to insure her life at different offices, which she had done to the amount of £16,000, and that she had attempted to insure in others to the amount of £14,000, but the policies were rejected. She had no money to pay the premium. The money was supplied by the plaintiff out of a loan, and on two occasions the notes could be traced. The plaintiff or Mrs. Wainewright always went with her. The Attorney-General then detailed insurance on her life for two years, and on one occasion for three years, effected in the Imperial, Hope, Palladium, Pelican, and Eagle, for £16,000 in the whole, and mentioned the Alliance, and other offices, who refused the offer. The probate of her will was sworn under £18,000. She made a will in favour of the plaintiff, and assigned to him, for £19 19s. each, two of the policies. She afterwards made another will in favour of her sister Madeline, which was now produced. It was clear she was the instrument of the plaintiff. It was impossible to go on paying the premiums, which would amount yearly to £201. When the assurances were effected, the poor young lady was taken ill and died of eating oysters. The plaintiff had not been able to pay his servants' wages. There was an execution in his house, and at that time the young lady was in perfect health. The Attorney-General then put it to the jury whether it was oysters or medicine that caused the young lady's death, and observed that Mrs. Wainewright, when the young lady was recovering on the Tuesday, the day of her death, after the doctor was gone, administered a medicine——

Lord ABINGER interrupted the Attorney-General and objected to his pursuing that course.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL contended, that if he could show that Miss Abercromby was only the puppet of the plaintiff, that the policies were, in fact, all of them his policies, and only fraudulently procured to be made out to her name, then by the 13th Geo. III., c. 48, they would be

invalid as wagering policies, because no man could insure the life of another in whose life he had no interest; and it was not pretended that the plaintiff had any interest in this lady's life. The parties were guilty of misrepresentation at all the offices, and particularly at the offices of the defendants, in concealing that she had made other assurances, and on that account the policy was void.

The application to the Board of Ordnance and the insurance in various offices to the amount of £16,000 was proved, and also that the plaintiff, or Mrs. Wainewright, accompanied Miss Abercromby to the offices, and that she was represented not to have insured in other offices; and various reasons for the insurance were given, as to enable her to bring a law-suit for the recovery of property, &c.; and some of the bank-notes paid for premiums were traced as having come from the plaintiff or his wife, and the execution of assignment of two policies to the plaintiff by two different attorneys, who filled up the blank forms in one case previously filled up in pencil by the plaintiff, was proved. Both these attorneys were strangers to Miss Abercromby.

Mr. ERLE replied, and insisted that there was no fraud or misrepresentation on the defendants. They well knew, as appeared by Mr. Ingall their actuary's evidence, that a former assurance had been made, yet they resolved to grant the policy. Having taken the premium, they were bound to fulfil their contract. It was no defence even if Miss Abercromby had been murdered, but that charge was raised to prejudice the minds of the jury. If Miss Abercromby had not killed herself, died by the hands of justice, or on the high seas, it was no defence if she had been killed by anybody else; but the examination and the evidence of Dr. Locock was a complete answer to that insinuation.

Lord ABINGER said, if a party were to kill himself, it would be fraud upon the office, and avoid the policy, even if it was not so expressed in the policy; but it would be no defence to the office if the party whose life was assured were killed by another person, and if it had been clearly proved that the plaintiff had killed Miss Abercromby, still the office would have to pay, because that would be no

fraud in her. But there was no pretence to call upon the jury to find that was the case. No person could be convicted on such evidence, and he doubted whether he had not suffered too much evidence to be given, and remarks to be made, on that head. The questions were, was this policy *bonâ fide* the policy of Miss Abercromby, or was it really the policy of the plaintiff? It was clear that the two policies assigned were the policies of the plaintiff, and had been so from the beginning, and he therefore thought they were void; and the jury were to judge whether this was *bonâ fide* Miss Abercromby's policy. The next point was, whether there was a wilful misrepresentation. Mr. Ingall complained that she had not mentioned one insurance, and the plaintiff's counsel remarked that the defendants were aware of the former assurances, but that was not the case, for two other assurances had been then effected, of which they were not aware. The jury were to judge whether this was a misrepresentation of such a fact as if known would have prevented the office from assuring. If not *bonâ fide* the policy of Miss Abercromby, or if a material misrepresentation, the plaintiff could not recover.

The jury, after deliberating two hours, sent out a note that they were six to six, and not likely to agree, and asked if the parties would consent to withdraw a juror, which was done accordingly.—Juror withdrawn.

(From the *Times*, December 4th, 1835.)

COURT OF EXCHEQUER, WESTMINSTER.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3RD.

(Before Lord ABINGER and a Special Jury.)

WAINEWRIGHT *v.* BLAND and Another.

This was a new trial. It was an action brought by the plaintiff, as executor of Miss Helen Abercromby, to recover from the defendants the sum of £3,000, the value of a

policy which had been effected upon the life of the young lady at the office of the Imperial Life Insurance Company, of which they are directors. Miss Abercromby is the daughter of a deceased officer in the British army, and the plaintiff is married to her half-sister. The cause was originally tried at the sittings after last Trinity term, when, the jury not being able to agree upon a verdict, a juror was withdrawn with the consent of both parties, and the defendants thought the case was at an end, but the plaintiff had thought proper to renew the action. As the original trial was reported at considerable length in the *Times*, and the circumstances must be fresh in the recollection of our readers, we consider it unnecessary to do more on the present occasion than recapitulate the leading points of the evidence.

Mr. ERLE and Mr. ANDERSON appeared for the plaintiff, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, Sir F. POLLOCK, and Mr. THESIGER, for the defendants.

Mr. ERLE stated the case to the jury.

SAMUEL INGALL, actuary to the Imperial Life Insurance Office, proved that Miss Abercromby had effected an insurance for £3,000 upon her life for two years in that office.

Cross-examined by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. — Miss Abercromby came to the office on the 15th of October, 1830, in company with Mrs. Wainewright. She was asked why she wished to insure her life for only two years, and she replied, that she wished to secure a sum of money for her sister in case of her death within two years, after which she would be able to provide for her from other sources. She was asked whether she had insured in any other office; and Mrs. Wainewright replied in the negative, but said that she intended to insure in another office to the extent of £2,000. On the 22nd of the same month Miss Abercromby came to the office again, when he informed her that he had ascertained that at the time she was before at the office she had insured her life for £5,000 in one office, and had made an application to insure in another, which had been refused. He told her further, that the directors were displeased with her for the want of candour which she had

exhibited. Miss Abercromby said that she understood very little of the matter herself, but she acted under the advice of her friends. The policy was effected. If the directors of the Imperial had known that Miss Abercromby had insured her life in other offices to the amount of £11,000, they certainly would not have completed the insurance without further inquiry.

Miss Abercromby's will was put in, by which she left all her property to her sister and appointed the plaintiff her executor.

JAMES STEWART, an auctioneer, proved that he had been in the habit of receiving rents for some leasehold and freehold property belonging to Mrs. Abercromby at Mortlake. The rents amounted to £100, and the freehold was subsequently sold for £200.

On cross-examination he stated he had advanced between £40 and £50 to Mrs. Abercromby, for which he had not been paid.

Dr. LOCOCK, of Hanover-square, deposed that he was called upon to attend Miss Abercromby on the 16th of December, 1830. He had seen her before, and had known some part of her family for many years. He found her labouring under a pressure of the brain. Upon inquiry, he was informed that on the Monday previous she had gone to the play and supped on oysters and bottled porter; on the Tuesday she went again to the play, and got wet feet, with which she sat during the evening. On her return she at first refused to take supper, but on being pressed ate heartily again of oysters and bottled porter. The circumstances accounted for the pressure on the brain. He was told that she had taken a black draught, and he gave her such medicine as he thought necessary. This treatment did not abate the pressure, and he cupped her. The illness continued, and she was finally seized with convulsions, which ended in her death. He attended a post-mortem examination, and found serum on the brain, which he thought accounted for the death. The plaintiff appeared anxious to have the body opened, and the friends of the deceased appeared to pay her every attention.

Cross-examined.—Suffusion on the brain might be pro-

duced by excessive vomiting; but it was more likely to occasion the bursting of a blood-vessel. He had not witnessed the examination of the stomach of any person whose death had been occasioned by vegetable poison, which was most difficult to detect. He saw nothing which led him to suppose that Miss Abercromby's death was occasioned by poison.

EDWARD HANKS, a surgeon's apothecary, confirmed the evidence of Dr. Locock as to the nature of Miss Abercromby's disease. There was nothing in the state of the stomach to cause a suspicion of foul play.

This was the plaintiff's case.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, for the defendants, contended that his clients were entitled to a verdict on two grounds—first, that Miss Abercromby and Mrs. Wainewright had made false statements to the insurance office; and, secondly, that Miss Abercromby had no interest in the policy which was effected for the benefit of Wainewright, which was contrary to the statute of the 14th of Geo. III., cap. 48. After stating that the whole transaction was of a most suspicious nature, he said that Wainewright had left this country, and there was good reason to believe would never again return to it. The learned gentleman then called the following evidence:—

Mr. RICHARD M. MARSHALL, a clerk in the Ordnance Office, produced a letter signed by Miss Abercomby, dated August, 1830, stating that now she had attained the age of 21 she was "totally unprovided for," and requesting the continuance of her pension of £10 a-year, which she enjoyed as the daughter of an officer. He also produced an affidavit sworn at the same period by Miss Abercromby, stating that she was "totally unprovided for." The pension was granted in 1812.

NICHOLAS GRUTE, actuary to the Palladium Insurance Office, deposed, that on the 23rd of March Mr. Wainewright made an application at that office to effect an insurance on the life of Miss Abercromby. The insurance was completed on the 20th of April following, for £3,000 for three years. The premium was £39, and stamp £4. Inquiry was made as to the object of the insurance, and Mrs. Wainewright said

it was to raise money to enable them to get possession of property which would fall in within three years. Miss Abercromby was present also. Miss Abercromby being asked the object of the insurance, replied, that she had been told it was proper for her to do it. On the 18th of December the person who had before appeared as Miss Ellen Abercromby, and upon whose life the insurance had been effected, came again to the office, in company with two ladies. He is sure of the date of the 18th, because he received a sum of money at that time, which he was counting, and left on seeing Miss Abercromby. He went to her, and said, "Miss Abercromby, I believe?" She replied, "Yes, Ellen." She wished to know the form of assignment of policies. He told her he had no such form in the office.

THOMAS KIRK, an attorney, deposed that an assignment of the policy in the Palladium was written by him over a draft written in pencil, which was brought to him by a lady calling herself Miss Abercromby. She came alone. He had never seen her before. She came on the 14th of December, 1830.

Lord ABINGER.—The last witness must have mistaken the day when he saw Miss Abercromby the second time. She was dying on the 18th of December.

Mr. GRUTE.—My Lord, I cannot be mistaken on the point. I can prove it was the 18th by the entry which I made in the books of the money I received.

THOMAS KIRK continued his evidence.—There was some writing in ink as well as in pencil in the draught of the assignment.

Mr. CORNWALL proved that the writing in ink was in Wainewright's handwriting.

The assignment was read, and it appeared that the consideration given for the assignment of the interest in the £3,000 policy for £19 19s.

MONKHOUSE TATE, secretary to the Pelican Office, deposed that on the 25th of September, 1830, a proposal was made by Wainewright to effect an insurance in that office on the life of Miss Abercromby for £5,000 for two years. On the first of October Mrs. Wainewright and Miss Abercromby came, and Miss Abercromby stated that a

proposal had been made to insure her life, and she came to complete it. On the 8th of October they came again, and Miss Abercromby paid the premium on the policy being completed. Miss Abercromby paid a £50 note and a £10 note.

Cross-examined by Mr. ERLE.—Persons insure for short periods, but it is very rare to insure from year to year.

— BUCKSTEAD, a clerk in the Eagle Company, deposed that on the — October, 1830, Miss Abercromby came to that office, in company with Mrs. Wainewright, and proposed to insure her life for £2,000 for two years. The proposal was declined.

ANDREW HAMILTON, secretary to the Alliance Company, remembered Miss Abercromby coming to that office on the 5th of October, accompanied by Mrs. Wainewright. Miss Abercromby stated that a suit was pending in Chancery, which would probably close soon in her favour; but if she were to die in the interim the property would go to another family, and she wished to provide by insurance against that contingency. In the course of the inquiries made by witness, Miss Abercromby said—"I thought your inquiries would be about my health and not about the object I have in insuring." Witness said, in reply, she might be mistaken, for a young lady had come about two years ago to effect an insurance for a short period, and it was the opinion of the company that she had met her death by unfair means, which circumstances made the office cautious. She said she was sure no person about her could have such an object, which of course he assented to, but the insurance was declined.

JOHN CHARLES DENHAM, secretary to the Globe Insurance Company, deposed that on the 1st of October Miss Abercromby made a proposal to insure her life for £5,000 for two years. She came a second time, in company with Mrs. Wainewright, and being asked the object of wishing to insure, she said she did not exactly know; she was desired to do it. Being pressed upon the point, she referred to Mrs. Wainewright, who said, "It is so. There are some money matters to be arranged. Ladies do not know much about these things." Miss Abercromby was asked whether other insurances were being effected, and she replied

"No." The office knowing that to be untrue, declined effecting the insurance.

ROBERT RICKARDS, a clerk in the Hope Office, deposed that on the 15th of October, 1830, Miss Abercromby and Mrs. Wainewright came to that office and made a proposal for £2,000 for two years. Miss Abercromby appeared before the medical officer on the 19th of the same month, was accepted, and the policy was effected on the 27th.

JAMES BIRD, an attorney, deposed, that on the 13th of December Mrs. Wainewright and Miss Abercromby came to him. He had seen Mrs. Wainewright two or three times before, but had never done business for her. Mrs. Wainewright said she had a little job for him, and produced a form of an assignment, which she said she had procured from the Hope Insurance Office, and which she wished him to fill up. He filled up the instrument at the dictation of Mrs. Wainewright. Miss Abercromby took no part in the proceedings. He said he should like to see the consideration money (£19 19s.) paid. Mrs. Wainewright said they would settle that point with Mr. Wainewright. Miss Abercromby merely signed her name. He knew Miss Abercromby's mother. She let a ready-furnished house at Mortlake, and she told witness it was all the property she had to depend upon.

Mr. BARBER BEAUMONT, managing director of the Provident Company, remembered Miss Abercromby coming to that office on the 19th of October, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright; Miss Abercromby made a proposal to insure her life for £2,000 for two years. The proposal was accepted some days afterwards, but the policy was not completed, and it never was applied for. Miss Abercromby was a remarkably healthy and handsome girl.

— LEEST, an attorney, of Took's-court, Chancery-lane, deposed that on the 13th of December, 1830, he was applied to to make Miss Abercromby's will by Miss Abercromby herself. He had never seen her before. She came about 12 or 1 o'clock, and gave iustructions. She called again about 2, and two fair copies were made by her desire. She gave verbal instructions. She executed both wills, and took them away.

FRANCIS SLOKUM, a clerk to the last witness, said that, according to the best of his recollection, Miss Abercromby, when she came to execute the will, said she was going abroad.

BENJAMIN STODART was called, but did not answer.

— DRAKE, a clerk in the house of Jones, Loyd, and Co., deposed that a bill of exchange was presented at that house on the 28th of September, 1830. The bill was paid in notes (which were shown to the witness and identified by him.)

Mr. CORNWALL proved that the receipt on the back of the bill was in the handwriting of Mrs. Wainewright.

Mr. DRAKE said the bill was drawn on the 24th, and was payable at sight.

Mr. TATE was recalled, and proved that two of the notes which the last witness identified as having been paid to Mrs. Wainewright were paid by Miss Abercromby for the premium on the insurance effected in the Pelican Office.

Mr. INGALL was recalled, and gave similar evidence with respect to the notes received from Miss Abercromby for the premium on the policy effected in the Imperial Office.

Mr. CORNWALL deposed that the name of Wainewright was written in Wainewright's handwriting upon one of the notes received by Mrs. Wainewright, from Jones, Lloyd, and Co. The witness stated, that he is an attorney, and was concerned for Mr. Sharpus, of Cockspur-street, a dealer in crockery. Mr. Sharpus had pecuniary dealings with Wainewright, and on several occasions applied to witness to procure payments from Wainewright. In July, 1830, Mr. Sharpus held two securities from Wainewright, one a warrant of attorney, and the other a bill of sale. (The warrant of attorney was produced by Mr. Clark, of the Judgment Office.) The consideration for the warrant of attorney was £610. The bill of sale was produced and identified by the witness. It was prepared on the 8th of July, 1830, and was for the whole furniture and effects in Wainewright's house. By the warrant the money was payable in August, 1830, when Wainewright applied for time. This was acceded to, upon Wainewright making an affidavit that he had given no other security to any person, and payment was postponed to the 21st of December. Witness saw Wainewright when

Miss Abercromby was lying dead, and Wainewright wished payment to be again postponed. Mr. Sharpus objected, and Wainewright called in the evening of the same day, and produced two wills of Miss Abercromby's. Wainewright read one will, which was prepared by Mr. Leest. Wainewright said the other was a will in favour of himself and Mrs. Wainewright; the name of one of the attesting witnesses to the second will was Mr. Wainewright, an attorney of Furnival's Inn. The date of both wills was either the 13th or 14th of December. The witness made some remark as to the singularity of his having two wills. Wainewright replied in effect, that the reason was, that if one will failed, the other would do. Judgment was entered upon the warrant of attorney, and execution sued out. The whole of the debt and costs were paid in January, 1831, without a sale.

Miss Abercromby's will was put in and Wainewright's affidavit upon suing out probate, in which he swore that her whole property was under the value of £100.

Several tradesmen of Turnham Green, where Wainewright resided (including a baker, a grocer, a butcher, and a coal dealer), proved that at the end of 1830 and the beginning of 1831, Wainewright was indebted to them individually for goods supplied to him. They had never been able to obtain payment from him up to the present moment.

This was the case for the defence.

Mr. ERLE having replied,

Lord ABINGER summed up the evidence, and told the jury it was for them to determine whether misrepresentation had been employed by Miss Abercromby and her friends when the insurance was effected in the defendant's office, and also whether the insurance had been made for the benefit of Wainewright in contravention of the statute. The case was pregnant with suspicion. It was necessary to consider for a moment whether murder had been committed (supposing that question had been raised), because that would not prevent the executors from recovering, provided that the insurance had been effected *bonâ fide* on her behalf. His Lordship directed the attention of the jury to the extarordinary fact of the young lady having effected the in-

surance for only two years, and reminded them that not a tittle of proof had been adduced to substantiate the reasons she had given to the various offices for so doing. By the assignments and wills made by Miss Abercromby, Mrs. Wainewright was placed in a situation in which the law would not allow any person to stand—namely, that of having an interest in procuring the death of a fellow-creature by unlawful means. He concluded with requesting the jury to state their reasons for their verdict when they delivered it.

The jury almost immediately returned a verdict for the defendants, on the ground of misrepresentation, and of Miss Abercromby having no real interest in the insurance.

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